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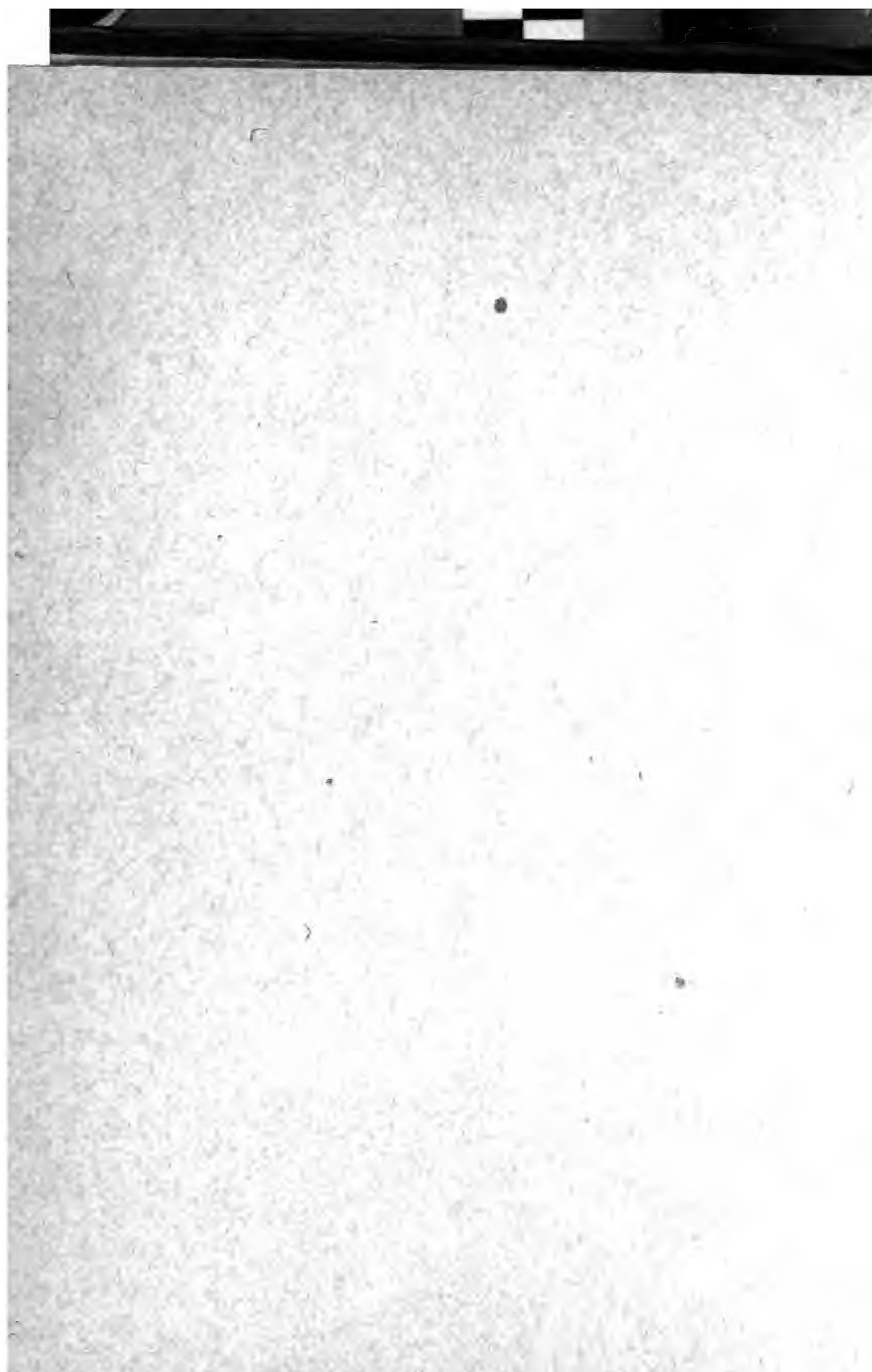
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Smith College

Monthly

SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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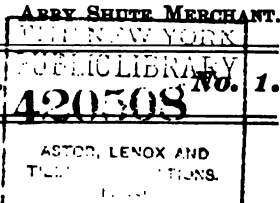
CANDACE THURBER,
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BUSINESS MANAGER,
ABBY SHUTE MERCHANT.

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IVY ORATION

In the playing of a game or the directing of an enterprise the essential requirement for any degree of perfection is a keen sense of proportion. When in the game, we ask ourselves, shall we put forth our greatest strength, or what points in our enterprise demand the most careful forethought and attention? And so it is with our life,—call it work or play—we shall come to our highest perfection only as we look upon it in the truest possible perspective.

Yet this principle is one very little recognized in proportion to its importance; one which we are constantly violating by erroneous habits of thought and by the careless use of words and phrases which call erroneous ideas into being.

Such a phrase is "College Life", used not only by those intimately connected with collegiate institutions, but employed by everybody everywhere when speaking of college. This phrase most likely, grew out of the effort to give expression to the difference between the activities and relationships in a college community and those existing in the communities in which we ordinarily live. If this were the only importance of this phrase, we might censure it as an unfortunate necessity and let it pass. But the scope of its influence does not end here. From convey-

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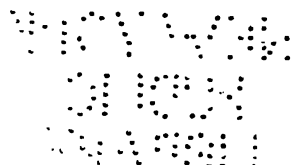
ing the idea of difference, it has come to convey the idea of a great and disproportionate importance. And it is this idea that we would stigmatize as erroneous, because it distorts the perspective of life by exalting four short years to a co-ordinate value.

What life is, in its physical sense, is one of the unsolved problems of the universe. But if we look at it in the broad and everyday use of the term, embracing experience and conduct, we shall see that it is marked by certain characteristics, the most noteworthy of which is its continuity. From the first to the seventh age of man it is a continuous performance. Outside of the miraculous instances mentioned in the Bible, there is no historical record where, for one individual, life has ever stopped and begun again. Indeed, in the belief of most men to-day, it never stops. Perhaps it never even had a beginning. Experiences may come and go, leaving their record behind them, but that power on which they fall, which absorbs them, moulds them and reproduces them in action, is not strengthened or impaired by their passage. It defies time and change and all the forces of nature, even death itself.

Life, the active side of life, is also complex. Vast and varied are the interwoven experiences which are its food, crossed and recrossed the aims and purposes which may be called its nerves, many sided and multiform the conduct which is its expression. Our life is not like a soldier in a huge battalion of marching men, rubbing only against those whose faces are set in the same direction as his, who march to the same time with steps of the same length; it is like an individual on the corner of Broadway and Wall Street, jostled by people of every sort and condition, going in every direction at every imaginable rate of speed.

And out of this complexity arises growth. As each new experience comes into a life that life changes, it grows, it expands and becomes more capable of accepting and dealing with the next. The disappointments of childhood have little influence upon one's life, because that life is not capable of appropriating the whole of them or of turning them to account; but the disappointments of after years have a wonderful power to deepen and strengthen and enlarge.

And what is it that continues, that receives and assimilates these experiences, that is capable of culture and growth? It is the hidden core of life, its very power and heart; that which



consisteth not in the abundance of the things which a man possesseth; that which is more than meat and raiment; the possession of which outweighs in value the possession of the whole world. It is a power independent of all experiences, which yet can assimilate them, can appropriate them to itself, and can be moulded by them. It is that into which flow all the forces of the past and from which flows the directive force of the present and future. Individuality is a part of it. Character is a part of it. But what it is itself, in nature and essence, will still remain like itself a hidden mystery.

Such then are a few of the attributes of that which coupled with the word "College", is used to designate the major portion of these four years. And "College",—what is "College"?

You will notice that, with reference to the individual, college covers nine months out of each four successive years. College then is not continuous. I know you will object that, although college does not actually cover the other three months of each year, still its influence extends over the whole. Of course that is so to some extent; but so does the influence of home and many another relationship extend over the nine months of actual college residence. Only such influences are more subtle and therefore less apparent to the eye. The immediate influences engendered by college conditions stop abruptly at the end of each college year. And when, at the beginning of the next they again come into play, these conditions have undergone an artificial change which, though slight, is not the result of a gradual growth. And in between such stages a different set of influences have been at work.

Moreover, constant connection with many of these influences is kept up to a greater or less degree all through the college years and they form generally the deepest influences those years can bring. Home ties, with their anxieties, joys and sorrows, strike far deeper into the roots of life than does the election to a society or the worry of an examination. The influence, too, of our former years is upon us. The individuality they have stamped, the character they have helped to form,—all this determines the attitude we will take to the conditions that college presents. And the coming years as well, the situations in which they are likely to put us, the relationships they will probably bring us, the activities they will demand of us; the years to come cast their shadow upon us while we are at college and de-

termine in some degree our conduct here. So, as college is not continuous, neither is it fundamental.

Nor are the conditions of a college community complex. One feels here like the soldier in the battalion; everything runs along parallel lines. Most of the people we meet are of the same age. All are, with reference to college, pursuing the same ends in the same way; their activities are governed by the same rules; their thoughts are trained along the same lines; their standards of college judgment are practically the same. The only essential differences that one meets arise from individuality and bias bred of early training, and the influence of college is far more likely to level such individuality to a common type than to increase and strengthen it. It is probably because of this congeniality that one makes such good friends. There is here, therefore, little chance for real experience. The influences that can be traced to college, great and good as they are, are such as arise out of study and friendship and unity of purpose; the three things that are found in college to the best advantage, because they are freed from all possible incumbrances and interferences.

That these influences are very valuable in our life-growth will be seen a little later when a few of the most important are enumerated. But the college years themselves do not contain any marked growth, except—we certainly hope—along intellectual lines. Great growth may come during these college years through the experiences of trial or sorrow, but such are not due to causes of college origin.

Without being continuous or fundamental, without complexity or inherent growth, college does not possess the attributes of a life. Nor does it possess the essential. College stands for a set of physical and intellectual conditions wholly external to the individual. It is no hidden power. Whatever power or individuality these conditions may have is given them by the lives of those who come into contact with them; but withdraw the individuals and the college is dead. It is a set of corporate activities that flow from many individual lives. It has no power in itself, nor has it life. These conditions were in existence before the individual was born and they will continue to exist after she has severed connection with them forever. The life of the individual was a power before it ever felt any of the influences of college conditions and will be a power after it has separated itself from them entirely.

What then is the relation between the two? These two independent streams, one of hidden vital power, and one of physical conditions, come into touch with each other at certain periods. What is the result? On the side of the college, the conditions may undergo some alteration as the result of the life that has been connected with them. On the side of the life, these conditions are experiences through which life has passed, which have left their influence on the hidden power and have contributed to its development and growth. Through its studies, college has deepened and broadened life by giving to the individual the power and inclination to think, and by opening her eyes to see things in their true perspective. It has enriched and strengthened life through the friendships the individual has here formed, through the enthusiasm that has come to her out of the unity of college aims. And it has brought much more into her life in ways so subtle that she may not perhaps recognize its presence for some time to come. But when all is said, when we have rendered to our college the acknowledgment of the gratitude we owe, even while we yet stand under the shadow of her mighty strength,—we are forced to confess that college is a set of experiences, that it is not a life.

Is this a sad confession? Do we feel that these four years have, after all, been in vain? I think not. I think that they must assume a deeper significance for the future if we recognize in them an integral part of our life, than if we think of them as an entirely separate existence into which we have journeyed and that is, though from it we have brought some few treasures, but a memory over which time will cast film after film until it remains with us only as the faint shadow of a dream. These years are our eternal inheritance, not distorting life by standing out in the glare of a false dignity, but blending their shadow and their sunlight, their glory and their strength in the beauty of

“that untravelled world whose margin fades
Forever and forever.”

MARGARET WILSON McCUTCHEN.

IVY SONG

Summer and sun on the glad old earth,
Sing for the ivy green !
Come, join in our melody, join in our mirth ;
Sing for the ivy green !
We're sealing our loyalty here to-day,
With hearts that are true and voices gay,
For Alma Mater we'll love alway :
Sing for the ivy green !

Break we the sod with a loyal will,
Sing for the ivy green !
And the love that our hearts must cherish still
Sing for the ivy green !
Out from the whispering leaves shall shine,
Alma Mater, to pledge us thine :
Then a song we'll sing for the ivy vine,
Sing for the ivy green !

ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR.

THE CROSS AND THE BALL

Idly I gazed one summer afternoon
Down at the little world spread there below—
Green grass cut by the curving, gray-blue walks,
The clustering buildings with their clinging vines,
The trees in all the glory of their youth—
And arching over all the summer sky
Pale, blue, and tender.

Suddenly my gaze
Was caught and fastened, idle 'twas no more.
There 'gainst the blue, catching the mellow light,
Gleamed from a gable near a carven ball,
Shaped from white stone in perfect symmetry ;
And the bright gleam of white against the blue
Brought in a flash the thought of ancient Greece
With all her stately temples and her groves
Of olives where the marble statues gleamed
From out the shade.

But then across the blue
Flashed on my vision tense a warmer light,
For on the right the horizontal rays
Of western glow touched with bright radiance
Two golden crosses shining high and bright.
And in my ears there seemed to sound the roll
Of organ-music shaking the dense air
Laden with incense and with heavy breath
Of kneeling hundreds. Beads were told and lips
Heavy and sensuous said the sacred words,
While light from all the thousand sparkling points
That shone from out the altar fell below
On heavy eyes unlit by other gleam.
Unknowing there they kneel held by the sway
Of sound and sight and smell and by the fear
Of the stern father laying penance hard.
Can such a worship lift the soul to God?
The question came,—then answering thunderously
“Miserere Rex Caelorum.”
“Miserere Miserorum.”

Though dull and dumb they kneel, shall not the sound
Of even such worship reach a loving God?

The God who pitying hears on high
The hungry sparrow's twittering cry
Shall He not hear His children's sigh?
(Miserere Rex Caelorum)

The abject, ugly, and the poor—
Shall they not find compassion sure?
Shall His great mercy not endure?
(Miserere Rex Caelorum)
(Miserere Miserorum.)

His mercy lasts but lo! the time
Passes when a mere sounding rhyme
Can celebrate His praise sublime.

(Miserere Rex Caelorum)
God is a spirit and the heart
And mind and *all* must play their part
In worship that loud voices start
(Miserere Rex Caelorum)
(Miserere Miserorum.)

Sweet smells and anthems sounding loud
 Shall pass, but souls contritely bowed
 Of these the Lord must still be proud.

(Miserere Rex Caelorum)

Lord, let us bring our ALL to Thee
 When we shall know, we shall be free,
 God give us courage so to be.

(Miserere Rex Caelorum)

(Miserere Miserorum.)

II.

The picture faded and the music died
 Faintly away, and left me questioning.
 And then beside the crosses 'gainst the blue
 I saw the ball that set me querying,
 No longer symbol of the ancient world
 Of Grecian art and thought, but balancing
 The shining crosses. Round and white it gleamed
 Not yearning to the skies, but reaching out
 Towards earth as well as heaven—a contrast there
 To that bright vision that had flashed to me
 From the gold crosses. Here I seemed to see
 The other stream of our world's inner life,
 The striving of the noble, modern mind
 To know all things on earth and in the heavens,
 To study out the story of the world
 And all its creatures, learn the wonder tale
 Of the wide circling stars, and learn the truth
 Of that far greater world in man's own soul.

Calm and serene as the white marble ball
 Which even the setting sun can only light
 To dazzling coldness—spreading, reaching far
 On every side, firm-grounded on the rock
 Of Knowledge, scientific, logical ;
 Not skeptical nor filled with foolish scorn
 Of holy things, but struggling on alone
 Striving to free itself from floating mists
 Of superstition, and from vague beliefs,
 Trying to find a God by thinking one—
 So strives our modern mind to reach the light,
 Noble and pure and earnest, but too cold,
 Reaching a helping hand to those around
 Who faint or sin, and yet denying God
 The one supremest glory,—boundless love
 And pity infinite, and feeling thus
 No upward yearning and no wild desire
 Of faith.

But wait! When death or agony
Of human love shall shake unto the depths
That firm foundation, knowledge logical,
Oh, poor, deluded hearts, can attributes
Touch the deep springs of your own desperate need?

Oh, keen of glance and quick of mind!
Say what pleasures do you find
 In tangled maze
 And mystic haze
Of ancient lores that twist and wind?

Oh, bright of eye and swift of thought!
Avails the dust of ages naught
 To dim the bright
 And glinting light
Those pages of romance have caught?

Slow of smile, but quick to start
In action for the weakest's part
 Taking never
 Giving ever
Noble, generous, kindly heart.

Oh, large of heart and quick of brain!
Might you not then this too attain
 Know this for true
 That even you
Must take at last—though it be pain.

Nor mind nor heart can help you when
The trial comes, and though all men
 Behold you proud—
 Yet lowly bowed
In faith, your Judge must find you then.

III.

So ever in the mellow summer light
Gleaming and glowing there against the sky
The ball and crosses shine before our eyes
Symbols of two great currents of our life
Each full of power, but each down at the core
Lacking the something that would perfect it.
 And ever, there, along the sunny street
On every Sunday crowds of worshippers
Stream down in a great torrent from the hill
Out from beneath the golden crosses' sign.

And from the quiet church down in the town
 Another stream comes upward, not so full
 Or rushing, quieter,—and this the crowd
 Descending seems to conquer, overwhelm,
 As if the strength of bodily brute force
 Should overcome the subtler power of thought.
 But the ascending stream comes steadily
 Triumphant through, and stepping quietly
 Across the way goes onward undisturbed.
 They pass; the rushing crowd in turbulence
 And those ascending, quiet and sedate,
 And soon the street is left in quiet calm.
 Ah, what can reconcile the opposing streams—
 Give this one faith and true humility
 And raise these other men bowed lowly now
 In mere lip worship up to purer things
 To seek a nobler knowledge of their God?

Come, Spirit great—thou wind that sweetest on
 Through all the ages, same in every age
 But changing as the needs of men do change.
 Blow from the eyes of these the mists of night,
 Teach them to worship God in spirit's truth;
 And to those others struggling on alone
 Give them, oh Comforter, a staff of help
 Unfailing, sure and strong to lean on when
 Their own strong footsteps falter and to guide
 Those same strong steps into the way of faith.
 Join Thou the opposing streams, making of them
 A noble, rushing river, strong and free
 Clear and transparent, sweet and crystal pure
 But sweeping on with grand resistless power.

To-day I looked into her face and saw
 The very spirit I had longed to know
 Clear shining from her eyes and glowing fair
 In every line and tint of beauty fresh.
 Oh firm but tender mouth, so pure and sweet!
 So delicate, touched with the spirit's grace.
 What are you but the outward mark that shows
 The soul's high courage and the eager rise
 Of the keen mind above the things of earth
 Up to the mountain heights! Oh, glowing eyes,
 Brimming and soft, surely your heavenly light
 Is but the lovely radiance, soft and bright
 Left by the memory of the dazzling fire
 Of His white garment, and the prophecy
 Of blest renewal of the vision high.

And you, calm brow wreathed with serenity,
 In you there speaks a reconciling peace.

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE LYMPHATIC SYSTEM 11

Bright faith has met with knowledge and the two
Shine clear against your sweet, unruffled calm,
As the blue sky, wide-stretching here above,
Sets off the gleaming ball and shining cross,
Including both, showing their beauty forth,
But ever with its own wide, tender, blue,
Touching the heart with peace unspeakable.

ANNA THERESA KITCHEL.

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE LYMPHATIC SYSTEM

Naples Table Association Prize Essay.

The history of our knowledge of the lymphatic system can be divided into three periods. The first begins in 1622 with the discovery of the lacteals. Aselli, an anatomist at Pavia, was dissecting a live dog before a group of friends in order to study the movements of the diaphragm, when to his surprise, on spreading out the mesentery he saw it covered with white cords. These he took to be nerves, but soon found his mistake, and recognized the lacteals as vessels for absorption.

The new discovery did not quickly make headway, for in the first place it was not in accord with the teachings of Galen, and in the second place the full force of the opinion of Harvey was thrown against it. However, in about thirty years the fact that the lacteals are the absorbants from the intestine, and that they empty into the thoracic duct, which in turn opens into a vein in the neck, was firmly established.

A new discovery, made in 1651, namely that there are general lymphatics, or those which carry lymph and not chyle, ushered in the second period. For the next hundred and eighty years those who worked on the lymphatic system were occupied in tracing the distribution of the lymphatics to the different parts of the body, for example to the skin and to the various organs.

During the third period, which began about fifty years ago, attention has been turned mainly to the lymph glands. It had been noted that there were small bean-shaped bodies along the course of the lymph ducts, but the structure of these bodies could not be determined before the microscope came into use.

Both in the study of Comparative Anatomy and of disease, a

knowledge of the origin of a system embryologically forms a basis for further study. For example, the morphology of the arterial system was placed upon a satisfactory basis with the aortic arches in different animals. But on the other hand, the numerous investigations on the lymphatic system have left our knowledge of its morphology in a very unsatisfactory state. Such main questions as the relation of the lymphatics to the tissue spaces, the development of the lymphatic ducts, and their relation to the serious cavities are in such a vague state that the opinion of no two investigators approach agreement.

On the medical side many profound questions are connected with the lymphatic system. The study of inflammation, of tuberculosis, of cancer, of blood formation and blood diseases demands further knowledge of the lymphatic system.

It has been held as a theory, though not demonstrated, that the lymph ducts arise from tissue spaces which become dilated by the fluid that exudes from the blood vessels; that a number of such dilated spaces situated along certain lines flow together to form ducts which subsequently open into the veins.

As a matter of fact, the lymph ducts bud off from the veins in four places and grow over the surface of the body. The small blood vessels, as has been known for some time, bud off from the larger ones in a similar way, but with this difference: The blood vessels grow out at right angles, so that there is a free flow of blood into them from the start, while the lymph ducts grow out parallel to the blood vessels, so that the fold of tissue between makes a valve which prevents the back flow of blood into the lymphatic.

In early embryological life the veins are large and can return all the blood to the heart with ease, but these large veins mean a sluggish flow of blood and consequent poor nourishment. Hence the veins become smaller and thicker walled, while a new set of ducts, the lymphatics, grows out, designed to bring back the fluid exuded from the veins. They are then modified blood vessels to carry the blood plasma without its corpuscles. Such a simple system is found in the amphibia and reptilis; in birds and mammals glands develop along the ducts, and all the lymph must pass through them before it enters the veins.

FLORENCE SABIN.

W. E. HENLEY'S IDEALS

It falls to the work and personality of some men to have an interest over and beyond that which is strictly intrinsic, because in them certain typical though perhaps merely contemporary moods are strikingly bodied forth. This is certainly true of Stevenson. Just as Matthew Arnold lets us into the secret of a high-minded, very intellectual stoicism, which was in fashion, may-be, thirty years ago, so Stevenson represents that reactionary school of youth which is still making authors by the dozens. There have been some signs of late that Stevenson's generation itself is passing into that retrospective stage where it is possible to criticise its ideals. But much of its inspiration is still very active at the present, and invites study, not so much in Stevenson, perhaps, as in the work of his friend, Henley. For the ideals with which Stevenson started out were destined to much modification before the end, while they were those for which Henley's aggressive personality stood very picturesquely and very doggedly from first to last. Henley was a force, perhaps on account of his limitations. He gave himself to a few ideas, and so the enthusiasm which he brought to them carried. His was a literary influence that cannot be measured by his general popularity, because it won him disciples among the young men of letters, who in their turn popularized his ideals by working in the literary atmosphere which they had created. Of course it is always possible to doubt how many of Henley's "school" were his own creation, or just how many were the product of those contemporary influences which made the man himself what he was. Still Stevenson owed much to Henley undoubtedly, just as both owed to Whitman and Browning and Meredith; while a poem by Henley, which describes the romance of a whirling train as it sweeps the lover to the beloved (written as early as 1876), shows that the older man had anticipated the inspiration of some of Mr. Kipling's most vigorous modern lyrics. Henley's "Song of the Sword", dedicated to Kipling, proclaims his own recognition of kinship with the younger man.

Henley's cult was confessedly the cult of youth. In the early seventies the intellectual world found itself—to use no more

solemn adjectives—prematurely old and bored. Disillusioned is the description of Darwin's generation. There was little in the scientific materialism of the day to feed romantic youth; yet romantic youth undoubtedly survived in spite of French naturalism and the English ethical school. In Fleeming Jenkins Stevenson has described the college youth of his day, who grew up on Darwin and Spencer, and whose scientific atheism was as much a matter of course as was strict orthodoxy once upon a time in New England. This was the generation to which Henley wrote the lyric (which has stood the test of a wonderful amount of repetition):

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul."

The closing affirmation, "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul," had a cheering sound to any number of young men who were seriously in doubt whether indeed they had any soul, or whether scientific determinism had left them any free will to direct it. Judged by just the intellectual mood which produced this vigorous poem, it rings truly like a moral battle-cry. It is the insurrection of the lost individual against the unknown, crushing powers of a hostile universe. And yet as voicing the spiritual faith of the saints, it is doubtless lacking in humility, reverence and love. This presumptuous challenge to the Deity has perhaps less justification to-day than it had thirty years ago. Perhaps Henley himself had moments of a wistful sense of its insufficiency as time went on, and personal loss broke in part the spirit of the man.

"Poor windlestraws
On the great, sullen, roaring pool of Time
And Chance and Change, I know,"

he says, in the touching cry of his bereaved fatherhood. He would no more admit the right of the heart to claim its desire for a reality than Huxley, who wrote after his child's death: "Had I lived a century earlier, I could have fancied a devil scoffing at me . . . and asking me what profit it was to have stripped myself of the hopes and consolations of the mass of mankind. To which my only reply was and is, 'O devil! truth is better than much profit.'" And yet in Henley's generous and loving tribute to R. A. M. Stevenson, there are these

significant sentences: "He was what I have said; and there was in him a something mystical which I, who was long as close to him as his shirt, never quite fathomed. Whatever it be worth, he died in the glory of an unalterable Belief." That "something mystical" is certainly gaining on the present generation as a possible fact—not the mere illusion of the heart. To name only James' brilliant "Varieties of Religious Experience" is to show the way scientific thought is tending, toward a more and more substantial faith in that intangible something which we call "the other world."

Henley and his contemporaries, however, proposed to meet the imaginative dryness of a mechanical theory of the universe with a sort of romantic naturalism of their own. They set about restoring charm to life by restating all its natural irrefutable joys. The sensational life, the immediate excitements of action and of passion were what Henley was always proclaiming and what Stevenson embodied so effectively in "Virginibus Puerisque." "Times change, opinions vary to their opposite," says Stevenson, in his dedication of the book to Henley, "and still this world appears a brave gymnasium, full of sea-bathing, and horse exercise, and bracing manly virtues. . . . Our affections and our beliefs are wiser than we; the best that is in us is better than we can understand; for it is grounded beyond experience, and guides us, blindfold but safe, from one age to another." This romantic naturalism of Stevenson and Henley was a sort of revived religion of primitive man.

The perfectly fundamental character of sex, which was one of the two main articles of Henley's creed, was after all proclaimed by Whitman, and Browning and Meredith in Henley's own century. But it finds very imaginative, and often very beautiful expression in such poems as the last of the London Voluntaries. Sometimes it proves a humorous inspiration, as in one of the Rhymes beginning:

"As like the Woman as you can,
(*"Thus the New Adam was beguiled"*),

or in a paragraph on George Eliot, which is worth quoting as a specimen of Henley's style when dealing with his pet animosities. "It is thought that with George Eliot, the Novel with a Purpose had really come to be an adequate instrument for the regeneration of humanity. It was understood that Passion

only survived to point a moral or to provide the materials of an awful tale, while Duty, Kinship, Faith, were so far paramount as to govern Destiny and mould the world. A vague, decided flavor of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity was felt to pervade the whole universe, a chill but seemly halo of Golden Age was seen to play soberly about things in general. And it was with confidence anticipated that those perfect days were on the march when men and women would propose,—from the austere motives,—by the aid of scientific terminology."

So much for Henley's championship of sex. On the whole however, and admitting all the creative power of sex in the business of the world,—as Shakespeare made Biron his eloquent spokesman to celebrate it long ago,—it is doubtful whether the cult of sex has not been overdone of late, whether an emphasis has not been laid on the natural fact which has wronged other equally human elements of the social ideal. Henley's perception of the undoubted fact that we are created male and female from the beginning might have had a far more reaching significance if it had been modified by what he scorned as the feminine and platonic ideal. We can imagine how Tolstoy's later asceticism must have aroused him (it was Tolstoy's deeply natural genius that he rightly saw and admired); but it remains true that those more broadly social instincts, which it has been Tolstoy's later aim to promulgate,—duty, loyalty, self-sacrifice, and the sympathy that means forbearance,—after all make the only atmosphere in which sexual love itself can endure. The career of such a novelist as Hardy, with its increasing absorption in the natural fact of love shows how easily such naturalism degenerates into something morbidly unhealthy and unreal.

As for the "bracing, manly virtues", Henley had a faith in action for action's sake, with which it would be hard for the most thorough-going advocate for the strenuous life to compete. Such perverted conviction as Tolstoy's on the vanity of all our doing (Tolstoy regarding the modern worship of "work" as man's effort to drug himself as with opium or tobacco), or such a paralyzing doubt of performance as Emerson expressed in his *Brahma*—these were not for Henley. The "deed forborne" was his one cause of regret in the world. Some tangible performance and the accompanying thrill of performance was the only sure evidence to him of life itself. Hence the "passionate slips and hesitations of the conscience" which were to Steven-

son so real a part of life—all the scruples and dreams begot of introspection—were to him so much morbidity and moonshine. He felt himself apprised of God, not through those unattainable ideals for which the saints have died, but by vivid experiences of quite another sort, they might be love, they might be work, they might be death on the field of battle.

As an Englishman and a politician Henley had more than a suspicion of what Kipling has called the "froward bearing" of his countrymen. Of Disraeli he wrote sympathetically, "He loved power for power's sake, and recognizing to the full the law of the survival of the fittest, he preferred his England to the world." Indeed, in the matter of imperialism he quite outdid Kipling; for his rights of English sovereignty were untroubled by the doubts which have visited the more famous poet of the "Kingdom that is not of this world." Stevenson's Christmas Sermon and the later ethical essays of his friend must have seemed poor stuff to the stout, masculine being that Henley prided himself on being. And indeed the real reason of their estrangement was undoubtedly the fact that Stevenson outgrew him and travelled on into experiences where Henley could not—and indeed would not if he could—follow. Perhaps the sensational character of that youthful system of morals with which both men started out (and which was useful for a relaxed and overcritical age), is nowhere more clearly revealed than in Henley. For he was here, as in all things, so honest, thorough, and realistic in his advocacy, that we cannot mistake his meaning for something that it is not. And if we find his ideal dangerously near brutality, and indifferent to certain ideals of humility, reverence and love which seem to belong to humanity, we can expect little other of the faith which limits its performance to the present life. We need the larger distance to keep the spiritual perspective.

In life Henley's passionate egotism was always breaking in a great tenderness of heart. In his affections he was often untrue enough to the pride and boastfulness of his philosophy. I fancy myself that there are some lyrics of his which will survive more ambitious and, as we think, characteristic utterances. This, for instance, dedicated to the memory of Stevenson :

"O, Time and Change, they range and range
From sunshine round to thunder!—
They glance and go as the great winds blow,

And the best of our dreams drive under :
For Time and Change estrange, estrange—
And now they have looked and seen us,
O, we that were dear, we are all too near
With the thick of the world between us.

“O, Death and Time, they chime and chime
Like bells at sunset falling!—
They end the song, they right the wrong,
They set the old echoes calling :
For Death and Time bring on the prime
Of God's own chosen weather,
And we lie in the peace of the great Release
As once in the grass together.”

EDITH BAKER BROWN.

EMERSON AND HAWTHORNE AS NEIGHBORS

With the new century Americans have begun what promises to be a long series of celebrations, tercentenary honors to pioneer explorers and centenary tribute to the men who first won fame in state-craft and letters. That we are growing as a nation from infancy to adolescence is testified by the fact that a century has passed since two of our greatest authors were born. “The final word” has been spoken and written about Emerson many times during the prolonged anniversary of the summer months; doubtless, Hawthorne will receive a like share of both worthy and meretricious comment within the coming year. Among the half-truths spoken recently of Emerson was the assertion that he and Hawthorne, associated closely in time, residence and fame, “had no use for each other”. A cursory review of the journals and letters of the two men and their friends prove that, in spite of many temperamental and mental antagonisms, they had a cordial personal regard for each other.

In outlook on life and literary tastes they were seldom agreed. Emerson criticised “The Scarlet Letter” as “ghastly”, but explained, “I do not read the sad in literature”. In general he maintained that Hawthorne was ever “superior to his own performances.” There was a family story that Elizabeth Peabody, with typical importunity, resented Emerson's attitude towards Hawthorne's writings, over which she assumed a proprietary

sway, and announced her intention "in a day or two to bring him to his knees so that he would read all that Hawthorne had written." Even such bravado could not overcome Emerson's natural revulsion from the dark tragedies of soul wherein Hawthorne's genius was revealed with intense power.

Hawthorne, on the other hand, recognized the charm of Emerson's lofty idealism and his simple, stimulating presence, but he found a theme for gentle satire in "Mosses from an Old Manse," in depicting the many "hobgoblins of flesh and blood" who were attracted to Concord by cravings for sympathy and intimacy with the man whose spiritual visions had magnetized them. With a bit of rare self-revelation Hawthorne concluded: "For myself, there have been epochs in my life when I, too, might have asked of this prophet the master word which should solve me the riddle of the universe; but now, being happy, I felt as if there were no question to be put, and therefore admired Emerson as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but sought nothing from him as a philosopher." Here is a suggestion of the keen literary appreciations often found among Hawthorne's chance journal notes.

While the two authors, neighbors first at distant and later at close range, were indifferent to each other's literary products, they found pleasure in social companionship and a common responsiveness to many aspirations. During the months of romantic life for the Hawthornes at the Old Manse, when they courteously but persistently avoided guests, Emerson was always welcome; with "a sunbeam on his face," he seemed a consistent element in their "Paradise". Here, said Hawthorne, "he feasted on our nectar and ambrosia" while, with more ecstatic happiness, Mrs. Hawthorne declared that Emerson's "face pictured the promised land (which we were then enjoying), and intruded no more than a sunset or a rich warble from a bird." The relation with Emerson was more than negative, however; Hawthorne recorded long talks, woodland strolls and even a pedestrian trip of two days. With characteristic touch he mentions their visit to the Shaker community, where "Emerson indulged in some theological discussion whose particulars have faded from my memory."

While Emerson discussed themes of philosophic trend with his other Concord friends, he admired Hawthorne's personality, his perfection, and the pure nobleness and tender reserve of

soul exemplified in his daily life. One of the popular pastimes of this famous Concord group was skating upon the river. Mrs. Hawthorne has portrayed the trio,—Emerson, Thoreau and Hawthorne—upon one such festive occasion. With cleverness she describes Thoreau, the awkward yet true child of nature, “figuring dithyrambic dances and Bacchic leaps, very remarkable but very ugly,” Hawthorne following with stateliness and poise, and Emerson at the rear, displaying that lack of agility and skill which ever characterizes him in gardening or in sport. To her he expressed his admiration for Hawthorne’s muscularity and grace:—“He came in to rest himself, and said to me that Hawthorne was a tiger, a bear, a lion, in short, a satyr, and there was no tiring him out; he might be the death of a man like himself. And then turning upon me that kindling smile for which he is so memorable, he added, ‘Mr. Hawthorne is such an Ajax, who can cope with him!’”

After Hawthorne’s return from foreign residence to The Wayside during those months of tense Abolitionism which he could not interpret or share with his Concord friends, he became more of a recluse than ever, while his fine physique already showed signs of disease. The relations between the Emerson and Hawthorne families, however, were renewed with added cordiality among the children of each household and the two men, divided in political opinions, still found undisturbed the affinities of mind and heart. In the journals are references to hillside walks, conversations in the Emerson study, and visits of noted guests which were shared by the neighborly firesides. When Howells paid deference to the romancer, he was also introduced to Emerson with the significant note, “I find him worthy.” Though Hawthorne sat apart and “unclubbable” at the famous Sunday evening conferences at Emerson’s home, he was no less a regular and friendly visitant. With frank emphasis of the true congeniality which existed between these men of poetic sympathies, Emerson wrote Mrs. Hawthorne,—“I have had my own pain in the loss of your husband. He was always a mine of hope to me, and I promised myself a rich future in achieving at some day, when we both should be less engaged to tyrannical studies and habitudes, an unreserved intercourse with him. I thought I could well wait his time and mine for what was so well worth waiting.” The Old Manse and the town of Concord will be dedicated to joint memories of

Emerson and Hawthorne as neighbors and friends no less than contemporaneous authors. With distinctive, often antithetical traits, they were allied in many subtle relations. They struggled against provincialism within and without, yet, in diverse modes, they bestowed upon national literature the first hall-marks of real art and broad ethics.

ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE.

LE MORTE D'ARTHUR

In all the history of western Europe, after it once emerged from the dimmest obscurity of the dark ages, there is I think no other time so hard to grasp as the close of the fifteenth century. What would it have felt like to be alive then? When we ask this question about the thirteenth century we turn to Dante for our answer: much of it is a hard saying to us, not to be interpreted but by slow and painful research, but much is vivid, human, compellingly real. Chaucer brings the fourteenth century curiously close and his people become as real and familiar as old acquaintances; while in the turbulent and complex and glorious sixteenth we may almost live ourselves if we will, so many great men have illuminated it for us. But for the fifteenth there is no great authoritative voice of a poet to answer, nor, so far as I know, any of those gossiping writers of memoirs who bring home to us the life of every day. We would so gladly see a little into the inside of the age which had gunpowder and the printing-press for its new toys, which was all unconsciously preparing to discover a new world and rediscover a faith, and in which the feudal system was tearing itself to pieces in order that out of its ruins three crafty, patient and most unheroic kings might build up Spain and France and England! But for an understanding of all this we are forced to trust to the poor aid of the chroniclers.

It is a somewhat incredible picture, of England at least, that they put before us: a state of constant warfare without national feeling, without great principles at stake, without even loyalty of vassal to lord or friend to friend; when men changed sides from year to year at the mere dictates of self-interest, as coolly as if they were moving the pieces on a chess-board; when,

strangest of all, acts of high-handed violence were carried out and in their turn revenged with strict attention to the forms of law. No doubt commonplace workaday people went about their business as best they could in the midst of it all, without any particular idea that the age they lived in was stranger than another. There are the Paston Letters to prove it,—but to us looking back it seems like a return to the rule of Chaos and old Night. And right in the midst of this vague wild hurly-burly of the Wars of the Roses, Sir Thomas Malory, Knight, of whom we know absolutely nothing with certainty but the name, fixed forever for the English-speaking world the form of those romances which had been growing up for more than three centuries to embody the ideals of chivalry, of “prowess, hardiness, humanity, love, courtesy and very gentleness.” And in 1485, the same year when the crown found in a hawthorn bush on Bosworth Field was set on the head of the first Tudor king, “William Caxton, simple person”, working peacefully on at his printing-press in Westminster Abbey, with little heed to the change of rulers, set in imprint “this noble and joyous book entitled *Le Morte Darthur*.”

It is a strange medley. Malory was no great creative writer, shaping a whole out of fragmentary material; he drew from many sources, and used them all with little discrimination, piecing one “French book” to another with or without an effort to connect them; condensing here, expanding there; translating literally, or interspersing his own reflections; now introducing an important character without any explanation, now neglecting to tell the outcome of an adventure, and sometimes giving two or three versions of what is evidently the same story. No wonder the result is a wild and wandering narrative, when to this method of construction we add the heterogeneous origin of the tales themselves! This question of origins is a famous battle-ground of the scholarly commentators. Your commentator is never so happy as when he is building a complicated theory on the frailest possible foundation of ascertained facts. Perhaps there was actually a historic Arthur, a king or chief in Wales or Cornwall or Strathclyde in the fourth century, who held back the invading Saxons for a time and left among the Britons a fame growing constantly greater as the defeated people magnified the traditions of their happier days. Perhaps he was a hero of Welsh mythology, with some connection or

other with the sun—it is a great discovery of recent years that all early heroes are invariably connected with the sun ; and in this case Guanhumara (Guenevere) is of course the dawn, or the morning star, or something of that sort. Perhaps the stories are entirely of Welsh or Breton origin, and all that the French romancers have done is to misunderstand their mystical significance and give them a tincture of chivalry. Or perhaps on the contrary the romancers are the originators, and the Welsh seized upon the tales and modified them to their fancy because they professed to glorify a Celtic hero. Perhaps after all none of these things matters so very much ! What seems fairly clear is that the great impulse to the propagation of Arthur legends was given about the middle of the twelfth century by Geoffrey of Monmouth's fictitious "History of the Britons". The easy credulity of that age and of many ages after accepted the fable as truth ; it is very probable that the part of it dealing with Arthur and Merlin was actually founded on Welsh legends. The French and Anglo-French romance writers were in need of a subject just then ; Charlemagne and his peers had ceased to interest, and there was nothing definite to take their place. They seized on this fascinating new tale with avidity, translating it, versifying it, amplifying it, seeking new material to add to it and doubtless finding much ready to their hand in Celtic tradition. Poets of all nations took up the new matter of romance and dealt with it after the fashion of their own countries, whence it was retranslated into French with yet further embellishments. The favorite theme attracted minor romances to itself, after the systematizing fashion of the Middle Ages, and every wandering knight going on long-winded adventures of his own was sooner or later drawn into the circle, it might be by the fourth or fifth writer who dealt with him, and given a seat at the hospitable Table Round. One of these wandering knights was Tristram, who had loved La Beale Isoud and shunned the treachery of his uncle King Mark through a whole series of romances before Sir Lancelot strove with him in courtesy or sheltered him in Joyous Gard.

Not that the creative artist was wholly lacking. He appeared at the close of this same twelfth century, and wrote a Book of Arthur in fair French prose—which is no sign that he may not have been an Englishman, since French was the literary language of England. He may or may not have been Walter

Map; modern critics say probably not, for no very apparent reason except that the book has been attributed to him so long. It is in three parts: The "Lancelot", the "Queste del Saint Graal", and the "Mort au Roi Artus". We do not know whether the work as it still exists is in the same form in which he wrote it, or whether he invented the story of the Holy Grail or merely brought it into the Arthurian cycle. But he invented the love of Launcelot for Queen Guenevere and made it the moving principle of the whole story. It is this love, the one flaw upon the noblest of earthly knights, that brings Launcelot to shame in the great quest of the Sangreal, which is not for the strongest, but for the purest and holiest knight, who proves to be Launcelot's own son, Sir Galahad. And it is this love which, by drawing Arthur and Launcelot into war, gives the opportunity to the traitor, Mordred, and so destroys the king and all his chivalry. By far the finest of Malory's work is that part (mainly Books XIII-XXI) which is drawn directly or indirectly from this unknown writer, who has been called "one of the great novelists of the world".

This is the only part of the "Morte D'Arthur" which has any kind of unity. Malory's first four books are derived from various versions of the History of Merlin, in which the Celtic element is strongest; they are full of marvels, some of them purposeless enough; the chivalric ideal is less developed than elsewhere, and by an unpardonable oversight the story of Arthur's slaughter of the babies born on May-day, to escape the death prophesied to him at the hands of Mordred, is allowed to find a place here—a story utterly at variance with all that follows. Book V is a history of Arthur's conquests drawn from the fictitious chroniclers, and is dry reading in everything but its magnificent disregard of historical possibility. Presently follow the adventures of Tristram, and it is only too characteristic of Malory that he breaks off in the middle and never tells the final fate of Tristram and La Beale Isoud, except in a hurried parenthesis much later. In the same way the early history of Launcelot, who from this point on is the chief hero, is left a blank. And a still more disconcerting result of the conflict of authorities is that different views are given of the same character, notably of Sir Gawaine, who is sometimes a mirror of knightly courtesy and sometimes rather a villain.

All this makes it plain enough why ever since Malory's time

poets have thought themselves at liberty to use his book simply as a quarry from which to dig their own materials. It is natural to think it will improve one of his stories to disentangle it from the maze and tell it straight through as a connected whole, instead of perpetually breaking off, "Now leave we Sir Tristram of Lyonesse and speak we of Sir Lancelot du Lake"; to pass lightly over the tournaments and other conventional machinery of mediæval romance, wearisome to the modern reader, describe in more detail, deepen the shades of character, dwell longer upon thoughts and emotions, and perhaps color the whole with a more modern ethical conception. I suppose the best known of the nineteenth century versions of parts of the Arthur story are those of Swinburne, Morris, Arnold, and especially Tennyson. And yet, plausible as the theory is, I do not see that any of these poems comes up to Malory's prose. Arnold's "Tristram" is confessedly a failure. Morris' "Defence of Guenevere" is not so much a retelling as an attractive illustration of a single point of the story. Swinburne has enriched his long "Tristram of Lyonesse" with much melodious verse and some very fine passages, but to turn from its monotony of feverish passion to Malory's straightforward narrative is like getting back into the open air. Tennyson has followed his original most closely in details, and purposely departed farthest from it in spirit. He expressly denies that his King Arthur is

"Him of Malleor, one
Touched by the adulterous finger of a time
That hovered between war and wantonness,"

a passage that has always seemed to me a curiously ungrateful recognition of the author from whom he has drawn the outline of nearly all his Idylls, and of some of them, notably "Elaine", the whole development of the story and most of its finest touches. Like the original author of the "Lancelot", he has taken as unifying motive the love of Lancelot and Guinivere. He handles it, especially in the later version of the Idylls, with a sharply defined moral purpose. The Queen's sin does not merely break the goodly fellowship at last; it fosters every germ of evil from the beginning, sanctions the kindred sin of Tristram, justifies the slanders of Vivian, ruins Elaine's hope of happiness, awakens suspicion in the heart of Geraint, destroys Pelleas' faith in womanhood. The poem called "Guinevere" is the center of Tennyson's structure. Except

circumstance of the Queen's flight to Almesbury, it is entirely original with him. It tells how Arthur, on the eve of setting out into his last battle, finds Guinevere and pardons her, and how the sinful Queen, overcome by remorse, forsakes her long love for Lancelot and passes the remaining years of her life striving that she may be worthy of Arthur in the next world. This conversion, though some of us must feel that it impairs the tragic dignity of the situation to make it hinge on one so lightly made to see at last all that she has closed her eyes to for so long, is a vital part of the poet's idea. As the guilty passion of the lovers has been the root of all the evil in the whole system, so "the blameless King" is an embodiment of all the good. He must win the true victory, even though he seems to be defeated by the evil in the world. And it is idle to censure Tennyson for making his Arthur an essentially modern figure, for he never professed to take the mediæval story as anything but a point of departure. But to me the poem, with all its dignified blank verse and lofty ethical ideal, seems strangely flimsy when contrasted with the glorious closing book of Malory. Here, too, Guenevere goes to Almesbury and becomes "a nun in white clothes and black," and passes the rest of her life in penitence. And there is a parting interview, but it is not with the King.

"When Sir Launcelot was brought to her, then she said to all the ladies: 'Through this man and me hath all this war been wrought, and the death of the most noblest knights of the world; for through our love that we have loved together is my most noble lord slain. Therefore, Sir Launcelot, wit thou well I am set in such a plight to get my soul-heal. . . . Therefore, Sir Launcelot, I require thee and beseech thee heartily, for all the love that ever was betwixt us, that thou never see me more in the visage; and I command thee, on God's behalf, that thou forsake my company, and to thy kingdom thou turn again, and keep well thy land from war and wrack; for as well as I have loved thee, mine heart will not serve me to see thee, for through thee and me is the flower of kings and knights destroyed. Therefore, Sir Launcelot, go to thy realm, and there take thee a wife, and live with her in joy and bliss; and I pray thee heartily, pray for me that I may amend my mis-living.' 'Now, sweet madam,' said Sir Launcelot, 'would ye that I should now return again unto my country, and there to

ved a lady? Nay, madam, wit you well that I shall never do, for I shall never be false to you of that I have promised; but the same destiny that ye have taken you to, I will take me unto, for to please Jesu, and ever for you I cast me specially to pray. . . . Sithen ye have taken you to perfection, I must needs take me to perfection, of right. For I take record of God, in you I have had mine earthly joy.’”

Andrew Lang has well contrasted the deep sadness of Guenevere's end with the conclusion of the tale of Helen of Greece. Each of these sovereign ladies, through whom sorrow comes upon a whole nation and many brave men are destroyed, keeps through all a sad dignity, an unapproachable loveliness, that has haunted the minds of men ever since. But Helen goes back to a serene after-life in Sparta; Guenevere dies a penitent nun, praying that she may not live until Launcelot is able to come to her. “Then Sir Launcelot saw her visage, but he wept not greatly, but sighed”—a touch in which Malory for once has risen far above romantic convention. So she is buried beside the King at Glastonbury, and the mourning of Launcelot, the hermit—“when I remember of her beauty, and of her noblesse, that was both with her king and with her”—“may never have end.”

It is by reading the last two books that the highest idea of the *Morte D'Arthur* is gained. But a reader who has once felt the charm of it will never confine himself to these books. Rather he will enter at random into the pleasant labyrinth, like a knight setting off on an adventure, who “let his horse go where he would”. There is much monotony and high-flown conventionality to be met with here; some wantonness that so offended Tennyson, but seldom long dwelt upon; some triviality and childish crudeness both of matter and handling. But you never go far without straying on an interesting story told with the quaint directness that is Malory's great charm, or one of those traits of true gentleness that raise the fantastic ideal of chivalry to the highest beauty. There is Sir Palomides the Saracen, whom hopeless love for Isoud drives into bitter and unknighly hatred of Tristram, but “Sir Tristram was so kind and so gentle that when Sir Palomides remembered thereof he might never be merry”. At last Palomides fully armed falls in with Tristram with only his spear and his sword, who nevertheless strives to force him to fight. “I put case, said Sir

Palomides, that ye were armed at all points right as I am, and I naked (unarmed) as ye be, what would ye do to me now, by your true knighthood?" And when Tristram is forced to confess that he would not fight, "No more will I, said Palomides, and therefore ride forth on thy way." There is the passage where Sir Bors, forced to choose between rescuing his brother and riding to the aid of a damsel carried off by a robber knight, cries, "Fair sweet Lord Jesu Christ, whose liege man I am, keep Lionel my brother that these knights slay him not, and for pity of you, and for Mary's sake, I shall succor this maid." There is Bors' simple speech to Launcelot on behalf of all his kinsmen when Launcelot is forced into unwilling war upon Arthur: "Sir, said Bors, all is welcome that God sendeth us, and we have had much weal with you and much worship (honor), and therefore we will take the woe with you as we have taken the weal." And to take but one more example from an endless supply, there is Gawaine's dying message to Sir Launcelot, upon whom he and Arthur have been waging bitter war, "Make no tarrying, but come over the sea in all haste, that thou mayst with thy noble knights rescue that noble king that made thee knight, that is my lord Arthur."

We know too well that all this is but an invention of the romancers. Chivalry was a dream, clothing a half barbarous reality of strife and lawlessness; even as a dream it utterly ignored all men not born in a certain social class. The finest spirits were far enough from the life of ideal knighthood; the court of Saint Louis was not as the court of Arthur. But to Malory and Caxton the tale, while not perhaps true in the letter, was a true reflection of the glorious days that were past. It is said that Caxton dreamed of a new Crusade to reawaken the knightly virtues that surely slumbered deeply enough in the partisans of York and Lancaster. Small wonder he longed for it, if he believed that a crusade would restore the courtesy of Tristram and the devotion of Launcelot! "For herein" he says in his preface, "may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue and sin. Do after the good and leave the evil, and it shall bring you to good fame and renown."

RITA CREIGHTON SMITH.

SKETCHES

THE WINDS ON THE HILLTOP

Up on the top of the lonely hill
The wandering winds are never still.
Little one, what do you think they say,
Whispering there in the trees all day?
Blowing over the summer air
Through the warmth and the light that are everywhere,
There in the trees do you think they sing
That joyous life is a beautiful thing?

Little one, if you could steal away
To the lone hilltop at the end of the day,
And hearken there in the dark and dew,
With only the wind and the stars and you,
Would you fear the message that runs so light
Through the quivering trees in the hush of night,
Or still do you think the winds might sing
That solemn life is a beautiful thing?

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS.

WHILE LOVELINESS GOES BY

Sometimes when all the world seems gray and dim,
And nothing beautiful, a voice will cry
"Look out, look out! Angels are going by!"
Then my soul smiles to see them, one by one.
I doff my darkness, and arise and run,
Even as a child, while loveliness draws nigh,
And common folk seem children of the sky,
And common things seem shaped of the sun.
Oh! pitiful that I, who love them, must
So soon perceive their shining garments fade,
And slowly, slowly from my eyes of trust
Their flaming banners sink into a shade,
While this earth's sunshine seems the golden dust
Slow settling from the radiant cavalcade.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH.

Esther Patton and her father had driven five miles in silence. As the horse toiled up the steep hill Esther sat sidewise, and kept a firm hold on the box in the back of the spring wagon, and her father looked anxiously at the harness. The horse made a final scramble from the last thank-you-ma'am to the top of the hill, and stood still on the level road.

Esther turned around quickly and leaned forward. "There it is!" she said, and she gathered her four books under her arm. Her father followed her glance across the valley to the great red brick building at the foot of the opposite mountains. "It looks pretty from here", she ventured. "The cupola looks so white, and the mountain sort of sets it off."

"Looks to me more like the work-house to Derby than anything else," her father said shortly.

He pulled up the reins and rattled the whip-handle in the socket, and the horse jogged on.

"I've got something to say to you before you get there," he said, "an' I might as well come right to the point."

Esther looked at him apprehensively.

"It's about that Prentiss. You've got to stop that matter right where it is—I won't have it go any further. It's just as I said 'twould be. You was crazy to get to Whitby Seminary, an' I heard all that talk about eddication, an' now you've got there I don't see as you've done anythin' but get a feller to beau you around, an' you could 'a done that an' stayed to home, without layin' out any money."

Esther's face flushed, and she swallowed hard.

"I've stood first in the algebra class right along," she said appealingly. "I was the only one that got the clock example, and the only time we spelled down I came out ahead. I've never missed a lesson since I've been there."

"That ain't the point," her father interposed. "I ain't sayin' you're neglectin' your studies, though it don't stand to reason that you can do as well as if you were n't tendin' to two things to once. What I do say, is that you've got to get back all this money you're spendin', an' goin' with a feller like Prentiss ain't the way to do it."

"I don't see what you've got against Norman Prentiss, Father," Esther said. "Mr. Gilman says he's the most promising fellow in school. He's held his scholarship four years and

earned money besides. He's way ahead of any fellow I ever knew before."

"Well," her father continued, "'spose with your notions of eddication you think a feller that hain't got book-learnin' isn't worth lookin' at, but you'll see the day when a good steady man with a hundred-acre farm will seem like somethin' to you. I ain't got nothin' special 'gainst this Prentiss 'cept his callin', but you ain't goin' to marry a minister, I don't care who he is. I've seen enough of this livin' on three hundred a year and two donations. Prentiss seems to be a likely chap, an' if he was goin' into some good business, where he could earn somethin', I wouldn't raise any objections."

"Money isn't everything," Esther faltered. "I'd rather get along —"

"O, yes," her father interrupted, "you're young, an' you've got high-flown idears. All is, Esther, I've put my foot down. You c'n see this feller an' send him about his business, an' if you ain't done it by Friday night you c'n have your things packed an' ready to take home. You can't come back here a day next term 'thout you give him up—we'll keep you home, an' it'll be a kindness to you, too. If you can't marry someone that'll support you, you needn't get married at all."

Esther looked straight ahead. After a little she opened her Latin grammar and began a whispering study of the rules for the ablative. Her father settled back on the seat, and they went through the long village street, up the long hill to the seminary. Other wagons, piled high with boxes and baskets, passed them, and now and then a boy, bending under the weight of a well-filled sack, came through the lots and walked up the steep sidewalk.

The three stories of red brick that shut in the street widened into a huge rectangular block, and the road curved around it. The long flight of marble steps up to the front door was crowded with boys and girls, who called out to each new-comer greetings mingled with bits of news and pertinent inquiries.

A tall girl, with flying black hair, called shrilly to Esther, and pursued the wagon to the horse-block at the back of the building.

"O Esther, I'm glad you've come," she shouted. "I can't get the twenty-seventh to save my life! I don't know what to let x equal! Good mornin', Mr. Patton."

Esther got out and began tugging at the box.

"Just take hold of the other end, Marilla," she said, and Marilla seized the box and lifted it on the horse-block.

"My! We won't starve this week!" she remarked breathlessly.

Esther hesitated a moment, and then she turned to her father. "I guess I won't have you take the box home this week, Father," she said slowly.

Her father nodded, clucked at his horse, and started on, and the two girls disappeared with the box into the back entry.

There was a general bustle and confusion about the building. The crowd at the front door increased. The cracked bell rang and the day pupils from the village trooped up the hill and forced their way up the steps. In the main hall anxious groups compared answers and recited conjugations.

Esther appeared, and a cluster of girls surrounded her, loudly demanding an explanation of the twenty-seventh.

"You let x = the man and y the squirrel," she began, but Marilla pulled her away into a corner.

"Say," she said, "Norman's going to read the chapter and lead in prayer this mornin', Mr. Day hasn't come. I heard Mr. Gilman tellin' him just now. He said it would be good practice for him," and Marilla giggled convulsively.

The bell began to toll, and the students poured into the chapel. Esther hurried to a back seat, and Marilla sat beside her. When the room was quiet she nudged Esther violently, and Esther glanced toward the platform. There stood Norman, his shoulders squared, with the Bible before him. He was pale, and his mouth was tightly compressed. Esther looked down again, and he began the reading.

At the end of the prayer Marilla sighed appreciatively. "My! he's got the gift of prayer!" she whispered. "Ain't his delivery fine?"

Classes were called, and the school rose and hurried to remote class rooms.

There was no leisure until night. At six o'clock a bell sounded from the basement, and there was a noisy rush through the corridors and down the stairs. Esther was left alone in the study hall, and she closed her Cornelius Nepos and went out into the empty corridor. A mingled sound of laughing and talking and of clattering dishes came from the basement, and

she stood still for a minute and listened to it. Then she tiptoed past the recitation rooms, into the library at the end of the hall, and carefully closed the door. She cast a glance at the portraits of the seminary's benefactors, which bordered the ceiling, took "Curiosities of the Bible" from its place, turned to page seventy-five, and took out a folded piece of paper. She stood in front of the founder's portrait and read it hastily.

"It has seemed ages since Friday night. When can I see you?
Yours, N."

She replaced the book, went softly out and upstairs to her room.

Marilla had already begun preparations for supper. "I don't believe we can have tea to-night," she remarked, as Esther appeared. "A fire would heat up the room so, and it's awful warm for March. O dear, Esther!" she exclaimed explosively. "Ain't you sick of boarding yourself? It doesn't seem as if I could stand it another day! Seems to-night as if I'd give my last cent if I could go down stairs an' eat with the rest of 'em."

"I wouldn't change victuals with them," Esther said calmly. "Leora Baxter has her folks send her things right along, 'cause she doesn't get enough down stairs," and Esther produced a raisin cake from the box in the corner.

"I got a splendid look at Leora's room just now," Marilla said, brightening, "and that set isn't any more black walnut than this table is. Her stove is just covered with nickel, though, and the carpet's lovely—wool ingrain. She's had her woodwork painted white, too. Did you know she's asked for another wardrobe? She says when she comes back next term she won't have any place for her new summer dresses."

"We might let her have ours—they's plenty of space in it," Esther said dryly. "Let's sit down now, we can slice off the spare-rib as we want it."

They sat down at the narrow table and began a generous exchange of raised biscuit and caraway cookies, and each praised the other's contribution to the meal.

When they had finished eating Esther leaned back in her chair, and Marilla rested her elbows on the table.

"Do you know," Marilla said suddenly, "I wish that Leora Baxter was in Guinea."

"Why?" inquired Esther innocently.

"I'll tell you why," Marilla responded. "It's because she won't let Norman Prentiss alone. Honest, Esther, I wish't you could manage without goin' home over Sundays."

Esther blushed and looked hard at the bright blue wardrobe in the opposite corner.

"Well, I suppose she has a right to go with him if he wants to go with her," she answered, with carefully assumed indifference. Marilla sat up straight and shook her head angrily.

"Yes, I know you, Esther Patton," she exclaimed. "You're so proud you'd let her walk off with him right before your face an' eyes, an' not lift a finger, and there ain't any sense in it. Course Norman likes you best, but he's like all the rest of 'em—he likes to be made of. Now, last Saturday night, when we were all down in the library, Norman was sitting on the corner sofa, off by himself, and what did Leora do but go up to him, as bold as you please, and say, 'You look lonesome, Mr. Prentiss.' Then course he had to let her sit down by him, and they laughed an' talked the whole evening. She did look nice. She had on her blue brocade, an' she wore a big white Alsation bow on top of her head."

"I don't know as I blame Norman," Esther said. "She's rich, and she's got lovely clothes, and they say she's real good company, too."

"Oh, she laughs a lot," Marilla rejoined, "and she's got everythin' money can buy, but my! pretty kind o' minister's wife she'd make! Just think of her leadin' a meetin', or bein' president of a Dorcas Society! She's no more fitted for a position like that than I am. An' you're just cut out for it—you can't deny it."

Esther blushed painfully. "Well, Leora's young yet, and she'll have every advantage. By the time she graduates here she'll be improved. She'll be cultivated, too. She's going to take music lessons and drawing next year."

Marilla sniffed scornfully and curled her lip. "What talk!" she said. "You're way ahead of Leora Baxter now, and by the time you graduate you'll be nowhere in sight of her."

Esther looked at Marilla's face, with its triumphant expression, and hesitated. Then she spoke in a low despairing voice.

"Rilla, that's just the trouble. I don't s'pose I'll ever graduate. I—I don't much expect to come back next term."

Marilla gasped. "Why, Esther Patton," she groaned, "why not?"

"It's father," Esther explained. "He don't—favor it."

"I know," Marilla nodded significantly. "Pa fights my comin' here all the time. If it wasn't for mother's keepin' the school teacher an' raisin' chickens I'd never be here. Can't you think of some way to do? I s'pose you could wait on table, but I'd rather you wouldn't come back than have you waitin' on Leora Baxter."

"No, that wouldn't do any good. I'll just have to give it up. That's why I didn't have father take the box home. I'll have to take everything home Friday night."

Marilla looked at her in blank despair.

"What'll I ever do without you?" she lamented. "I'll never in the world get through quadratics. I'll be so lonesome I'll die. Don't you feel terrible about it?" And Marilla wiped away a tear with the corner of her white apron.

"I'm disappointed," Esther admitted. "I did want to go on and take logarithms next year."

"Does Norman know about it?" Marilla inquired, more cheerfully.

"No. I'll have to tell him. P'r'aps I'll see him after prayer meeting."

"Well, I hope you'll fix it so's Leora Baxter wun't snap him up the minute you're gone. That's just what she'll do, you know."

"I don't know, it'll be different if I don't come back. I'd hate to be a drawback to—anybody."

"Drawback!" repeated Marilla scornfully. "I guess that don't keep many girls from gettin' married! I guess—"

"Just see the time we've let the table stand," Esther interrupted. "Let's do the dishes and get to work. I want to do some examples ahead, so's I wun't have to study Wednesday night."

"You let me do 'em to-night, an' you get at the algebra," Marilla urged. "They's a railroad example in to-morrow's lesson."

Marilla took away the dishes and removed the Whitby Tribune from the table. Then she got out the algebra and a sheet of wrapping paper half covered with x's and y's, and Esther sat down and grasped her pencil eagerly. Marilla looked at her admiringly.

"I do believe you'd rather do algebra than eat," she said, and she went down the corridor with the dishes.

The next day at noon Esther slipped into the library and left a note in "Curiosities of the Bible." It read discreetly :

"I have something of importance to tell you. I shall probably be at prayer meeting Wednesday evening. M."

The "M" stood for her middle name, Minerva, and she regarded it as an infallible means of disguise.

All day Tuesday and Wednesday she worked more steadily than usual, in view of the prayer meeting, and Marilla made her an Alsation bow to wear.

At prayer meeting the girls from the seminary occupied three rows of seats well to the front, and the boys sat in the back seats. When the meeting was over the girls walked out by twos, and tried to talk together unconcernedly, and the boys stood in line on either side of the path. By a mutual contrivance, accompanied by a muttered "Have you got company?" or "May I see you home to-night?" on the part of the boys, the party was resolved into couples, and the long line straggled up the hill.

Esther loitered in the rear, for the minister had been talking to Norman, but in a moment he caught up with her.

"Well, I thought I never—" he began, but a soft voice behind them murmured :

"May I walk up the hill with you, please?"

They gave each other a swift, despairing look, and Norman responded,

"Oh, certainly."

It was the lurking tragedy of the evening; the lady teacher had fallen to their lot.

Norman entered cheerfully into conversation on the earliness of the spring and the beauty of the night, and Esther walked by his side, silent and unresponsive. They passed most of the couples, and reached the seminary, breathless.

Marilla glanced at the clock as Esther came in.

"Why, haven't you seen Norman?" she asked.

"No. Miss Snow came up with us," Esther said briefly.

"Well, of all the luck!" Marilla ejaculated.

Esther bent over her Latin grammar studiously, and Marilla went through algebraic processes in an undertone. Suddenly there was a scraping sound at the window, and Marilla climbed on the window seat, threw up the sash, and leaned out. In a moment she jumped down and handed a paper to Esther.

"It's a note from Norman. He sent it in from the corridor window, in the corn-popper."

Esther read it deliberately.

"Will see you to-morrow afternoon at 4.30. Usual place."

"I'm going to see him to-morrow," she explained to Marilla.

"I should hope so," Marilla commented. "I haven't got your intellect, but I'll bet I could tend to a thing like this better'n you."

The next day at twenty-five minutes past four Esther came down the front steps and walked decorously toward the village. She made a sudden turn at the cross-roads, and picked her way along the muddy road that led to the graveyard.

She hurried past the hedge of evergreens, then suddenly checked herself, and walked slowly under the weather-beaten wooden arch over the gate.

Norman was already there, and he came up the gravel path to meet her.

"I declare, I thought I was never going to see you again!" he said, and he smiled beamingly. "I could have murdered Miss Snow last night, easy. I haven't seen you since Friday night—seems a year."

He led the way to the farther corner and sat down on the rustic seat by the Stockwell lot. Esther seated herself opposite him, on a small iron chair that had been propped up with stones.

"I—I can't stay very long, Norman," she began. "I've got something to tell you."

Norman looked up in surprise.

"Well, don't be so scared about it," he said. "You're white as a sheet. I guess maybe I've got something to tell you, sometime."

"This is serious, Norman," Esther pleaded, and Norman stopped smiling.

"Why, Esther, what is it?" Norman said soberly.

"It's father," she said. "He doesn't want me to have anything to do with you. He spoke to me about it coming up Monday morning. He hasn't got anything against you, except that you're going to be a minister. He says I can't marry a minister, if I never get married. Aunt Caroline married a Methodist minister, and he says he's seen enough of it."

Norman looked at her incredulously. "Honestly, Esther?" he said.

"Yes," she went on. "He told me I could either give you up, or not come back next term, and I've got to take all my things home Friday night."

"Have you decided?" Norman asked quickly.

"I don't know. I told 'Rilla I didn't much expect to be back."

Norman laughed, and Esther looked at him reproachfully.

"Anyway, Norman," she said firmly, "it'll amount to the same thing, either way. If I stop coming it'll be giving you up. You can't think of anyone without any advantages, more'n I've had. You've got to have some one suitable. I wouldn't want to be a drawback to you."

"I guess you wouldn't be a drawback to anybody," he said absently. "Esther," he exclaimed, "do you mean that your father would let you marry me if I weren't going to be a minister?"

"Yes," she said regretfully. "He seems to like you, except for that," and her chin quivered.

Norman looked at her steadily for a minute. Then he laughed wildly. Esther looked around toward the gate.

"Don't, Norman, some one'll hear you," she entreated, and Norman made an ineffectual attempt to stop laughing. Tears rolled down Esther's cheeks.

"Norman! Don't you care at all?" she said piteously, and he calmed himself.

"I'm beginning to believe in Fate, that's all," he said. "Just wait! It'll come out all right! Let me tell you something."

His eyes flashed with excitement, and he leaned forward and spoke in a low, repressed voice.

"I've changed my mind about the ministry. I'm going into something else. I've been wanting to tell you. I was afraid you wouldn't like it."

Esther stared at him blankly. "What do you mean?" she asked uncomprehendingly.

"There's a fine opening for me, in Mr. Stone's office, out in Chicago. I've had three or four letters from him since last summer, and I got one last week that's settled me. He's offered me a thousand dollars a year to start on."

"Why, Norman!" Esther exclaimed, "What can you—"

"It's the opportunity of a lifetime," he interrupted. "I'm going to begin as assistant clerk, and I'm going to work on the

building calculations. I got the run of the thing last summer, when Mr. Stone's secretary was sick. Mr. Stone would have taken me back with him then. He said 'twould be a sin for anyone with my head for figures to go into the ministry."

Esther stiffened and looked at him searchingly.

"When you've spoken in meeting, and given in your testimony, and offered prayer—haven't you meant it?" she asked simply.

Norman reddened, and lowered his head.

"Yes, I have," he said. "I've meant a lot of it. I want to do right, but I don't want to be a minister—not with this chance before me."

Esther groaned aloud. "I never would have believed it of you," she said.

"Well, just look at the other side of it," he persisted. How much do you suppose the man next above me gets? Two thousand dollars a year! That's more money than I'd ever see if I went to preaching. And 'twould make a lot of difference to you, Esther. You could have everything."

"Don't talk about me!" Esther said fiercely. "I haven't anything to do with it!"

"I can pay back the seminary, you know. I'll endow it. I don't want to steal my education."

"The scholarship isn't to educate business men," Esther said conclusively. "I never knew anyone to be so dishonest," and she looked past him at the granite monument in the Stockwell lot.

"I suppose you'd rather I'd be under one of these gravestones than have me give up the ministry," Norman said bitterly.

"I think 'twould be better for you if you were," she asserted. "It doesn't make much difference to me what you do now."

"Would you marry me if I didn't give it up?" he asked.

"I couldn't, Norman," Esther said. "I couldn't ever feel the same about you again."

"I'll go my own way, then," Norman said angrily. "If you cared anything about me you'd never take it like this. I know girls who'd see it my way," and he glanced over his shoulder toward the seminary.

"Then you'd better go with them," Esther said calmly, and she rose to go.

"I s'pose you'll go home and marry that farmer that talks the

bad grammar—what's his name, Hay-rack?" Norman taunted.

"I know Ed Herrick says 'ain't got no,'" Esther retorted, "but he never did a dishonest thing in his life, Norman Prentiss."

Esther walked up the path with her head high. Norman ran after her.

"Esther!" he said anxiously, "you wouldn't say anything—"

Esther looked at him scornfully. "Pretty likely not," she said, and she hurried along the cross-road.

When she reached her room she found Marilla on her knees before the box, packing busily.

"Hello!" Marilla called out briskly. "How did Norman take it? Did you—"

"Oh, don't talk about it, 'Rilla," Esther said quickly.

"All right—I know just how you feel," Marilla said pityingly "I did all the examples I could, and then I thought I'd pack a little. You just try that forty-first, before supper. They say the teacher couldn't get it last year."

"I don't believe I want to now," Esther said. Marilla looked at her in alarm, and rose to her feet.

"You'd better lay down," she said. "I'm goin' out for a while."

Marilla went out, and Esther threw herself on the bed and began to cry. In a few minutes the door opened softly, and Marilla came in, bearing a cup of tea.

"Drink this, I made it in the Dunn girls' room, they've got a fire. I don't want you to go home sick."

Esther stopped crying and drank the tea. Marilla got the supper, and when they had eaten she went out again. Esther lay in the dark for half an hour, then she got up, lighted a lamp, and went to her trunk. She took out a shell purse with "Saratoga" written on it, a valentine, and a blue silk handkerchief with salmon-pink horse-shoes on it, packed them in a box and addressed it carefully to Mr. Norman Prentiss. She found the tin-type they had had taken at the Whitby fair, wrapped it in tissue paper, and put it in her autograph album. Then she sat down and began to work the forty-first.

The next day school closed at noon. Esther stood by her trunk and box near the horse block, and Marilla tightened knots in the cord around the box.

"I guess I'll go in and take a last look around," Esther said, and she went into the building.

She sat for a minute in her seat in the empty chapel. Then she went into the recitation room across the hall, and thrilled again to see the demonstration of the forty-first, signed "E. M. P.", on the blackboard. The grammar class had met, and next her example was neatly diagrammed the sentence, "Our affections are our life." She went into the library and opened the door cautiously. Leora Baxter stood in the middle of the room, with "Temperance Work in America" in her hands, and she closed the book quickly.

Marilla called loudly from outside, and Esther ran down the basement stairs and out at the back door. Her father was waiting, and she climbed into the wagon, and as they drove away Esther turned at intervals and waved at Marilla, who was watching her out of sight.

When they had gone through the village Esther's father looked at her suspiciously.

"Did you do as I told you about the Prentiss feller?" he asked.

"Yes, Father," she said submissively.

"Then I don't see why you brought all your traps, I'll have 'em to take back in two weeks. I don't know as they's any need of your stoppin' now," he added apologetically.

Esther made no answer. As they neared the turn at the foot of the mountain her father spoke again.

"You're goin' to have a new scholar at the seminary," he said.

"Who's that?" Esther inquired politely.

"Young Herrick," he replied. "He's threatened with the eddicational fever, too, goin' to start in next term."

"He'll have to take grammar," Esther commented. "Well, I'm glad I can study logarithms," she said with a relieved sigh.

She leaned back to catch a glimpse of the seminary, and they turned to go down the long Whitby hill.

LAURA MARY ROGERS.

THORNLESS ROSES

Alone in Memory's dusky bower
 I stole a solemn, moonlight hour,
 A wreath of her blossoms to twine.
 Shrinking, I plucked—but lo! each flower,
 Despoil'd of the rose's fearsome dower,
 Bloomed thornless, on Memory's vine!

NINA ALMIRALL.

THE WILLOW

A willow, white against the sky
 And a sky as blue as the hare-bell's flower;
 A scent of spring, and you and I
 To know the fullness of the hour.

THE MATCH-BOX BRIGADE

There is a little regiment
 Of soldiers fierce and bold,
 Their camp is on the mantle-shelf,
 The safest place, I'm told.

For mother says they only need
 A little scratch or two
 To set them all afire with rage
 In flames of red and blue.

Their fighting blood is always up,
 And that is why, perhaps,
 Their ardor burns them quite away,
 These brave, hot-headed chaps!

LOUISA FLETCHER TARKINGTON.

MY LOVE'S EYES.

If you've watched the golden yellow sands
 'Neath a silvery brooklet gleaming,
 As the sun broke free from a cloud's gray bands
 And down on the brook came streaming;
 If you've seen how they leap into life and flash
 With fire from the sun above them,
 Then you've seen my love's eyes when she laughs,
 And you know just how I love them!

ETHEL WITHINGTON CHASE.

EDITORIAL

College girls have a reputation for being an especially jolly, happy-go-lucky set. The sense of the "Glory of living, exultant to be" is nowhere found more in abundance, and yet, judging from the literary material offered to the *Monthly*, this feeling seldom chrysalizes, or takes literary form. Is it all converted into so-called animal spirits—carried off in mere voice power? The butterfly view, which sees nothing of the world but a glistening exterior, shows itself in masses of storiottes and light verse. "The blues," a soggy, indigestible mood at best, thinks itself poetry as soon as it appears. The realization that "Life is real, life is earnest," is overwhelmingly represented in different literary forms.

Although every college girl occasionally looks at her surroundings through some one of these pairs of spectacles, the general impression of the college girl given solely by the voicing of these moods would be incomplete and unfair. It seems strange, after seeing a large number of girls feeling deliciously nonsensical, and inventing topical verses with the spontaneity of the days of the old ballads, to think how little really good, healthy nonsense is offered in literary form. That good nonsense is being recognized in the outside world is proved by Carolyn Wells' Nonsense Anthology, and by the continued popularity of Edward Lear and Alice in Wonderland.

Although the mention of classic nonsense writers in this connection might seem almost like saying, "Shakespeare wrote plays. Go thou and do likewise!" it is meant with no such intention. Nonsense writing, to be successful, needs as much a particular and individual way of looking at the world as any other form of literature, but we believe that there are a great many nonsense inspirations wasted at college that might give a truer, saner idea of college life than too many desperately serious productions.

The Editorial Board wish to announce that owing to the resignation of Amy Esther Stein on account of illness, Abby Shute Merchant has been elected to take her place as Business Manager.

The Editorial Board request that henceforth all contributions be placed in the box outside the *Monthly* room in the Students' Building.

EDITOR'S TABLE

To fuss, according to Mr. Webster of the Unabridged, is to make much ado about nothing; but little did that eminent establisher of limitations think how many rôles this ingénue of Anglo-Saxon would have to play. To begin with, it was as proper and useful a little intransitive verb as one could wish to find, attending to its own affairs with never a thought of taking an object or anything which did not belong to it, but, alas, it was not incorruptible. We may never know what evil associates led it astray, but, to follow its depraved course, we must plunge into the depths, into the awful abyss of slang. Here we find it taking unto itself an object for the base purpose of thrusting upon it all that burden of "much ado" which it had, formerly, to support by itself. In this phase, it will be remembered that a few years ago, to "fuss a person" meant to arouse a wholly unwarrantable state of nervousness in said individual; a pernicious practice truly, but one could still recognize some traits of the once innocent little verb. The connection with the next phase is harder to see, but one feels that it must have been easily accomplished somewhere in those mental processes in whose dominion logic has no place. At any rate it seems to be a step upward, as though our verb were seeking to regain its lost prestige. However, it can never be received on the same social level on which it began its career. Although it again stands for "much ado about nothing," the old relations are not the same, they are strained. But let us do what we may to trace its course from its last meaning. Those who used it as the transitive verb defined above evidently found that practice such a delightfully unprofitable one that they rewarded their faithful verb by applying it to all delightfully unprofitable conversation. We need not specify. For all who speak correct, up-to-date slang such phrases as Faculty-fussing, Man-fussing, Senior-fussing, Junior-fussing, etc., convey abundant significance. They are otherwise known as various forms of killing

time. Time is a patient thing ; it never offers any resistance to being killed, and it is surely not its fault if the weapon turned against it be a two-edged sword, whose other side cleaves the executioner.

The remark has been made by a member of a certain other collegiate body that the type of story representing this curious practice may be found more abundantly in the pages of the *Smith College Monthly* than in other college periodicals. To reply with the *argumentum ad Hominem*, we might say that one usually finds what one looks for. However, the "retort courteous" will serve our purpose ; we consider the cited observation incorrect. If the *Monthly* has two storiettes where another has but one, it will also be found that the *Monthly* has two serious essays to one of the other college periodicals. Far be it, however, from the *Monthly* to defend the writing of storiettes. In fact, all other forms of contribution are more welcome. The distressing fact remains that the fashion at present, both in under-graduate and non-collegiate atmospheres, tends towards "fussing", in social and in intellectual intercourse. It lies not within the province of this department to criticize the employment of anyone's time, but surely we may suggest that ink, paper and printing-presses were made for better things than storiettes.

THE QUEST

There's a Dreamer abroad in the day's young dawning,
Slow-musing, he wanders wide ;
The world calls cheerly, and life's in its morning,
A god is the Dreamer's guide.
The broad fields are green, and the gardens fair,
The Dreamer smiles as he goes ;
And ever, above and about him, the air
Is sweet with the breath of the rose.

There's a Lover a-speed where the grasses are growing,
His heart will not let him bide ;
He hastens afar where the pale buds are blowing,
A god is the Lover's guide.
Here flit dancers with silvery feet,—and there
Lurk the deep-laid snares of his foes ;
But no toil is too strong for the Lover to bear,
His quest is the heart of the Rose.

There's a Spirit a-seek in the world's young dawning,
Eager for things untried,
It dreams and loves through the long June morning,
And the god who is its guide
Points still to the faint blue distance, where,
Half hidden, the flower glows ;
But no way is too rough for the Spirit to dare,
Its life is the quest of the Rose.

ENVOI

Ye seekers, above you, beyond you, it blows,
By the side of your far, toilful pathway it grows ;
Be true to the quest ; the God who guides knows,
And Beauty lies hid in the heart of the Rose.
—*The Wellesley Magazine.*

NOTICES

The Smith College Club of Syracuse, New York, has elected the following officers: President, Jean Richards '95; First Vice-President, Mrs. Lois Barnard Vickers '97; Second Vice-President, Edith McChesney ex-'97; Treasurer, Florence Kenyon ex-'08; Secretary, Margaretta Kinne ex-'04, address: 410 East Genesee St., Syracuse, New York.

This year the Smith College Association for Christian Work has had printed the outlines for the Bible and Mission Study classes, and also daily Bible readings. The General Secretary, 9 Belmont Avenue, will be glad to send them to any alumna who wishes them.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's Office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'82.	Annie B. Jackson,	May	29
'02.	Edith Blanchard,	"	30
'01.	May Sanborn,	"	30
'82.	Nina Brown,	June	1
'02.	Ursula Minor	"	1- 2
'02.	Helen Manning,	"	3- 5
'00.	Mabel Burroughs,	"	1- 6
'99.	Alice Lynch,	"	9-24
'02.	Ella Van Tuyle,	"	8-24
'02.	Beatrice Manning,	"	11-24
'97.	Ella Huett,	"	11
'02.	Nann Smith,	"	11
'95.	Marguerite Wells,	"	11
'01.	Lucy Grumbine,	"	11
'01.	Mabel Brewer,	"	15
'02.	Anne Collins,	"	15
'01.	Rosamond Lent,	"	13-24
'02.	Anne Clark,	"	15-24
'02.	Elizabeth Leavitt,	"	15-24
'02.	Ethel Thalheimer,	"	15-24
'02.	Edith Brown,	"	13-24
'02.	Helen Kelley,	"	23
'98.	Marion Lamson,	July	30
'08.	Marion Evans,	Sept.	24

'03. Susan Kennedy,	Sept. 24
'03. Betty Knight,	" 24
'03. Nettie McDougal,	" 24
'03. Grace Fuller,	" 24
'02. Ruth French,	" 26-28
'02. Helen Walbridge,	" 25-28
'02. Leona Crandall,	" 24
'02. Helen Walker,	" 29
'01. Louise Kimball,	" 24
'02. Frances Valentine,	" 30

Contributions to this department are desired by the last of the month in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Josephine Sanderson, Hubbard House.

'84. Ella C. Clark's permanent address is 400 S. Los Robles Avenue, Pasadena, California.

'94. Grace Grover Lane was married September 29, to the Rev. John Hastings Quint.

'95. Charlotte F. Emerson was married July 7, to Mr. Albert W. Hitchcock. Address, 27 Pitman St., Providence, Rhode Island.

Jean Richards spent the summer travelling in England and on the continent.

'96. Isabel Adams spent the summer in Great Britain and Ireland.

Mabel Bacon has announced her engagement to Mr. Philip Ripley of Concord, Massachusetts.

Emily Betts has announced her engagement to Mr. Horace A. Loomis, Yale '96, of Brooklyn, New York.

Anna Curr announces her engagement to Mr. Roland Woodward of Rochester, New York.

Eva Hills and Frances Jones spent the summer in Great Britain, Germany and France.

Edith Helen Howe was married June 16, to Mr. Charles Walton Sawbridge, at St. Jude's Church, South Kensington, London, S. W.

Louise Keller has announced her engagement to Mr. Charles Arthur Horton of New York.

Elizabeth King spent the summer visiting friends in England.

Harriet Palmer was married June 15, to Dr. Albert Ernst Taussig.

ex-'97. Beatrice Bardeen has announced her engagement to Dr. David Hastings Atwater of New York.

Edith McChesney spent the summer travelling through Italy, Austria, France and Germany.

'97. Ruth Huntington spent the summer in Great Britain, and has returned to her work at Teachers' College.

Grace Kelley spent the summer in Italy and Germany.

- '97. Caroline Mitchell returned in September from six months abroad.
Katherine Perkins has announced her engagement to Dr. Wilfred S. Fisher of Brattleboro, Vermont.
Clara Phillips has been spending six months on the continent, and returned in August.
Josephine Sewall was married October 1, to Dr. Benjamin Kendall Emerson.
- '98. Grace Coburn returned in September from six months of travel in Europe.
Josephine Dodge Daskam was married July 25, to Mr. Selden Bacon.
Margaret Kennard was married October 14, to Mr. Arthur Vernon Woodworth, Ph. D.
- '99. Clara Austin was married June 10, to Dr. Guy M. Winslow. They spent the summer in Europe.
Edith Buzzell has announced her engagement to Mr. Harry F. Cameron of Manila.
- '00. Anne Perry Hincks spent the summer in Europe.
Caroline King has announced her engagement to Mr. Alexander Davis Jenney of Syracuse.
Winifred Leeming was married October 5, to Dr. Karl Max Vogel of New York.
Beatrice Pickett has been teaching during the past year in Keble School, Syracuse.
Sarah Watson Sanderson has taken a position as private secretary to Mrs. Levi P. Morton, New York City.
Jaffray Smith expects to study kindergarten work in New York.
Mary Whitcomb is studying domestic science at Teachers' College.
Carolyn Wurster spent three months of the year in Europe.
- '01. Laura Gere is now living in Syracuse, New York, and teaching in the Jenner Preparatory School of that city.
Delia Leavens is teaching among the mountain whites at Saluda, North Carolina.
- '02. Bertha Holden was married June 24, to Mr. Louis A. Olney. Her address is 118 Riverside St., Lowell, Massachusetts.
Lillian Hull is teaching at Prospect Hill School, Greenfield, Massachusetts.
Helen Kelley is teaching English literature and history at the Montrose School in South Orange, New Jersey.
Ursula Minor was married September 1, to Mr. Henry Burr. After November 1, she will live in Kansas City, Missouri. Her address there will be 520 Bryant Building.
- '03. Gladys Aldrich is teaching English and history in the High School at Amesbury, Massachusetts.

- '08. Myra Allen intends to take an advanced secretarial course at Semnious College during the year. Address, 20 Fern St., Auburndale, Massachusetts.

Lucia Bailey was married July 7, to Mr. Robert Farwell Bliss. Her address will be Montpelier, Vermont.

Ellen Gray Barbour will be at home in Hartford for the winter.

Virginia Bartle's address for the winter is 159 Watching Avenue, Montclair, New Jersey.

Eva M. Becker will rest a year before continuing her musical education. Sara Beecher is teaching in the Alma Leighton Graves School in New Haven.

Bessie Boies is assisting in the department of history at Lake Erie College, Painesville, Ohio.

Myrtie Booker expects to spend the winter at home, where she will study German and music.

Alice Bookwalter is Associate Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association in Indianapolis.

Alice Bowman is teaching English in the New Haven High School.

Maud Brigham is teaching in the High School in Winchester, N. H.

Helen Broadhead will spend the winter at home. Part of the time she intends to tutor.

Bessie Brockway is acting as private secretary and assistant to the principal of the Second North Grammar School in Hartford, Connecticut.

Katherine Carson expects to spend the winter at home. Her address is 1705 Clinch Avenue, Knoxville, Tennessee.

Jean Cochran is going to live in Boston this year, and take a kindergarten course at Miss Anst's private school on Beacon street.

Marion Conant is teaching history and Latin in the Netherwood School, Rothesay, New Brunswick.

Margaret Cook expects to be private secretary after January 1, 1904, to Mr. Paul Cook, in the employ of W. & T. E. Gurley, Troy, New York.

Gertrude Curtis is teaching in the public schools in White Plains, N. Y.

Helen W. Davison expects to spend the winter at home in New Britain, Connecticut.

Ada Dow is teaching French and mathematics in the High School in Littleton, New Hampshire.

Emily Drew is teaching English, history, mathematics and physics in the Essex Classical Institute, Essex, Vermont.

Florence Dunton is travelling abroad.

Florence Durflinger is editing a daily and a weekly newspaper in London, Ohio.

Blanche Erwin is the Assistant Principal in the High School of Burlington, New Jersey.

- '08. Edith Everett is teaching English grammar in Miss Kearney's School for Boys, 29 West 42nd St., New York.
- Alice Fessenden is to remain at home for the greater part of the winter. She intends to go to Italy and Greece in the spring.
- Edith Fisher is studying botany at the University of Chicago.
- Klara Frank is teaching in the English and Classical School at Newton, New Jersey.
- Carolyn Fuller has taken the position of assistant to the principal of the Chelsea Academy, Chelsea, Vermont.
- Maude Furbush is teaching in a girl's private school, Ivy Hall, Bridgeton, New Jersey.
- Helen Goodspeed is teaching at Marston Mills, Massachusetts.
- Stephanie Grant will be in Paris studying modern languages this year.
- Rina Maude Greene is teaching German, English and oratory in Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, New Hampshire.
- Mabel Griffith will enter the Training School for Children's Librarians in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. The school is in connection with the Carnegie Library.
- Laura Hager is at the Bridgewater State Normal School, taking the one year's course offered to college graduates.
- Della Hastings is teaching physics and algebra in the High School, Rockville, Connecticut.
- Susan Hill will be at home this year.
- Maude Hurlburt expects to remain at home this winter and study music.
- Sarah T. Keniston will spend the winter at home in Plymouth, N. H.
- Anna Kitchel is at her home in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for the winter. She is teaching history and English in the High School at present.
- Ella Kaiser will spend the winter at home in Cleveland, Ohio.
- Lilian Lauferty will be in Boston until about December 1, when she expects to leave for a long visit in the west. Address throughout the winter will be 3538 Ellis Avenue, Chicago.
- Frances Lawrence is staying at home, keeping up her studies in a few branches.
- Alice Leavens is going to study Sloyd in Boston this winter. Her address is 49 Elmore St., Roxbury, Massachusetts.
- Esther Little is teaching Latin in Miss Kearney's School for Boys, 29-31 West 42nd St., New York.
- Marie Lockhart will spend the winter at home in Buffalo, where she will make a special study of music.
- Margaret Lunt is attending the Boston Normal School.
- Helen McAfee is teaching English in a preparatory school for girls kept by Miss Johnston in New Haven.
- Marion McClench will be at her home, 112 Sumner Avenue, Springfield, Massachusetts, for the winter.

- '03. Emma Miller is teaching in the Rumford Point High School, Rumford Point, Maine.
- Rena Paulina Moore is teaching elocution, German and English in the private school of Mr. Phillips in Paterson, New Jersey.
- Loella Newhall is teaching in the seventh and eighth grades, and also has charge of the English and Latin classes in the High School in Stowe, Massachusetts.
- Marie Oller will have charge of the science department in Halifax Ladies' College, Halifax, Nova Scotia.
- Maybelle Packard is teaching English in the High School department in Poughkeepsie, New York.
- Carlotta Parker will remain at home in Portland, Oregon, keeping house and studying.
- Stella Packard taught in the New York Vacation Schools this summer, and during the winter she expects to work in a Children's Settlement in New York City.
- Eva Augusta Porter is teaching English in St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, New York.
- Laura Post has entered the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics.
- Beulah Potts is studying music at her home in Columbus, Ohio.
- Alma Reed is taking a special course in Latin and German at Bridge-water State Normal School.
- Almeda Reed has entered the Massachusetts General Hospital Training School for Nurses.
- Florence Ripley expects to spend the winter at home.
- Helen Robinson will spend the winter studying music at her home. Her address is 618 16th St., Des Moines, Iowa.
- Elizabeth Russell is studying domestic science at Teachers' College.
- Elizabeth Sampson is teaching English and history in the High School at St. Albans, Vermont. Address, 3 Brown Avenue.
- Josephine Scoville will spend the following year in Pasadena, California. Her address will be "The Hotel Green," Pasadena.
- Marion Smith was married June 30, to Mr. Reuben Moffat Lusch of Brooklyn, New York. They have spent the summer travelling abroad.
- Ena Stewart is teaching in the Williamsburg High School.
- Fannie Stewart is studying biology at the University of Cincinnati.
- Rachel Stockbridge is teaching in the High School in Freeport, Maine.
- Kate Tindall is teaching mathematics in the Central High School, Washington, D. C.
- Anna Treat will spend the winter at her home, 283 Pleasant St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
- Elizabeth Viles will be at home in Waltham, Massachusetts, for the winter.

- '08. Alice Warner is to remain at home in Wethersfield, Connecticut, for the year.

Alice M. Webber expects to remain at home during the coming year.

Her address will be 687 Washington St., Brighton, Massachusetts.

Marie Weeden's address for the winter will be The Mansion House, Hicks St., Brooklyn, New York.

Elizabeth Westwood will be at 936 St. Mark's Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. She intends to write for the New York papers.

Edith Wyman is spending the winter at her home.

Alta Zens is in Paris at present. Her winter will be passed in study and travel on the continent.

BIRTHS

- '91. Mrs. Hobart Karl Whitaker (Nellie Comins), a son, Karl Comins, born August 24.
- '97. Mrs. Lyman W. Griswold (Grace Kimball), twins, Grace Pyncheon and Theophilus, born June 8.
- '99. Mrs. Thomas Franklin Galt (Clarace Goldner Eaton), a daughter, Clarace, born September 19.

DEATHS

- '92. Marion Drew died August 1, at Marlboro, New Hampshire.
- '97. Edith Blake died August 4, at Long Lake, New York.

ABOUT COLLEGE

As the undergraduates return to college after three months of recreation, certain results are visible during the first weeks of the fall term. The first is purely physical. The majority of students return with greater vigor and energy than they possessed in the spring. The second is perhaps an outgrowth of the first, namely, an enthusiastic desire to shine in all those courses of study upon which they have just entered.

Now far be it from me to deplore this most excellent desire, but taken in conjunction with the afore-mentioned physical exuberance, it is becoming a menace to the peace, not to say dignity, of our recitation halls. Let me elaborate this statement by a concrete example. In a class of about seventy upper class girls, some fifty of the number feel it their bounden duty to sit in the front row. For when asked to recite their words flow forth with infinitely more volume, ease, and grace, than when they are seated half a mile away from the desk. In some respects this sentiment is most noble. For it shows such a distinct advance from the freshman belief, "He that is first shall be last", and the subsequent desire to seek refuge behind the hat or hair of those in front. But in this concrete example I have chosen, one realizes that the sentiment is not as noble as it seems. For a quarter of an hour before the time when the previous class will emerge from the desired room, a large crowd gathers in front of the door,—a crowd composed of fortunate students who do not have recitations during this hour. They are armed with an abundance of books, to be used not only for mental, but also for distinctly material purposes. The noise outside the recitation room must in all probability annoy the class within, but that is nothing to the insult received, when the door is opened, and such a tide of rushing students pours in that the outgoing girls are well-nigh knocked off their feet. The front seats that are not immediately occupied by triumphant figures are fortified by books, fountain pens, etc., so that the intimates of the victors may share the advantage. Ah! There is a great deal in knowing how to choose one's friends, especially when the front row is in question.

In regard to the strength required to obtain these desired plums, I venture to state that when at last seated in the front row, my tardy friend by my side, I feel as if I had been in a gymnastic contest, and won a cup. After the first two days of this violent exercise some original spirits conceived the idea of beseeching certain of the class reciting the hour before to remain sitting in the front until they themselves should arrive. This quieter method was successfully carried out in some cases, but after all it is not a just solution of the problem, which is at present worked out on the basis of "first

come, first served". And since the first-comers number about forty girls, that is no true solution.

Now what can be done concerning the occupation of these seats? It is a question which most of the students must face some day or other, for sooner or later they will desire to take a front seat. Some suggest the classes be arranged alphabetically, beginning with the end of the alphabet, since the names of those propagating this idea begin with P. Others affirm that quietness and dignity would be maintained if placards reserving the seats were attached either the night before or early in the day. Personally I think it is a matter to be referred to the S. C. A. C. W., for the question could amicably be settled on the basis of Christian unselfishness. Then the students would enter the room decently and in order, in the spirit of the thought, "I would like a front seat, but I know there are others who desire it more." Then we should all become Sir Philip Sidneys and the whole atmosphere of the room would change. Instead of the hot air of excited piggishness, would rise a cooling breeze of lofty unselfishness. But this is only a theory. Meanwhile, in practice, the problem of the occupation of front seats is yet unsolved.

We, the class of 1903, being of sounder minds, and, thanks to our exercise cards, as sound of body as when we entered these halls of learning, do hereby bequeath all our property, both real and

The Last Will and Testament personal, as follows:

of the Class of 1903

To the three remaining classes all our interest in that syndicate controlling the student body, the council. It is the only one of its kind that with a capital basis still labors with the masses under it.

To 1904, for private and personal use, such of our unlisted securities, as lie in the hands of the faculty, to witness:

One hundred shares of "Pull". The value of this stock is generally over-rated, as its market value fluctuates.

Five hundred shares of general approval and 100 shares of mutual forgiveness, preferred. The interest of the latter to erect a tablet to that child of fancy, for so brief a while a member of the class of 1904 and who, like Macbeth's victim of like name, had to be sacrificed to the prejudice of a minority.

To 1904 also, 500 shares of Hot Air common to add to what they already possess of that commodity. This has been one of our most lucrative holdings, its dividends being unfailing and its value always above par.

To the same heirs shall be given all our holdings in the Smith College Monthly. Its assets will exceed its liabilities provided they can be collected.

To 1904, perforce, we give our rights in a certain watered stock called Front Seats in Chapel. We expected a good deal from them, as we were among the first "let in on the ground floor", but its value has been depreciated by manipulation in the hands of outsiders, a kind of speculation existing among underclassmen as to the sensations obtainable in these seats and a forehanded desire for perfection in the practice of leading out.

1904 shall receive furthermore our entire stock in the association for the Perfect Production of Shakespearean Plays. It pays large dividends, whose

judicious use, we think, would more appropriately lessen the labors of those we love than those of foreign missionaries.

To 1904 and 1905, jointly, we bequeath 75 shares of Union Pacific, the interest to be used in the distribution of silver cups.

To 1904 and 1906 we leave all our stock, the exact amount undetermined, in Amalgamated Rubber goods, a commodity which is at a premium at Prom. time. It was our one consolation for being unfeelingly reminded by the faculty that, as seniors, we had put away childish things.

To 1905 we give 1000 shares of Mutual Alliance, to be held in trust for 1907. A part of the dividend thereon shall be expended by the trustees in purchasing food for the jabberwock, who eats only green things.

For the new athletic field we give ten government bonds. The excellent showing of the army under the "Corporal" has indirectly added to their value, since the military condition of any country affects its prosperity.

Of our personal property, we bestow our banner, won in two drills, upon 1905, bidding them preserve it loyally, proudly, and honorably, as has ever been our endeavor.

To 1904, to encourage their manifest and praiseworthy interest in psychology, we bequeath all our philosophy books, with apologies for their worn condition; our favorite easy chair, from whose soft depths we have familiarized ourselves with the problems of housing the poor and with the pictures of the old masters. Our parting advice is to treat it gently, lest like other easy chairs of our experience its comforts vanish through examination.

To 1904 we grant our royalties on the great college novel, produced by the Novel club, whose novelty is only exceeded by its improbability, and we wish distributed among all our past class officers our coupons from the Mutual Uncertainty society.

To the trustees of the college we give stock in a plant that manufactures self-winding clocks that, ticking off the time of the college usefulness, shall never cease.

To the faculty we bequeath our not inconsiderable amount of Intellectual Life Insurance, since they have usually recognized this policy to the exclusion of those we have held in the Travellers and the Social Life Insurance. We believe in future compensation for the premiums paid to the latter and in an eventual adjustment of all claims.

To the same bequest we add stock in a long distance telephone company, which will establish a better connection between them and the student body.

To the commonwealth we bequeath a certain sum for the building of a moving sidewalk, which no one can get off of while it is in motion.

To various preparatory schools throughout the country we give certificates in the National Bank of Knowledge. These are more valuable than certificates in private banks, because the National Bank submits to examination.

To the president, we leave respectfully and lovingly our most valuable possession—our stock in the elevated railway of noble life, to whose stations he has given us daily guidance. Its rails are welded from the iron of faithful effort and the steel of courage and honor. It runs parlor cars for the few, day coaches for the majority, and brings the stragglers in the slow freight. Yet all who travel it arrive eventually at the terminus of realized ideals—a kind of happy hunting ground for all the joys and virtues.

To all the classes jointly we leave the heirlooms received from our predecessors, love for our alma mater, faith in her power to fit us unflinching and worthily for the sterner demands of the future, and the ideal of serious effort, of seeking earnestly, yet serenely, the highest and best which the college offers—the true womanliness which shall be our greatest attainment.

Signed and sealed this day, June 22, 1903.

Class of 1903.

Signed and witnessed by class spirit, The Intelligent Gentlewoman.

KLARA E. FRANK 1903.

The first few days of college are always very important ones in the life of the Christian Association, and the first week is especially so. In a very real sense it is in itself an outline of what the Association hopes to be able to accomplish during the year, and so in giving an account of it, one is simply stating what it desires most to mean to the college and to the individual student.

The Cabinet and the Membership Committee came back on Monday before college opened, to form the Welcoming Committee. This committee met the freshmen at the trains, took them to their homes and stood ready to help them in any way that they could. It had its office in College Hall, and here, too, all the freshmen were asked to register. During the first three days of the week, an informal tea was given every afternoon in the Association Rooms in the Students' Building, to which all the members of the college were invited. On Thursday evening the members of all committees of the Association met in the Students' Building to hear an outline of its work for the year. Last June the chairman of each committee handed to the officers of the Association a written statement of her plans for this year. During the summer she wrote to all her committee giving and receiving new suggestions. The plans which were thus more fully developed were given at the meetings of committees.

On Friday night the Cabinet held its first meeting and later in the evening the girls who had been to the summer conference at Silver Bay met together.

On Saturday evening the Freshman Frolic was held in the Students' Building. An informal reception, at which the president, vice-president, and general secretary of the Association, together with the president of the senior class received, was followed by songs by the Glee Club.

The first Christian Association meeting of the year was held in Music Hall on Sunday night, and was led by Miss Van Kleeck, the president of the Association. An outline of the work, planned for the year, was first given. This work includes the purely devotional meetings, the extension work done in town, the work of the sub-organizations of the Christian Association and that of the Executive Committees.

The devotional meetings consist of six Association prayer-meetings held on special Sundays during the year; of the college prayer-meetings held in Music Hall at 7 o'clock every Tuesday evening; of the class prayer-meetings held every Sunday evening (with the exception of the second Sunday in each month on which the college missionary meeting is held); and the Bible

classes, led by the upper class girls and held in their rooms before or after church every Sunday.

The work of the Missionary Society, one of the sub-organizations of the Association, properly belongs here. It consists of the college missionary meeting, of the Mission Study classes, the Volunteer Band meeting, of the Sunday morning collections for the special objects to which the society contributes, and the subscriptions given for the salary of our college missionary, Dr. Angie Myers of Amoy, China.

The Extension Committee plans for teachers in the Sunday schools of the town, on Hobpital Hill, in Leeds and Bay State; for leaders for Christian Endeavor Societies; for singing on Sunday afternoons at the Old Ladies' Home and for any other work in the town in which we may have the privilege of sharing.

The sub-organizations consist of branches of the College Settlement Association, of the Needlework Guild, and of the Consumers' League.

The Executive Committee consists first, of the Cabinet, which is composed of the officers of the Association and the chairmen of all standing committees, and which meets every Friday night for a short devotional meeting and for the transaction of the business of the Association; second, of the Membership Committee, which plans for the welcoming of the freshmen and for the personal invitation of every member of the college to become a member of the Association; third, of the Intercollegiate Committee, which corresponds with the associations of other colleges and preparatory schools, interchanging ideas, plans and methods of work with them, and which also posts on the S. C. A. C. W. bulletin board clippings of general interest from the International and State Christian Association papers; and lastly the Financial Committee, which is composed of the treasurers of all the branches of the Association and which plans for their various collections, taking care that they do not conflict.

A very important branch of the Association work is that of the Students' Exchange. It has for its especial object the endeavor to bring together the girls who wish to work in college in order to lessen their expenses, and those who wish work done. The Book Exchange is a branch of the Students' Exchange.

An urgent invitation was given to every member of the college to work in that branch of the Association which should most appeal to her and to aid the officers and committees by suggestions.

After the outlining of the work, the keynote of the hopes and desires of the Association was given in a talk by Miss Van Kleeck upon "Life more abundant". In it she showed how the real end and aim of the Association is simply that of all other Christian organizations, to help each member to satisfy the longings and desires of the individual life through "the life more abundant", which comes through a vital realization of the love of God for man, as it has been revealed in His Son, who came "that they may have life and may have it abundantly."

ALICE JACKSON,
General Secretary of the Christian Association.

The fact has been often brought to the attention of those interested in Smith that our college has not the best possible press representation, some papers which fairly bristle with news of Vassar or

Press Representation Wellesley seeming to ignore our very existence, others presenting the social or athletic side of college life, to the exclusion of its other phases. To better this condition and secure fairer representation a board has been created within the college, which hopes to bring about this improvement by two methods: first, by establishing permanent relations with leading newspapers in various cities, and secondly, by facilitating the collection of news within college. The actual working system as yet is rough and admits of much development, but in principal is as follows: each class is to have a representative, whose duty it shall be to supervise and, to a certain extent, direct the reporting done by the girls in her class; a senior other than the class representative is to be chairman, and her duty shall be to enter into the negotiations with the papers and have general supervision over all business transactions. Certain appointed members of the societies, department clubs, and other college organizations shall be ready to give to those girls reporting under the supervision of the class representative such information as they may desire. To appoint this board the council called a meeting of representatives from the college organizations involved in this scheme, and they elected the following officers: Chairman, Sophie Hiss 1904; Helen Marble, senior representative; Lucy Macdonald, junior representative; Bessie Amerman, sophomore representative. The freshman representative will be chosen later by the board itself.

It is hoped that this movement will receive the support of the college and the hearty coöperation of the college girls who now are reporting.

EMMA H. DILL 1904.

In accordance with the action of the trustees at their April meeting, making the schools of music and art coördinate with the other departments of the college, there have been some changes made in the curriculum of each department, particularly in that of music.

Faculty Notes For the department of music there has been no director appointed. The work is carried on by Mr. Louis Adolphe Coerne, Associate Professor of Organ, Piano and Theory, Mr. Sleeper, Associate Professor of Theory and Organ, Mr. Story, Associate Professor of the Piano-forte, Mr. Mills, Associate Professor of Voice Culture and Singing, with the assistance of Mr. Pratt, Lecturer upon the History and Interpretation of Music, and Miss Holmes, Instructor in Violin.

Mr. Coerne enters the department this year. He was a student at Harvard University 1888-1890; at the Royal Academy of Music, Munich, 1890-1893; director of the Buffalo Liedertafel 1894-1897; of the Columbus Maennerchor 1897-1899; composer and teacher of music at Munich 1899-1902; and director of music at the Harvard summer school 1903.

Miss Holmes is a graduate of the Royal Academy of Music at Berlin, where she was under the instruction of Dr. Joachim. She studied also with Professor Heermann of Frankfurt.

The Theoretical, Historical and Critical courses number thirteen, including

Theory of Music, Harmony, Counterpoint, Composition, Canon and Fugue, Musical Form and Orchestration, History of Music, Musical Interpretation and Aesthetics, and Theory and Practice of Teaching Music in the Public Schools.

Individual practical work in music may be elected by any student of the college, but in order to be counted within the required minimum number of hours, must be advanced in character and accompanied for at least one year by theoretical courses.

Recitals will be given each month by members of the department, and occasional concerts by non-resident musicians, all of which will be open without charge to members of the college. These recitals will be planned to give the students of the college during the course of four years a systematic knowledge and appreciation of the best classic music, ancient and modern.

Ten scholarships of fifty dollars each have been established to assist meritorious students who otherwise would be unable to meet the expense of individual practice work in music and art.

The library has been made more efficient by the appropriation of a definite sum for reference books in addition to those made annually to the various departments, and by the appointment of an associate librarian, Miss Fanny Borden, A. B. Miss Borden was graduated from Vassar in 1898, studied in the New York State Library School 1898-1900, and was assistant in the Bryn Mawr College library 1901-1903.

The trustees have established three graduate fellowships, in Philosophy, Botany and Zoölogy, of \$450 each. Graduates of Smith and of colleges of like standing are eligible as fellows. The fellowship in Zoölogy for this year is held by Miss Ellen T. Emerson, B. L., Smith 1901.

At a meeting of the board of trustees in the spring Mr. Emerick was made Professor of Economics and Sociology. Miss Georgia L. White enters the department as instructor. Miss White received the degree of A. B. from Cornell in 1896, and that of Ph. D. in 1901. During the year 1899-1900 she studied with Professor Johannes Conrad in the University of Halle, Germany. The department has changed the course, "Problems of Distribution," to "History of Social Theories—a historical study of the sociological systems of important writers," and "Socialism and Social Reform" to "Social Statistics—a course in statistical methods and their practical application to the study of sociological problems."

Dr. Otto E. Lessing has resigned his position as instructor in German to return to Europe. He is to become editor of the *Zeitschrift der deutsch böhmischen Gesellschaft für Kunst und Wissenschaft* and of the works of Adalbert Hifter, also privat-docent in modern German Literature at the University of Prague. Mr. Ernst O. Eckelman has been appointed to take his place. Mr. Eckelman is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, has taught in Carrol College and the University of Wisconsin, and for the year 1902-1903 held the Ottendorfer memorial fellowship for European study of the University of New York.

The French department has a new assistant in Miss Gertrude S. Orvis, a special student in French and German at Bryn Mawr College 1894-96, teacher at Saint Mary's Hall, Fairbault, Minn., 1896-99, student of languages at

Rome and Florence 1899-1900, and at the Sorbonne 1900-1903, where she received the "Certificat d'etude française", 1902.

Miss Grace W. Mason, A. B., Smith 1903, has been appointed reader in English Literature.

Miss Edith I. Brown, A. B., Smith 1900, has been appointed assistant in Astronomy.

Miss Sue A. Blake returns to the department of Physics after the absence of a year.

Miss Barrows returns to the department of Zoölogy as instructor after a year's study abroad. Miss Barrows held the American Woman's Table at the Zoölogical station at Naples.

Miss Emily P. Locke, B. L., Smith 1900, has been appointed assistant in Botany. Miss Locke was a graduate student at Smith in Botany 1900-1901, at Teachers' College, in Columbia University, 1901-1903, taking the degree A. M. from Columbia University 1902.

Miss Aida H. Heine, A. B., Smith 1903, has been appointed assistant in Geology.

The department of Philosophy, instead of two elementary courses in Psychology, one a semester the other a year course, offers in agreement with the usage in other colleges but one general course of one semester for those beginning the subject; but extends through the whole year the advanced work. The year course in Psychology is therefore no longer an alternative in the option for the philosophical requirement. Professor Gardiner offers this year for the first time a course in Metaphysics, based principally on the study of Hegel's Logic. In the Aristotle course, the *De Anima* and *Parva Naturalia* are offered in place of the *Metaphysica* of last year.

Professor Pierce, during the absence of Professor Garman, is giving a course in Psychology of three hours a week at Amherst College.

President Seelye has been appointed a corporate member of the American Board, whose meetings he attended October 13, 14 and 15 at Manchester, N. H. President Seelye represented Smith College at the inauguration of John H. Finley as the president of the University of the City of New York, September 29.

At the annual meeting of the Alumnae Association, June 23, the following resolution was adopted by a unanimous vote: "We, the Alumnae of Smith College, wish to express to Professor Stoddard our appreciation of his twenty-five years of service in the college. The college has had no better friend or more faithful worker."

The degree of Ph. D. was conferred upon Professor Wood by Chicago University at the September convocation.

Mr. Sleeper was made a Fellow of the American Guild of Organists last June, after passing the required examination in organ playing and composition. The examiners were Dudley Buck, George W. Chadwick and Samuel P. Warren.

Professor Ganong in May was elected a corresponding member of the Royal Society of Canada, and in June a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

Miss Scott attended the annual meeting of the Dante Society at the house of Professor Charles Eliot Norton in Cambridge, May 19. She was reelected

a member of the council of the society, together with Professor James Geddes of Boston University and the Rev. C. A. Dinsmore of Boston.

Miss Berenson, on May 22, spoke before the New York Branch of Smith College Alumnae on "The Present Aspect of Physical Training at Smith College".

Miss Jordan will give a course of lectures on Modern Literature before the Woman's Club, Easthampton. The lectures will be given fortnightly, and will extend from October to March.

At the meeting of the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools, Boston, October 9 and 10, Miss Jordan delivered the opening address, "Influential Fallacies in Education".

Professor Gardiner has been urgently requested by the editor of the new Library of Historical Psychology to prepare the volume on "The Feelings and the Emotions". The names of Stout, Dewey and Royce appear in the announcement already issued.

The Evening Post, New York, of May 18, contains a note by Miss Scott on the most comprehensive book of war lyrics yet published, Mr. Francis F. Browne's "Bugle Echoes—a Collection of the Poetry of the Civil War, Northern and Southern".

The Archivio Storico Italiano for August has an article by Miss Bernardy entitled "Frammenti Sanmarinesi e Feltraschi"; the Nuova Antologia for September another, entitled "Roma e l'Italia nell' opera di F. Marion Crawford"; and Bollettino della R. Deputazione di St. Patria per l'Umbria, Vol. IX fasc. II, no. 25, a third entitled "Per la biografia di Mons. Constantino Bonelli".

The Harper's Magazine for October contains a story by Mrs. Lee, "A Town Guest".

The Educational Review for May has an article by Miss Hanscom, "The Influence of Society on the College".

The Biblical World for May has an article by Professor Wood, "The Adult Class and Modern Biblical Scholarship"; the Congregationalist of July 8, another, entitled "What Shall We Do with Miracles?" an attempt to show the relation of historical Biblical criticism to the narratives of miracles in the Bible.

"Economics and Politics in Maryland 1720-1750," by Mr. Sioussat, appeared in August as Nos. 6-7 of Series XXI. of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science.

The American Book Company has in press Milton's *l'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Comus*, *Arcades*, and *Lycidas*, edited by Miss Jordan.

Professor Gardiner has a review of Renouvier's "Problemes Metaphysique" and of Pitres and Regis' "Obsessions et Impulsions" in the Psychological Review for May, and a critical review of Hammond's "Aristotle's Psychology", in the Philosophical Review for May.

The leading article in Popular Science Monthly for September is "Palm and Sole Impressions, and their Use for Purposes of Personal Identification," by Professor Wilder. This paper gives a definite method of describing a given condition by means of numerical formulæ which may be readily indexed. The methods of Bertillon and Galton are described and compared with the palm and sole system.

"The Plankton Algæ of Lake Erie" by Miss Snow appeared in August in the Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission. This paper has a full account of fourteen species of fresh water algæ new to science, discovered, named, and described by Miss Snow.

A work by Professor Ganong, entitled "The Vegetation of the Bay of Fundy, Salt and Diked Marshes, an Ecological Study," is appearing serially in the Botanical Gazette, beginning with the September number.

OLIVE RUMSEY.

The Current Events Club announces the resignation from the presidency of Amy Stein 1904, on account of ill-health. Lucie Smith London 1904, has been elected president.

The chairman of the Preliminary Dramatics Committee announces that owing to unforeseen circumstances the report of the committee will be deferred.

The senior class wishes to announce the following elections :

Ivy Orator, Alice Morgan Wright.

Toastmistress, Winifred Rand.

Dramatics Committee :

Chairman, Brooke van Dyke.

Business Manager, Florence Homer Snow.

Advisory Member, Margaret Linton Hotchkiss.

Chairman of the Costume Committee, Elsa Katherine Levy.

Chairman of the Music Committee, Fannie Stearns Davis.

CLASS ELECTIONS

SENIOR CLASS

President, Margaret Watson

Vice-President, Dorothea Wells

Secretary, Elizabeth Finley Barnard

Treasurer, Leslie Stafford Crawford

Historian, Lucie Smith London

Councillors :

Emma Hausell Dill

Margaret Watson

Mary Emma Kimberly

Alice Morgan Wright

JUNIOR CLASS

President, Clara Sherman Clark

Vice-President, Florence Eliza Lord

Secretary, Charlotte Goldsmith Chase

Treasurer, Kate Kellogg Fairchild

Councillors :

Ruth Baird Johnson

Clara Sherman Clark

Katharine De La Vergne

SOPHOMORE CLASS

President, Marian Elza Dodd

Vice-President, Charlotte Riggs Gardner

Secretary, Helen Jackson Pomeroy.

Treasurer, Hazel Merritt Gates

Councillors :

Anna Mary Wilson

Marian Elza Dodd

FRESHMAN CLASS

President, Muriel Robinson

Vice-President, Ruth Coning

Secretary, Helen Curtis

Treasurer, Mary Kistler

Councillor :

Muriel Robinson

SOCIETY ELECTIONS

BIOLOGICAL

President, Edith Maynard Kidder 1904
 Vice-President, Edith Wolcott Vaille 1904
 Secretary, Alice Worthington Brimson
 1905
 Treasurer, Nancy Louise Lincoln 1905

GREEK CLUB

Chairman of Executive Committee,
 Grace Potter Reynolds 1904
 Secretary and Treasurer, Anna Carter
 Mansfield 1904

LA SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE

President, Edith Jeannette Goode 1904
 Vice-President, Mary Hunter Pusey 1904
 Secretary, Elizabeth Creevey 1905
 Treasurer, Anne McClallan Chapin 1904

COLLOQUIUM

Secretary, Grace Potter Reynolds 1904
 Treasurer, Sybil Laura Smith 1904

GLEE CLUB

Leader, Annie May Wright 1904
 Manager, Alice Berry Wright 1904
 Treasurer, Ruth Tracy Bigelow 1905

MANDOLIN CLUB

Leader, Edith Maynard Kidder 1904
 Asst. Leader, Marion Rice Prouty 1904
 Manager, Clara Sherman Clark 1905

BANJO CLUB

Leader, Una Marie Winchester 1904
 Manager, Florence Homer Snow 1904

CALENDAR

- Oct. 7, 5 P. M., Lecture by Professor Campbell, Director of
 the Lick Observatory. Subject: The Motion of
 the Solar System through Space.
 7 P. M., Sophomore-Freshman Reception.
- 8, Mountain Day.
- 10, Massachusetts Missionary Conference.
- 14, Dickinson House Dance.
- 17, Phi Kappa Psi Society.
- 24, Alpha Society.
- 31, Phi Kappa Psi Society.
- Nov. 4, Morris House Play.
- 14, Alpha Society.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

EDITORS:

CANDACE THURBER,	
FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS,	ESTHER JOSEPHINE SANDERSON,
OLIVE CHAPIN HIGGINS,	MARGARET ELMENDORF DURYEE,
ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT,	LUCIE SMITH LONDON,
MARY ABBY VAN KLEECK.	
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BROOKE VAN DYKE.	ABBY SHUTE MERCHANT.

Vol. XI.

NOVEMBER, 1903.

No. 2

KARMA

“What is the Self and what does it become?”

Three pilgrims saw I, holding the same road,
And then I looked again and they were one,
And thus they would appear, first three, then one ;
First one, then three, until I bade them stay
That I might see wherein I was deceived ;
But found both aspects had alike been true.

These were the three : Body and Soul, and one
Who held each by a hand, called Consciousness ;
And yet they were but one and that was Self.

Ceasing, at length, to strive to understand
The nature of that triple unity,
I asked them whence they came and whither went ;
A civil question, yet the churlish crew
Forbore to answer ; though I saw that one
Might well have said, the dimmest of the three.
The Soul, who only could be viewed askance ;
For as a star the most remote and pale
Will disappear under a direct gaze,
So this dim member when reviewed alone,
Would be as nothing there ; but as I looked
The other way, would ever reappear.

The other parts were sadly ignorant,
 Nor knew nor whence they came nor whither went,
 But Consciousness, with sudden start, drew close
 Her two companions, tightening her clasp
 On either hand, and answered, wistfully :
 " My lovely sister here we soon must leave,
 But this she knows not, nor will know, nor care,
 Nor will the other care ; but I, alone,
 Must bear the grief of parting. She still holds
 Her even course and knows her goal, but I —
 Who knows where I shall go ? " — I pitied much
 That Consciousness who had to grieve for both.

As for the others, it was well with them ;
 The Soul would travel forth forevermore ;
 A weary way, perhaps ; but not to her
 Who knew nor grief, nor hope, nor weariness,
 Purusha, the eternal, the untired,
 Purusha who outlives the sun and stars.

Prakriti too, although 'neath Karma's yoke
 A willing slave, would not resent its weight
 But go unmurmuring through her endless course
 Of many a blossoming or singing life,
 Not sourly, vainly seeking to annul
 The conservation of her energy ;
 Not heeding Retribution or Reward,
 For Right and Wrong are not of her dimension.
 Prakriti is concerned with none of these,
 Who is at one with all the universe.

But Consciousness, who feels for both, — for her
 Justification and requital reign,
 The bitter strife for happiness is hers,
 That hath no armistice nor breathing-time.
 " Will this endure through all eternity ? "
 She, panting, asks, " this war intolerable ? "
 Or at the lastward will she sink undone
 Upon the field, the battle surging past
 Without her, there to sleep ?

A pendulum

In vacuo, strode by with equal pace.
 Sideways and sideways, but could not go straight,
 For, once impelled, it might not come to rest ;
 Each unresisted outward swerve begat
 A deviation to the other side,
 And this another, so on out of sight.

I asked what hand set it agog, and when.

Now, were its start infinity ago,
 Infinity was yet to be traversed,
 In order that one side's divergences
 Be cancelled by the other's amplitudes;
 Whereas, if at some finite time ago
 It started, at some finite moment hence,
 A last vibration would complete the course,
 Opposite in direction to the first.
 This last faint motion would perfect the whole;
 Th' opposed divergencies be equalized
 And amplitude for amplitude repaid.

Then, would the pendulum at last have rest?
 It might, perchance, be set to swing again.

Some lives there are that seem to be all pain —
 Or sometimes little less than active pain —
 The little less! — Ah, these are they who know
 What joy is. They who dwell in equal peace,
 If equal peace there be, what joy is theirs?
 When something less than that content prevails,
 Theirs, doubtless, all the bitterness of pain.

The sun from an unclouded sky might shine
 And shine, all day, and none the wiser we
 For all the so-called light. The shaded side
 Of wave and dune tells us it is the sun.

Some lives there are, like songs that start and rise,
 And take their varied ways of melody,
 Now low, now high with passion, strength, and fire,
 Wild, restless strains are caught and led to rest,
 And others lulled in other cadences,
 Discord to perfect chord, a fitful chain,
 Till at the end, weary and glad, they sink
 Through the inevitable sequences
 To complete harmony, the silent chord.
 We say, "He giveth His beloved sleep."
 We, Christianwise.

One Brahma-smiling day,
 The sunlight rippled on the idling stream,
 And on the reeds at one side ripples climbed,
 Ripples of light and shade went flowing up,
 As the small water waves flowed past, below.
 But presently the sun had moved along
 And the reflection of the water ceased

Upon the reeds. Still sparkled forth the stream,
 Still waved the rushes, gleaming in the sun ;
 But nowhere sped the ripples on the reeds.
 Were they asleep or had they ceased to be ?
 Neither in being's realm nor yet without
 Were they—more—they had not even been.

This is most like Nirvana, yet 'tis true
 That, had some reeds been standing farther on,
 Just where the angle's wider reach would sweep,
 On bank or stone, there would the ripples ride
 Awhile, once more,—another avatar.

Brahma is at the centre of a boundless sphere,
 Wherein, created and creation are
 And move forever in the light of Brahma,
 The light that makes them what we name as "real".
 But as all matter is a phase of energy,
 So, being is issue or form of thought—
 These all-comprising two : activity
 Is Brahma. the one Soul that ever stirs
 And stirring, causes all that is, to be.

But we, by Maya ruled, shall we alway
 Wander these weary wastes, mazed and deceived,
 And babble "I", and "Thou", and "False" and "True",
 All for the sake of this "reality";
 While Soul and Body, we are Brahma's, we
 Are Brahma?

Nay, let Maya be defied !

Eternal fraud is unendurable.
 The soul once cleansed from taint of entity,
 Once cleared in Karma's score, shall know itself
 As Brahma, shall be free and rest.

But Karma's score is still to be fulfilled,
 And ever unfulfilled, impotent Soul !
 And thou as ever far, oh, ever sought,
 Desired and unattainable Nirvana !

ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT.

CAT'S CRADLE IN A PENSION

The young Italian inclined his head in a half bow towards the American girl across the pension table, and then lifted his glass of claret and water, with a look which plainly said, "To you." She acknowledged the unspoken toast with a courteous enough nod, but her eyes danced and she glanced down quickly at his plate, surprisingly empty now—amazingly well filled a few minutes before. The glance, brief as it was, launched a poisoned dart of ridicule at any romance there may have been in the situation, for it said with a sort of optical shorthand, "The grand passion does not thrive on a full stomach," and would have suggested "Jack Sprat and his wife" to an American. The young Italian flushed and turned uncomfortably towards the landlady, sitting next him, regal in a black silk gown, with a real lace collar. She presided over the table like a hostess entertaining a select company at dinner.

"You have a too good cuisine," he said in careless Italian French, which he used as more people at the table spoke that language than any other. "On mange trop." The signora, in her turn, bowed her thanks for his compliment, but in the glance she cast at his plate there was no ridicule, only grave satisfaction. The American girl, noting this, smiled. The recommendation of Signor di Bromenti was not a thing to be lightly received, she thought, and was glad when at the signora's signal, the guests rose and made their way into the drawing-room. Dinner had proved dull. Cousin Jennie had been absorbed in an Italian conversation with the Scotch lady, as interesting as are all those for the mutual improvement of pronunciation. Cousin Jennie spoke slowly, and rather correctly, while the Scotch lady, untrammelled by grammatical distinctions, conversed showily, with a certain Celtic accent which rendered her Italian as musical as the average Chinese. "Oh! yes," she had said, "I go to the Boboli Gardens every day and sit, precisely." It was an easy word, "precisemente," and filled in all pauses in the conversation. In fact her reputation for fluent knowledge of the Italian language rested largely on the

frequent insertion of this word between all her sentences. The American girl decided that while this method provided a continuous stream of conversation the result was not entertaining. And as it had to be a choice between this and receiving the admiring glances of the young Italian opposite, cast at her when he was not noisily meeting the requirements of a hearty appetite, dinner had not been even mildly amusing.

"Adalina," said her cousin to her as they reached the drawing-room, "here is a package that came for you just as we went to dinner." They sat down on a slippery sofa, with a striped awning cover, and the girl began to open the bundle leisurely.

"Signorina," called a voice, "did you climb to the top of the Palazzo Vecchio to-day? precisely." Cousin Jennie had done so, very precisely indeed, for she was afraid of high places. She accepted this conversational spur, however, and joined the Scotch lady in the "Music Room," a small alcove with one instrument, a piano, the B flat of whose middle octave stuck hopelessly.

Adalina, left alone, untied her package and took from it a pair of walking-gloves, which she tried on slowly, smiling a little to herself. She was a pretty girl, with light waving hair and a fresh complexion, but these things were usually forgotten by any one who had seen Adalina's eyes, which were very blue and which looked out frankly at the world, and, dancing, seemed to reflect all the humor there was in it. When she was very much amused they had a trick of narrowing until only a steel-blue glinting light flashed from them.

"Were it not for your eyes, Adalina," her cousin Jennie had once said to her, "you would be a perfect type of the demure *jeune fille*, but with them you are more like —"

"A chorus girl," suggested Adalina, wickedly.

"Adalina," exclaimed Cousin Jennie, horrified, "No, with them you resemble, well—a duchess, with a college education—er—a leader of a salon, you know." At this Adalina's eyes suddenly narrowed, the blue light shone in them and she laughed softly.

"And am I not," she inquired, with the calm conceit of the young, "a leader of men?"

"No," her Cousin Jennie replied, maliciously, "of boys," and forthwith left her, but Adalina heard her chuckle as she went.

Adalina now devoted herself to fitting on her gloves with care.

"Each finger, precisely," she mimicked, half-aloud, working them on, and laughing a little.

"They are the so much too large pattairn, Signorina," said the young Italian, who had sat opposite her at dinner, suddenly appearing before her, scorning to notice the whispers of certain pensionnaires, which indicated that he had but awaited the departure of Cousin Jennie.

"You have the so small hand," he continued, standing awkwardly uneasy before her. "He is absurd, that glove-maker. Ecco, Signorina." He picked up the mate to the glove she was trying on and laid it on his palm, which in truth it little more than covered.

"Eef eet feeted you, eet would be lost on mine," he said, smiling, with something of the manner of a straightforward child, who has made a discovery.

Adalina looked up at him, with her lips pressed into an outward visible line indicative of inward New England dignity, but her eyes glistened brightly. She was conscious that when he was not eating he was a very handsome man, tall, with the black hair and brown eyes of his countrymen, but more rugged and sturdy than they are wont to be.

"I like my street-gloves loose," she explained.

"Bah! even so, he should take them back, the too stupid dealer. They could be smaller, much, and still be loose, much, signorina."

"Flattery to be believed should be subtle, signor," asserted Adalina sternly. But all severity was gone from the reproof by the time she made him understand it. His English was limited, her Italian was very poor, including really only a few phrases, and neither of them spoke good French. They communicated in a bewildering mixture of these three languages when they touched on any but the most elementary subjects.

"La veritée eet ees not thees what you call flattery," said the young Signor di Bromenti at last.

Adalena rewarded him with a smile.

"Better but not new," she said, and began idly to play with the string which had been around her package, knotting it and looping it on her hands in the triangular-shaped figure children call "cat's cradle."

"Can you take it off?" she asked, "there is a game they play this way in America, children, you know. On le joue, les

enfants, je veux dire. Capito? Cat's cradle, le chat, cradle. Oh, dear! I can't think of the word for cradle in French—I never knew it in Italian. A game—" she stopped in despair.

The Signor di Bromenti rose to the occasion and laboriously conveyed the information that he understood the too kind signorina, and if she would so graciously permit him to sit down by her, he would like to learn the game, which when he was little, oh! so little, he thought his mother taught him, only he forgot.

It was a difficult thing, that instruction which Adalina tried to give.

"Pinch the string in your fingers," she said, only to find that "pinch" was idiomatic English. They progressed but slowly. She taught him how to make the first figure on his fingers, taking it off daintily herself. Then she put the first on hers again, but he was helpless, his fingers slipped.

"My so too large hands!" he lamented. "Ah! yours, so small, I do not surprise." Adalina was patient—but they did not progress fast. It was a curious game, admitting of conversation, and, unlike whist, it was social. Though they did not reach the third figure Adalina learned that the signor was a writer, or hoped to be one, and gradually she forgot to instruct but wrapped the string around her own fingers, and sat and listened.

One day when he had something "pooblishéd" they would see, his family, Bromenti assured her, they who only believed that he should travel and amuse himself as did other young men he knew. His family were all on Lake Como now at their villa—hence he was staying at the pension to work—they should see. He would be a man—not a puppet worked on the same string as all his family. Verses? No, signorina, poetry, he declared—sublimest art! He had written, yes—and read, too, your English poet, Shakespeare, who doubtless "suffaired" by the translation, but who was, after Dante, the so great writer of all time.

"But ah!" he paused, contrite, "he is too serious for a lady, ees eet not so," and he leaned towards her apologetically, smiling.

Adalina's eyelashes swept her cheeks. Beneath them her eyes gleamed blue and the light in them danced for a second.

"Signor," she said, in the tone of one who recites, 'We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal.' "I have been to college, you know."

"Indeed," said young Bromenti, all polite interest. "Thees college where you went, what nuns conducted eet?"

Thereafter ensued a lengthy explanation which left Bromenti with the confused idea that a college was a place where young ladies made bonbons on a frying pan over a spirit lamp, since Adalina could describe chafing dish in no more exact fashion in French; and where they occasionally read Shakespeare and enjoyed an amount of liberty fatal in an Italian community.

"Ah! you Americans," he exclaimed, admiringly. It seemed a pleasant place, a college—but for girls!—he laughed. "Would the signorina tell him more perhaps." Her voice—he was thinking—gentlest music!

Cousin Jennie, looking in at them from the alcove with its forlorn piano, raised her eyebrows. "Humph!" she said.

"Precisemente," murmured the Scotch lady. And they exchanged no further words on the subject, either in their own tongue or in the Italian one they were striving to acquire. They understood each other perfectly, yet it had just taken Cousin Jennie half an hour to explain how she bought a turquoise brooch on the Ponto Vecchio.

After that, by one device or another, the young Signor di Bromenti managed to engage Adalina in conversation every evening after dinner. During dinner he usually made a few stiff remarks to Cousin Jennie, which Adalina almost invariably had to translate, as for instance: "Have you read Da-veed Har-room?"

"Yes, you have," Adalina would tactfully interpose. "You remember it opens with the good story of the horse deal."

"Oh," Cousin Jennie would say, relieved, a clue furnished her—"of course."

Or, "I have seen your Moon's-eye," Bromenti would launch at the astonished lady.

"You like McClure's better," Adalina would quickly inform her.

"I don't see how you understand the man," Cousin Jennie assured Adalina in private.

"Practicing for my salon," answered Adalina; a reply which worried Cousin Jennie a little as she had heard that among the élite of Florence salons were really still in vogue. She repented of her former remark.

In those after-dinner conversations with Adalina Bromenti

told her more of himself and she became aware that she was sympathetically interested. Next to poetry, he told her, he loved orchids, that so magnificent flower. He grew them in a glass house at his home and he went there every day to tend them while the family was at Menaggio. If the signorina would permit him he would like to bring a few insignificant ones for her to-morrow. The heart of Adalina fluttered. "Real orchids?" she queried. Yes, very real, purple and white, yellow, with soft leaves, soft like a child's palm and curling like a woman's hair. Ah! very lovely. Would she permit? Adalina considered.

"It would be kind of you," she said at last, soberly and formally, with a touch of New England primness, her eyes lowered.

Every day or so a letter came for Adalina which she seldom answered and only read as she found convenient, with an expression of good-natured tolerance which grieved Cousin Jennie. "It is not a good sign when a girl smiles over a lover's letters," thought that lady, and she walked over to Adalina's dresser and dusted with her handkerchief a photograph which stood there of a man, not handsome, his face heavily lined but forceful, with the compelling honesty characteristic of some American men, and as she looked at the steadfast eyes, Cousin Jennie fancied that across their calm serenity came a faint flicker of appeal.

"Italian poetry versus American wholesale hardware. Humph!" said Cousin Jennie to herself, ironically. Her favor between the two had never wavered. She was the daughter of generations of merchants.

Cousin Jennie watched her charge more narrowly as the days went by. Once at luncheon, seeing Adalina look distressed with the embarrassed air of one who wishes to sympathise with the family troubles of another without being inquisitive, Cousin Jennie stopped her Italian practice with the Scotch lady and listened quizzically to the Baroness Elsa who was talking volubly to Adalina. The Baroness Elsa, a German, was always referred to by that title in the pension; what the rest of it was no one troubled to inquire. She would have been good looking had she not always seemed tired, with the weariness of one who resists the inevitable. "My mother was an American," she was saying. "She was never the same after her marriage. She had been very happy before."

"Your mother, then, married twice?" asked Adalina politely, not knowing what else to say.

"Oh! no, never but once, when she was sixteen. Her husband hasn't made her happy. He is a German."

The Baroness Elsa stopped suddenly. She reached for her glass of water and her hand shook slightly. "I do not live with my mother on his account," she said, after a second or so. "She persists, but it is hard."

Adalina looked at her in sympathetic surprise. She understood now, though it sounded like a puzzle. Her mother's German husband was also Baroness Elsa's father, only she would not refer to him by that name. A great wave of pity swept over Adalina. The Baroness Elsa was right, it was very hard. Looking up, Adalina saw to her surprise that the Scotch lady, who had overheard the low-toned conversation, was gazing at her with something of the compassion in her glance which she herself felt for the Baroness. The Scotch lady, intently regarding her, and missing the merry light in her eyes, formed a resolve, a resolve not lightly taken, for it brought a dull flush to her cheeks which mounted slowly to the roots of her sandy hair, arranged in a manner used by no one who follows the dictates of fashion but only by those who cling to the customs of their youth. Every hair seemed to be curled separately, and portions of it were arranged in small water-curls on her forehead, while the rest of it was drawn into a high knot at the top of her head, held there by a tortoise-shell comb. This coiffure, with her long angular cheek bones and faded grey eyes, would have given the Scotch lady a ridiculous appearance, if she had not been one of those people who so radiate kindness that any peculiarities of person, inflicted on them by nature and accentuated by their own efforts, are completely and entirely neutralized by the general atmosphere of beneficence surrounding them, like an invisible but softening halo. With her air of kindness supplemented by a look of firm resolve, the Scotch lady approached Adalina after dinner and took her into the "Music Room," where she said she would sing her some Scotch ballads as she had once promised. She was seeking for an opening for something she wished to say. Adalina sat by the piano, turning the music, and was vaguely conscious that the voice was sweet though faint, and that the B flat was as unyielding as ever.

"Flow gently, sweet Afton, among the green braes,"

sang the Scotch lady, and paused abruptly. She had sought a conversational opening and not found it, so she began with out it.

"My dear," she said, "does it never strike you as odd that I come here as I've told you I do year after year, to spend two months away from my family in Florence? You see I don't study art, or paint, and only practice the language a little here at the pension. You know I don't like to go sight-seeing. I only go to the Boboli Gardens and sit, knitting a little, every day. Did you never wonder why I come all the way from Scotland to do that?"

Adalina leaned forward and put her hand over the one still resting on the keys. She nodded a faint assent to the question. The habit of reserve sat strongly on the Scotch lady. It was some moments before she spoke and when she did the brownish red flush burnt in her cheeks again.

"I come here," she said at last, "to cherish a memory, lest it grow dim, for it is all I have. Do you think," she went on with a sudden change of tone, "that I have always been my present age, my child? No, and when I was young like you, I preferred an Italian memory to a—well, to a Scotch reality. And memories, my dear, I have found, are but poor treasure for a woman, when they are all she has. They haunt one at night and are but solitary companions in the day time. They are hard to keep separate, the good from the bad. I—I do not often speak of this, but I thought you would understand why I tell you. It is that you before it is too late might know—" She paused. Then, "Mine is not the only case. Think of Countess Elsa's mother, and the woman who does my sewing, supporting herself this way, says she hopes she and her children will never see her husband again. He is—of this race—here in Italy." Her tone took on its usual crisp friendliness. "Americans for Americans, my child," she asserted, "and Scots for Scots. Let us leave Italians for Italians. Sorrow for sorrow—happiness for happiness."

She left Adalina abruptly and the girl heard her saying in the next room in Italian to the landlady, "To the Boboli Gardens, as usual, precisely. Why? Oh! the fine view. Capito? Precisamente."

Adalina went to her own room. There was a letter waiting for her. One sentence only caught her attention, "May I join

you and your cousin in Paris? If you say I may I shall not do so without a certain hope." Adalina crushed the letter in her hand and tossed it, crackling, into her top drawer. Then, pondering deeply, she sat by her window in a low cushioned chair and listened to the cries of some cabmen in the street.

That evening after dinner Signor di Bromenti read some of his poems to Adalina, who could not understand them at all, but told him that they had a splendid "swing," a phrase that required much explanation. Then he translated them for her lamely in English and French. But her attention wandered. She wished that she could forget that in the morning when the Signor had joined Cousin Jennie and her in the rose garden of the inner courtyard, where they had their rolls and coffee, he had ordered two eggs which he had swallowed in as many gulps. She was glad that in America table manners were so perfect as to be unnoticed.

"They do not pless, my leetle poems," said Bromenti, noticing her inattention.

"They are very pretty," said Adalina, stiffly. All vivacity was gone from her this evening. She waved her hand slightly as if to dismiss the subject.

Bromenti leaned towards her suddenly, his heart in his eyes, declaring that the poetry did not matter, only one thing did, and that was one so great curiosity of his. If ever the kind signorina would rest her hand in his would he be able to feel it there—it was so little, so most divinely little. Would she permit—evaire, so gracious signorina. He put out his own trembling hand.

The gracious signorina rose and confronted him, her eyes cold and blue, like a lake before a storm. "Never," she said, defiantly yet softly withal. Then her eyes fell before the look in his. "I'm—I'm—sorry. Believe me—I did not mean——" she said, very gently. Then, "I'm going to Paris next week with Cousin Jennie," she added with a certain New England exactness, "you won't see me any more." Bromenti rose and stood beside her, dumb, eloquently silent. "I—I'm sorry," she repeated, yet more softly. Then, without looking at him, she turned and ran upstairs to her own room.

Once there she looked from the photograph on the dresser, calm, enduring, ever practical, to the mantel where there was a large bunch of orchids purple and glowing, rich and pleasantly

perishable. "He'll forget. Italians for Italians," she quoted, half aloud, "Happiness for happiness," and with a gesture almost dramatic she put out her hand and rang the bell.

Shortly thereafter the voice of a maid was heard loud in the hall shouting, "Ink! Carlo, ink quickly for the American signorina!"

When the writing materials appeared Adalina sat down at her desk and began three notes in succession to the same person. The first attempted to be casual and yet dignified. "My dear John," it began, "Cousin Jennie and I will be pleased to see you in Paris. It is always nice to meet one's fellow-countrymen when travelling abroad —"

"Absurd!" exclaimed Adalina, "a farce!" and tore it in two. She made a fresh start. This one was to be pleasantly arch.

"Who am I, sir," it said, "that I should be giving permits to come to Paris? Am I a prefect of police or a mayor, that I may hand you the keys of the city?"

"Hopeless," commented Adalina, and laughed, her eyes half shut, the blue light quivering in them. She tore this note into tiny pieces, meditating the while. Then she drew a third sheet of paper towards her, and wrote on it a sentence, brief, ungrammatical, even harshly alliterative, but distinctly without circumlocution. It consisted of three words, reading, "You can come," and this she signed, not without some hesitation, "Adalina."

LUCIE SMITH LONDON.

MY RIVER

Ha' ye seen the lazy river,
Drowsy,—dreaming to the sea?
Ha' ye seen my bonnie river,
Flowing slowly down to sea?

Ah! it glides along sae fairly,
Sae gentle, slow an' free,
Wi' a sleepy breeze aye blowing
Frae the lazy, swaying sea.

There be white mists resting on it,
An' the sun shines warm an' kind,
An' the waving reeds beside it
Love the lazy, drowsy wind.

There be slow, still sloops upon it,
Dropping down to go to sea,
An' the crew sings i' the distance
A song that comes to me.

Ha' ye seen my bonnie river,
Droway,—dreaming down to sea,
Wi' the nodding reeds beside it,
As the sloop glides silently?

AMY GRACE MAHER.

THE SECRET OF MOTHER'S GIRL

She was afraid! That was certainly true. No one suspected her of such a weakness; that was also most certainly true. With great deliberation Mother's Girl untied her worsted slippers, toying with their pink bows for some minutes before she slipped between the cool sheets of her bed. Lying there, the shadows that the flickering candle threw upon the beamed ceiling seemed to grow large and threatening; and with a sigh of relief her glance returned to the ample bosom of Nurse. She cuddled down among the covers, hardly daring to move, and grateful for every moment that postponed the dreaded "goodnight." It was with a start that she heard the clicking of the needles cease.

"Are you finished, Liebchen?" asked Nurse, taking up her knitting, and coming ponderously over to the bedside. But Mother's Girl was not in any haste for the "sleep kiss," as the children called it.

"How do you make stockings, Nurse?" she inquired, with a fine show of interest and a detaining grasp on the blue yarn.

The deluded woman's elaborate explanation gave her time to rack her brains for other equally effective questions. "But no," said Nurse, when a flood of new inquiries poured forth. "The little brother will cry if I make him wait any longer. I must go to him, for you, Liebchen, are not afraid to be left alone." Slowly the kindly candle disappeared down the stairs, and Mother's Girl was left quite by herself in the dark attic.

"You are not afraid to be left alone?" Oh! they must never discover her secret. They must never know that she, Mother's big girl, who scorned Pet for his baby ways, was herself afraid of the dark. All her life she had fibbed and suffered to hide

this terror. No one ever guessed how many a night she crept fearfully to the head of the stairs, when all believed her snugly asleep in bed; and crouching there watched the light that streamed into the hall from the fireplace below, and was reassured by the hum of voices. No one knew the hours that she shivered there, fearful of the darkness, and too proud to confess her fright, until Nurse's heavy tread was heard in the hall, and her fears vanished away. To have her big brother laugh at her and call "Fraid-cat!"—to have Father joke about his "Little Timid"; to have Pet lose his reverent worship of her in the wondering knowledge that she—his perfect sister—could fear anything, no amount of terror, she determined, could force her to endure such ignominy. Pet was small and foolish, and did not care when Mother said indulgently, "Go with him, dear. You know that he is afraid." To Mother's Girl, such a speech represented the acme of disgrace, and she fervently believed that not even wild beasts could force her to such a confession.

Wild beasts! Oh! She covered her ears hastily, hoping that thus she could exclude any unpleasant ideas. To-night for the first time that summer she had taken supper with Pet and been put to bed early. Mother and father had company,—ladies in gleaming gowns, who, when she appeared in the parlor, would always exclaim, "How do you do, my dear! How you have grown!"—and gentlemen, who were so busy talking to the ladies that they never noticed little girls. To be sure, her home was only a little Adirondack lodge, where the dining-room was in one cottage and the bedrooms in another. But to-night the dinner was to be an elaborate one; all the maids were busy preparing for it, and even Nurse would soon leave Pet and go over. Then they would be all alone!

Mother's Girl uncovered her ears and opened her eyes with a start. The room was deep in darkness, except where a few pale moonbeams straggled in through the curtains. Outside, the veranda was weirdly white, and the hammock bumped and swayed at intervals against the post. How black the corners of the room seemed! And all at once a vision of everything impossible and terrible that might lurk in them flashed into her mind. Without a moment of reflection, she jumped out of bed, and scurried quickly to the many nooks of the attic, poking her soft toes against the wood, and bruising them unmercifully, in

her desire to assure herself that the corners were empty. Then she flung herself back into bed, trembling with fright and wondering at her own courage. Surely now she could feel safe and get to sleep. Burrowing deep into the pillows she began a favorite game of colors, which consisted of rubbing her eyes until patterns of bright hues could be seen in kaleidoscopic rapidity and variety. But to-night no pleasing combinations diverted her thoughts,—only glowing spots unpleasantly suggestive of wild eyes,—perhaps wolves or tigers.

She sat up in bed in new terror, and stood straining her eyes around the room. Out on the porch the hammock creaked mysteriously. Was it possible that a bear had stealthily climbed up from the woods and was even now hiding under its fringed hangings? Only yesterday she had laughed to scorn such a suggestion from Pet, informing him that bears lived far away—at the North Pole, in fact—and never could come near their cottage. But what did it matter now if he couldn't come, so long as he might be there! She turned her eyes fearfully from the hammock, and found new cause for terror in the blackness around her. Curious noises, faint as a dream; queer shapeless shadows tormented her with their vagueness. From side to side she tossed, fearing to see some hideous Thing by her bedside or to feel an unknown touch on her back. Why! oh, why had the Menagerie Book fascinated her with its painted pictures! At the very thought of the yellow tiger a shiver ran down her back. His eyes were fiercely glowing, his teeth ready to snap,—and—yes, he surely must be under her bed. At this dreadful idea Mother's Girl could lie still no longer. Quivering with fear, feeling the wild teeth closing upon her, she slipped out of bed, and fled from the room, tumbling down with a great sigh of relief at the top of the stairs. Inexpressibly comforting was the reflected flicker of the candle from Pet's room downstairs; behind, her own doorway gaped black and mysterious. It seemed impossible that she had ever dared to lie quietly, far within its gloom.

But now Nurse was being called to supper and the light grew dim, and retreated down the hall. "Good-night," called Pet,—a shameless confession of fear which Mother's Girl could never understand. "Good-night," echoed Nurse, and again his small and wavering voice hailed after her. Then all the house grew silent and dark. Then mysterious noises and shadowy figures

once more crowded around the child crouched at the top of the stairs,—ghostly flapping of shades, faint footsteps, sudden draughts of wind, shuddering fear of being overwhelmed by some unknown terror. Vivid and more vivid grew her dread of the tiger, until at last she fancied that he had come out from under her bed and was even now approaching her. In the dark!—shaggy mane!—cruel eyes gleaming!—o-oh!—and with a cry she sprang down the stairs and stumbled wildly towards Pet's little crib.

The touch of his small hot hands quieted her throbbing nerves, and quickly reminded her that her reputation must be kept intact.

"Are you afraid, Pet?" she queried indulgently, as she pushed aside his doll, and crept into its place beside him.

"Yes," he whispered, gratefully clinging to her hand, "I cyosed de shutters dat de bears touldn't yook in, but 'fraid an' how."

"There's a tiger under my bed!" announced Mother's Girl impressively, "—and —and,—I thought I'd come down and see how you were."

Pet took the statement with calm belief. He never questioned any adventure or marvel that befell his big sister.

"How'd he yook?" he inquired with interest, without a doubt that she had examined the monster closely and calmly.

"He had large, shining eyes," boasted Mother's Girl, unconsciously utilizing the pictures in the Menagerie Book for her description, "and he looked all big and hairy with clawy paws, and white teeth that scrunched, so," she suited her actions to her words, but stopped suddenly, her heart beginning to beat in new alarm. "He may be coming down-stairs now," she whispered. "Perhaps he's heard us talking."

They lay huddled together in the darkness, and all at once Pet began to cry. "I'm 'fraid, I'm 'fraid," he moaned, and clung to Mother's Girl.

"I'll take care of you," she said stoutly, though her voice quavered, and the dining-room in the other house suddenly seemed very far away.

"Perhaps,—perhaps we'd better get up." They jumped hastily over the railings of the crib, and Pet, with his doll in his arms, trailed down the hall after his sister, and out onto the porch. The moon bathed the whole valley in brilliant light, and

seemed to forbid the tiger to emerge from the dark interior. Both the children sat down on the steps, and sighed with tremulous relief. Over in the other house the guests were assembled, and the rosy lamps shed a circle of light through the open windows. Slowly Pet and Mother's Girl, in nighties and with bare feet, dragged over the grass, until they could hear the "clink, clink" of the dishes, the many-tuned hum of conversation, and bursts of laughter that floated out on the quiet night. They knelt down amongst the flowers in the misty moonlight, and felt secure at last from the awful clutch of the tiger. Pet pillowed his curls happily on his sister's lap, and fell fast asleep, while Mother's Girl nodded over him.

* * * * *

"Why, what is that, looking like a white rabbit, over among the flower-beds?" exclaimed the hostess, when at last the guests arose from the table, and strolled out upon the piazza.

"Why! what! I do declare! Pet and—how did you ever, ever come here, Mother's own girl?" she cried in tender surprise as she lifted the sleeping children from the dewy grass. Pet, his shining curls all damp, and his face still rosy with sweet sleep, did not lift his heavy lashes, but Mother's Girl was wide awake at once. "He wanted me," she murmured, gazing fearfully around the circle of astonished faces. And then the overwhelming terror of the evening flashed back to her memory; and throwing her arms around the dear mother that clasped her, the secret of many months came forth in a burst of tears.

"I was so afraid! so afraid! mamma," she sobbed.

ELEANOR ADLER.

THERE CAME TWO RAVENS

There came two ravens to carry me away,
And they flew, and they flew, the livelong day.
One took me by the head, and one by the feet,
And that, I thought, was not quite meet.
One tickled all my face with the brushing of his wings,
But that was scarcely the heaviest of things.
The other pecked and snatched at my foot all day,
As they carried me away, and carried me away.

They carried me across from the shore to the sea ;
And that was a sorrow and a fear to me.
They carried me across from the sea unto the shore ;
And myself was aweary and my heart was sore.
They carried me across from the day to the night,
And it was strange to me when I could not see the light.
They carried me across from the night unto the day,
And I had forgotten how to sing and to pray.

They lit upon a pine-tree, and the tree it was high ;
On a bare bald mountain that wore against the sky.
And they tangled my feet in the needles of the pine,
And they gave me cones for bread, and the bitter pitch for wine.
And they swung me up and down till I cracked the brittle sky ;
And I had forgotten how to think or to cry.

The sun came so close that I should have been afraid,
He was like a smelting furnace, so hot and so red.
The stars came so close that I might have caught them down,
They were sharp, but they shone like great jewels in a crown.

And the two ravens sat in the dark pine-tree,
And they jeered and they mocked and they screamed at me.
And I had forgotten how to sing or to pray,
And I had forgotten if it were night or day.
The pine pitch smeared my mouth, and the cones I could not eat,
And the needles pricked and wove round my head and my feet.

And there I might have stayed till it came my time to die,
But an Angel out of Heaven went flying quickly by.
And he blew upon my feet, and he blew upon my head,
And "Wherefore lie you here?" were the words that he said.

And I fell a thousand fathoms, and I flew a thousand miles,
And I feared as I flew for the two ravens' wiles ;
But the Angel went behind, like a goodly wind at dawn,
And he carried me across to my own fields of corn !

He carried me across from the night unto the day,
And then I remembered, and began to sing and pray.
He carried me across from the sea unto the shore,
And when I saw the earth I blessed him even more.
He carried me across, and he left me, and he went
Like a fog that dissolves, like a wind that is spent.

And I walked upon my feet to my own cottage door,
And there were the children playing on the floor,
And there was my wife, and she only smiled and said,
"How you're late from the field! How much hay have you made?"
And I kissed her and I looked at the clock on the shelf,
And then I remembered that I was myself!
And I had not been away an hour but only four,
And the shadows of the trees touched the crack on the floor.

But I did not tell my wife how they carried me away,
From the shore to the sea, from the night to the day.
I did not tell my wife how I swung against the sky,
And how I forgot to laugh or to cry.
I did not tell my wife how I drank the pitch of pine,
But I sucked the ripe grapes that grew on the vine.
I did not tell my wife of the Angel from the sky,
But I shall remember until the day I die.

There came two ravens to carry me away.
If you call it but a dream, what am I to say you nay?

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS.

THE ART OF BEING INTERESTED

Self-improvement! Self-culture! These are by-words of an age in which men, who are already leading lives sufficiently strenuous to over-draw their accounts in the national bank of nervous energy, are seeking eagerly for breadth of view, through extent of knowledge. They are words suggestive of wearisome sight-seeing in galleries of famous pictures; arduous searching for names of innocent birds and flowers; a feverish haste to be master of current events; a laborious reading of many books in the making of which there is no end. Culture, as an aim, and reading, seeing, and searching, as factors in its attainment we all agree in commending; but the wearisome, arduous, feverish, laborious means we judge unworthy of its object, and beg leave to plead in its stead for the simple art of being interested.

There is a principle of pedagogy which the lay mind may be permitted to express in this way:—train the child's attention by taking as your point of departure an object which the child knows and enjoys. It is a principle which finds its application in children of advanced years—among those seekers of self-cult-

ure who, by reason of their search, combine in themselves the functions of teacher and pupil. A poet has expressed it in these lines :

“How but from near to far
Should knowledge proceed, increase?
Try the clod ere test the star!”

We shall never know the star if we strive to reach it by our little ladders of self-improvement, built in the vain hope of eluding the laws of gravitation. Its force draws us clodward, ere we have started starward, and we despair, stung by the knowledge that we are capable of enjoying, not the star, but the clod. Yet why despair? Our fall has but taught us not to seek the far in the weariness and sadness of efforts beyond our strength, but to know the near, believing that it will lead to heights which are now beyond our ken.

There are two principles involved in this search for culture through the simple art of being interested. The first is a part of Emerson's philosophy:—“The near explains the far. The drop is a small ocean. A man is related to all nature. Let me see every trifle bristling with the polarity that ranges it instantly as an eternal law; and the shop, the plough, and the ledger, referred to the like cause by which light undulates and poets sing; and the world lies no longer a dull miscellany and lumber-room, but has form and order.” If we study one fact—no matter how small, so that it be interesting to us—we shall find in it the whole universe. And the second principle appears if we define culture as the realization by the soul of its kinship with “the Divine Soul, which also inspires all men.” If this be culture, then culture cannot be attained by a knowledge of many facts, unless the knowledge touch the unity of all facts—the soul of all worlds.

Culture is not to be dragged from the heights by a wearisome, arduous, feverish, laborious method. We must seek to know “the shop, the plough, and the ledger,” and in referring them to their cause we shall know—with joy and not with weariness—how “light undulates and poets sing”. We must begin with the things which concern our daily lives. Our staff with which to climb the heights is the simple art of being interested.

MARY ABBY VAN KLEECK.

THE SECOND BEST

One little day, my soul, since you and I
Raised brave eyes to the distant mountain height
Upon whose stainless summits, snowy white,
The golden crowns of high achievement lie:
We dreamed those sin-clear summits all but nigh,
Deeming we knew, where but we yearned to know—
Ah, soul of mine! I would not call thee low
Had I, alas! not held thee then so high!
One little day—and now before us roll
Many a weary way to struggle in
To gain the quiet of a lowlier goal,
Where sleeps the doer of forgiven sin.
So have we fallen from what we were, my soul,
And oh! how far from what we might have been!

MARY WILHELMINA HASTINGS.

DISTANCE

Last year—
The world lay between,
Yet we were near.
This year—
A world lies between,
Though you are here.

CRUSADERS

Not in a coat of clanking mail
We fight our fight.
Far from the martial roll of drums
Right conquers might.
Crusaders in a bloodless war
We fall or stand,
Yet like the knightly men of yore
Win Holy Land.

BERTHA CHASE LOVELL.

SKETCHES

A YEAR

A weary succession of tedious days,
A glimmer of hope, the blackness of fear,
A vista of sadness,
And this is a year.

A flash of Time's shuttle,
A smile, a tear,
A mad whirl of gladness,
And this is a year.

LUCIE ALINE TOWER.

It was all about some letters. They were not love letters, but the friendly, yet subtle epistles that a girl sometimes writes to a man. They were not narrative in their style, but

The Test analytical and very sincere. Margaret McGregor was a clever girl—and she wrote a clever letter. Her notes always made Gordon Page feel that she had just fallen short of gratifying him; that her words just failed to imply a vague something; that she had come to the water's edge but not stepped in. They always left him hungry, and with a longing for more of that which she held out but did not give.

When Page had come back from his year in the south, he came to the realization that he loved Margaret McGregor. He considered the matter carefully as modern men do, and in their quiet, determined way he began to court her. He saw her often; talked much of himself; told her of his affairs; let her see his ideals, and his beliefs, and then listened to hers. He did not neglect her mother. He did not omit frequent suitable little gifts. Oh, he wooed her mechanically enough, but he did not love her thus. Margaret McGregor understood his motives, but she gave no sign. She was not ready for that, for there were tests yet to be made.

"I've been thinking," she said,—they were both sitting before the open fire—"about those letters I wrote to you a year ago."

Page turned lazily towards her. He was used to her strange beginnings.

"About the letters?" he repeated.

"Yes, you've often spoken of having them filed away. I want you to destroy them."

This surprised Page. Margaret never quibbled about things of sentiment. He wondered at her request.

"Why, no one ever sees them," he said, looking up. She sighed.

"I know that. I didn't suppose you read them aloud."

"Oh, but I do—sometimes, certain ones, to myself. They almost make me wish that I was away again. You seem kinder in letters."

"Do I? That's why I want them destroyed. I ran across a note to-day that I happened not to send. It was just like the others, and as I re-read it, it sounded—oh,—I don't know—very vague."

"Yes,—so vague," he caught her up, "that I can't imagine what you can object to in them."

"Oh, it may be only a whim; but you're so good about things like that," she leaned forward smiling, "that I know you'll destroy them for me. Won't you?" She laid her hand on the arm of his chair. "Seeing I want you to so very much?"

She seemed suddenly ineffably dear to Page. Her nearness—and her smile—seemed to enfold him. They enveloped him like the odor of a field of lilies, and it was only when he held his breath, as it were, that he felt, for an instant, free, and trusted himself to speak.

"I'll do as you wish," he said gently, and turned a little away.

Margaret McGregor's letters meant a great deal to Page. He seldom re-read them, but he liked to take them from their box, and lay them in a pile before him. They greatly reassured him. A certain wave of hope would come over him to see written so often his name by Margaret McGregor. They were all he possessed of her, and absolutely the only sign of her regard for him. He argued that it meant something that she cared to send him so many excellent letters. Without them—he would feel that he had lost a part of her, and the only part that he possessed.

They were to him as a path, between the waters, to the promised land. It was hard for him to take it away. If he could but reach the promised land first he would not care,—but this he had failed to do.

The next evening when he called, Margaret's first remark was about her request of the day before.

"Are they gone—the letters?" she said.

"No, I wanted first to re-read them before I gave them up entirely—and, if you are willing, I am waiting for some quiet, uninterrupted evening in which to do it."

Her eyes lighted a little. "You want to re-read them?" she repeated ponderingly, "why?"

"Because—because—" but he suddenly changed his tactics,— "oh," he finished jovially, "just to bid them good-bye." Margaret was sorry that Page stood her test so poorly. But she gave him another chance.

"I am sorry," she answered him, "but I'd rather you'd not re-read them. It is from you, don't you see, that I want them guarded. I am not afraid others will read them—and I wouldn't much mind if they did. I just do not want you to have them."

"They were not love letters," he reminded her.

"No, they were not," she agreed.

"And if there was anything for me that outsiders could not observe," he went on, "I never discovered it, though the Lord knows I hunted hard enough."

"But you will of course destroy them without re-reading them?" He hesitated a moment between two replies. Then, finally—

"I'll do anything you ask," he chose. But that was not the reply Margaret wanted.

Late that same night Page wrote a short note to Margaret telling her that the letters were burned and not one word re-read. He did not know he had written the death warrant of his own hopes.

But the end was not until two weeks later when Page spent Sunday at the McGregors' country place. Margaret was very kind, very cordial, all the time she was with him. Page's hopes rose high, but it was only that flash of vitality that comes just before death. Sunday afternoon, several hours before he was to take his train back to town, Margaret walked with him to a

small hill behind the house. She was more jovial than usual. There was a color in her cheeks, and a flash in her eyes like an electric spark. And Page, too, felt the strange exhilaration. He felt himself full of courage — full of hope — full of thanksgiving.

"Have you ever stopped to think," Margaret began in her usual abrupt way — but this time it was planned — "how tawdry the symbols of some pasts are?"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"They seem — somehow — rather cheap and common — a little shabby, I think. An old diary, for instance. Why, I burned two or three the other week. I couldn't bear my old ideas of things. They were absolutely foolish. It's the same way with a memorabilia, or a book one liked once." Page wondered where she was aiming.

"I think a past without symbols is much dearer—and so much less commonplace."

"Perhaps you're right," Page agreed.

They walked for several minutes in silence, and then at just the right instant, — not a minute too soon, — "I was reading some of your old letters early this morning," Margaret said quietly. Suddenly Page believed he saw her motive.

"I wish you'd destroy them," he exclaimed.

Margaret had by her careful manoeuvring obtained the remark she had worked for. Page had responded to his cue. And now she could take her time. She drew a sigh of relief and sat down on the brow of the hill facing the west.

"I couldn't do that," she answered softly, almost sadly. Her sudden gravity seemed greater on account of her recent jollity. Page saw the difference and wondered.

"But I request it, as you did of me," he said. Margaret clasped her hands about her knees, and with her eyes on the sunset she began to speak — very quietly—very slowly — almost as if to herself.

"I couldn't destroy your letters. I am forced to refuse—they are the one thing of yours that are mine—to do with as I will—they are all I have, and I will keep them even if by so doing I lose your companionship. You can take away your friendship, that is yours to do with as you like, but your letters you have given to me. Until you are nothing to me—or everything—I shall keep your letters. I would, you know, like to do as you

wish, yet I'm not robbing you of anything, while if I should grant your request I should sacrifice one of the dearest things of my life."

Page heard her words as a blind man after many years receives his sight. The first glimpse of the world, of the trees, of the flowers, is one mass of color and splendor. He cannot distinguish. His perspective is wrong. He is unable to focus and adjust. He sees no significance in color and form and light. It was so with Page. He heard and understood only the words Margaret spoke. They were to him a revelation of glory. Why she spoke them, what was her motive he did not stop to ask. Her words overwhelmed him.

"Margaret," he almost gasped and took her hand, "Margaret, if you care thus for my poor letters, then—"

"Oh," she interrupted, "I had not finished. You should have made the speech I have just made two weeks ago, then I might have listened now." He dropped her hand. "It is only that you did not know what I wanted," she finished with a laugh that quavered. He answered her with difficulty.

"But I felt what you just now expressed," he said.

"Perhaps you did. The trouble is you didn't see that it was the time to speak, not comply."

He sat looking down at a bit of grass in his hand. He did not try to argue. He knew that he had failed to stand the test. She broke the long silence.

"I hope," she said finally, a little brokenly, "I haven't been unkind in my way of showing you." But he could not answer, so she went on, "I prize your friendship as much as I ever did. And of course we'll always be just as we are — such very good friends—and you really are one of my best."

But all this sounded like the merry music of a hurdy-gurdy in a death-room.

Page made some pretence at conversation as they walked back in the evening hush together. But it was strained and forced. He was glad to say good-bye. Margaret wished him all the conventional things, an easy journey, a return later. The hurdy-gurdy played on; but it was no matter now—the end had come. Page's hopes had had their last battle—their last struggle—and had not found their paradise.

OLIVE CHAPIN HIGGINS.

LULLABY

Lullaby, lullaby, Pretty-my-own !
Lullaby, soft and low !
Slow, slow, on thy dream-boat go,
Sped by a wind from the gathering night,
Over a sea of all-delight,
Into a land of dreams.

Lullaby, lullaby, Pretty-my-own !
Lullaby, sad and sweet !
Fleet, fleet, on dream-shod feet,
Through the golden city of make-believe,
Where nothing can hurt or harm or grieve
A little sailor lad.

Lullaby, lullaby, Pretty-my-own !
Lullaby, Sweet, and rest !
Rest, rest, on this borrowed breast,
Till you sail on the sea of things that seem
With the star of happiness all agleam
For a little lonely child.

LOUISE MARSHALL BYALS.

THE DIFFERENCE

"He's only a man," she often said
With a saucy shrug, and a toss of her head,
When she was scolded for flirting so,
And ruining hopes by her wilful "no !"
"He's only a man, he'll soon forget.
If he's lost his heart why should I fret?
He's only a man !"

"He's only a man," her friends say now,
"So why do you worry or even allow
The thought of him to make you blue?
Surely, some other one will do.
He's only a man. If he loves you not,
Why on earth should you care a jot?
He's only a man !"

"He's only a man," the maid repeats,
Then shakes her head and, silent, weeps,
And says to herself, "How little they see
The difference a word can make for me.
'He's only a man,' if that were so
My heart wouldn't say, if I will or no,
'He's only *the* man.'"

FLORA JULIET BOWLEY.

Rosie McKeon was tall and fetching, and most of the girls "of my set", as she called them, submitted to her sway, as did the family for which she worked. She would finish the dinner dishes and go out for the afternoon, come back and prepare tea, wash the supper dishes and go out again for the evening. When her mistress suggested that she would better remain at home some afternoons, Rosie replied, "You can't get any of the girls of my set to stay in afternoons if they get their work done."

"But, Rose, I am often not dressed when you go out, and there is no one to answer the bell."

"I never go out till two o'clock, and you certainly can get dressed by two. All the girls in town that have first rate places go out." And that was all.

Rosie was capable, so capable in fact that the family was dependent upon her. She managed them smoothly, and it was some time before the family knew they were managed. But Rosie always knew it. Her only fault was going out at all times, and her only excuse was that she did only as others did.

"If you will tell me a week ahead, I will not make any engagement for the time you want," she said, when the master undertook the battle.

"That's asking a good deal."

"My father wouldn't let me take a place where I couldn't have my time. My father has lived here forty years and I have worked here ten, and you have been here two."

The master subsided. "I don't pretend to be one of the first families," he said as he reported to his wife.

"There's one consolation in having a first family girl. All her company is so ladylike," said she.

"And gentlemanlike," he added.

"My dear, she has only one."

So the family were surprised as the summer advanced to have three or four different men walk up and down the driveway with Rose, who grew gloomier every day.

"Why, Rosie, what's the matter?" asked her mistress one evening, for Rose had spoken only when necessary all day.

"I am a fool," replied Rose.

"Can't I help you?"

"I don't think you can."

"Tell me about it."

Rose was preparing to go out for the evening. She went over to the towel rack and hung up the towels carefully and began, her back towards her mistress.

"I was keeping company nine years steady with Patrick Gallagher. I started working when I was seventeen, and next year he started calling regular. I was always large for my age. He came all these nine years. He and I were both saving."

She stopped and hung up her apron.

"This Fourth o' July we were going out. He didn't come and I went to Maggie's, not wanting him to find me waiting. But he didn't come, and hasn't since. I've been trying to find out where he was and who he was with that day." She put on her hat. "Well, I know now."

"What will you do?"

Rosie turned round and faced her mistress. "She's only an upstairs girl from across the mountain, and shall I go and say to her, 'Give him back to me, Rosie McKeon, for he left me because he said I was too old, and me a-waiting and a-saving these nine years'? Arrah, I see myself doing that. I'll do nothing, unless I send her a wedding present. He marries her this day week."

"Perhaps she doesn't know."

"Most likely she's glad to get him that was the man of John McKeon's daughter." Rose stood there, tall and proud. "I am too old. I'm twenty-seven," she said and went out. She had intended to spend the evening at Maggie's, but turned her way to where the upstairs girl from across the mountain lived. With every step the sense of pride and parentage lessened, while that of injury deepened.

Rose walked up the garden path. A small, slight girl was sitting on the back steps.

"Are you she that marries Patrick Gallagher this day week?"

"Yes, and you are—" the girl shivered—"you are Rosie McKeon."

"I am Rosie McKeon, and I've come to wish you luck with him. He went with me nine years steady, and he's left me because I'm too old." Rose laughed. "How old are you, then?"

Her rival's head was tossed jauntily. "Twenty-two," she replied.

"Well, you'll be twenty-seven, and too old, soon, and then you can't get rid of him. What with hard work you'll be twenty-seven soon enough. What will you do then?"

There was no answer.

"I wish you luck with him, Mrs. Patrick Gallagher, and in a few years, when he's after some other girl, you'll be sorry you took the man from Rose McKeon. He went with me nine years steady, and you've not long before you'll be twenty-seven and too old soon."

Rose walked home slowly, greeting the friends she met pleasantly. None of them should know that John McKeon's daughter had been jilted. Up in her own room no one could see her, and she sank on the floor.

"Oh, Paddy, if you'd only come back, I'd work so for you. I've worked for you these nine years. Oh, if you'd only come back! I'm too old, but I'd work for you."

Next morning Rose waited at breakfast, at dinner, went out in the afternoon, and again in the evening. No one could guess that for one night she had forgotten that her father was John McKeon.

MARY ROYCE ORMSBEE.

A QUESTION

There's a star in the heaven above us,—
 Tho' of stars there are many a score,
 'Mong Jupiter, Mars and Venus,—
 That has never been seen before.

There's a mite in the air about us,—
 Tossed in the wind's mighty roar,
 Held in the arms of the moon-god,—
 That has never been found before.

There's a stone in the earth beneath us,—
 Hid snugly in Mother Earth's store,
 For Earth has always her wonders,—
 That has never been found before.

You muse of the pen and the pencil,
 Who inspired the writers of yore,
 You muse, speak truly, is there nothing
 That has never been written before?

IRENE CLARK.

Shortly after my friend, Sherlock Holmes, had restored the famous blue carbuncle of the Countess of Morcar, I chanced to be returning home in a cab late at night, and having occasion to pass through Baker Street, noticed a light in the window of the rooms we formerly occupied together, but now tenanted by him alone. Since I was not expected home until the morning, I decided to stop with him over night, and, after dismissing the cab, crossed the street to the doorway entrance. When about three feet from the door-step, my foot came in contact with what seemed to be a piece of twine attached at either end to some heavy object. Carefully groping in the dark, I discovered the offending objects to be a pair of shoes, the laces of which, tied together, had so nearly caused me a fall. I picked them up and entered my friend's lodgings in triumph.

"Well, doctor," said Sherlock Holmes cheerily, looking up from the chemical investigation that had engrossed his attention up to this late hour, "you still use a cab, I see."

"Oh, yes, you heard it stop at the door."

"No, but it's a wet night and your shoes are not muddy. Also your trousers are decorated with two or three straw ends from the cab floor. But what is this? Have you turned cobbler?"

"No," I answered, "I found these just now before your door, and nearly fell over them."

"So?" he queried. "They lay less than four feet from the door, then, did they not?"

"How do you know that?"

"I only observe that they are not wet, and the shelter extends out only eight feet, a simple calculation."

"Well," I asked, a little nettled at my own stupidity, "what else can you deduce from them?"

He took the shoes and examined them carefully before answering.

"Their owner," said he, "was once fairly well-to-do, but is now less so. He is tall, but bow-legged, wears black and white check trousers, and has one crippled hand, the right. He is also neat in his habits, though insincere, and has lately been in the neighborhood of South Kensington. So much for deduction."

"And for inference?"

"I should say he was a burglar."

"But how on earth can you deduce all that?" asked I, now thoroughly at a loss, but cognizant of his wonderful powers of observation. "I can make nothing out of them."

"Simple enough," said Holmes, smiling. "Observe, doctor, these shoes were not made in a factory, but by hand; hence a well-to-do owner. But they have been re-soled and are now in need of repairs, so that his fortune must have fallen off somewhat."

"But how do you know he is tall and bow-legged?"

"Notice the size of the shoes; dwarfs don't wear nines. Also that they are worn much more on the outer side of the sole than on the inner; therefore bow-legged. This thread in the eyelet of the lace is woollen, black and white, and must have come from his trousers. He is neat, for he has carefully waxed the frayed ends of the laces. His right hand is crippled, temporarily or otherwise, because he has blacked his shoes with the left hand alone, the bare patch on the outer side of the right shoe indicating that. He has lately been to South Kensington, for that peculiar yellow mud along the edge of the sole is found nowhere else."

"And the insincerity and the burglar?"

"Observe he has not blacked the heels at all. He is evidently satisfied with appearances. As for his occupation, the sole of each shoe is worn flat from the ball to the toe, indicating a profession whose followers seldom, if ever, walk on their heels. Add to this the fact that a piece of blotting paper has been inserted between the two soles, and I deduce a professional house-breaker. But who is this so late at night?" as a loud jangle at the door-bell announced a visitor.

"Oh, Lestrade, it is you," he continued, as the Scotland Yard detective entered, flushed and out of breath. "It must be something important to bring you out such a night as this."

"Yes, Mr. Holmes, it is," said Lestrade, removing from the pocket of his wet overcoat a package carefully done up in brown paper and placing it on the table. "It's that South Kensington burglary. What? Haven't you heard? The residence of Bishop Willis was broken into last night and much of the church plate stolen. It was at the rectory while the church was being repaired."

"Was there any clue?"

"This, that the burglar was evidently left-handed. The way the window was opened showed that. Also there were foot-prints on the lawn. Knowing your peculiarity in this regard, I measured them and made these prints," said Lestrade, opening the brown paper parcel as he spoke. "Would you like to see them?"

"By all means," said Holmes, taking the prints to the light, where he bent over them for a few moments.

"Well, what do you make of them?" asked Lestrade impatiently.

"Your man," said Holmes, "is tall, bow-legged, and has a crippled right hand. At the time of the burglary he had on black and white check trousers, with checks three-eighths of an inch wide. It is also extremely probable that he has red hair, which is gradually getting darker."

"Come," said Lestrade angrily, "I didn't come here to have you make fun of me. If you are willing to come and help in the morning, say so, but don't sit there and joke about it."

"I am not joking nor making fun, but I will go and take a look at the premises to-morrow and see if I can help any."

That night I shared his bachelor quarters, and as we were sitting down to breakfast the next morning there came a messenger from Lestrade, asking us to make haste, as the rain was fast washing away all the marks on the lawn. Sherlock Holmes was much impressed with the appearance of the messenger, as was I also, for before us stood a tall man, so bow-legged as to suggest a pair of parentheses. He wore checked trousers, and his hair, flaming red at the extremities, gradually shaded to a dark brown at his scalp. There were also three fingers missing from his right hand.

"Lock the door, Watson," said Holmes quietly. "I think we need not trouble Lestrade this morning. Now, sir," he continued, turning to his prisoner, "tell us where you have concealed the silver."

"What silver? Why am I treated this way?" almost shouted his visitor, glaring at Holmes, as he saw his escape cut off. "I am a member of the Scotland Yard police force! Unlock that door!"

"Oh, if you are going to be violent, I am not going to argue with you," said Holmes, calmly producing a pistol and covering

his visitor with it. "Watson, send one of my Baker Street boys after a cab. We will discuss this at the station."

Shortly after this event I was summoned to Birmingham to a consultation, and it was not until some six weeks later—after the burglar, thanks to Holmes' testimony, had been convicted and sentenced to six years' hard labor—that I was able to again visit Holmes in his cozy bachelor quarters on Baker Street.

"You see, Watson," he said, in response to my compliment on the rapidity of his detection of the criminal, "as soon as I saw Lestrade's prints I perceived that they were made by the boots you so opportunely tripped over. The problem was so simple and luck played so into our hands that it was hardly interesting."

"But how did you know he had red hair?"

"That was only a surmise, but as you saw, a correct one. Red hair, as you probably know, is caused by the presence of too much iron in the blood. It is also known that muriatic acid, taken regularly and properly diluted, will dissolve the iron and change the hair from red to brown. Now, observe this little hole in the toe of the burglar's shoe. Nothing but muriatic acid will eat the fibres in that peculiar manner. His obvious purpose was to avoid detection, and how could he do it better than by coloring his hair? You remember we saw it in the process of change on his head."

"Yes, I'm Mr. Holmes." This to a grizzled, bow-legged old Scotchman, whose summons at the door he had answered while finishing his explanation.

"Then, sir," said the Scotchman respectfully, "I was told to give you this," and he handed Sherlock Holmes a letter.

"Oh, yes, from the Bishop of South Kensington, I see," said Holmes. "Come and read it with me, Watson."

I here subjoin the epistle, which I read over his shoulder.

"DEAR MR. HOLMES:—By the time this reaches you I shall be no more. I stole the church plate to cover heavy financial losses from speculation. I forced the window myself from the inside. I never thought an innocent man would be condemned in my stead, and the thought of another suffering for my crime has driven me to desperation. I write this to you, because you alone can exonerate him without dishonoring my name, and I

do not wish my wife and child to know I was a thief. The plate you will find in an empty wine cask in the cellar.

JOHN WILLIS,
Bishop of South Kensington."

"But the tracks on the lawn!" gasped Holmes.

"If you please, sir," said the Scotchman, "I made the foot-prints the police were measuring."

"Then these shoes—" began Holmes, picking up my memorable find as he spoke.

"Are mine, sir," said the messenger. "I'm the Bishop's coachman, and he gave them to me. He had them made so, to walk without creaking in the church."

"But the muriatic acid; how did it get on them?"

"It was some we used in the stable, sir, to burn the horses' hoofs for their shoes. One little mare won't stand hot iron. The last time we used it I burned my hand," he said, showing, as he spoke, his right hand, which was tied up in black and white checked flannel.

"I think, Watson," said Holmes sadly, after our aged visitor had departed, "I shall go to-morrow for a short vacation in the country."

AGNES MARY O'BRIEN.

THE SEA: THREE VIEWS

I. The Landsman

O the blue sea, the bright sea,
The sea of a sheltered bay,
Where the waves break soft on a pebbly beach,
And the little fishes play.
O the blue sea, the bright sea,
And the ship that swings with the quiet waves!

II. The Sailor

O the green sea, the deep sea,
The sea of a hundred tales,
Where the waves stretch on to the edge of the sky,
And the "Phantom Dutchman" sails.
O the green sea, the deep sea,
And the ship that bounds o'er the swelling waves!

III. *The Widow*

O the gray sea, the cold sea,
 The sea that never spares,
 Whose wrath is roused no man knows how,
 Whose secrets no man shares.
 O the gray sea, the cold sea,
 And the ship that sinks 'mid the clutching waves !
 MILDRED WALDRON BENNETT.

A small and grimy youth sauntered into the school-room. This was Jake, the Imp of Innocence. His were the feet that never meant to trip up the girl that
The Reward of Virtue passed his seat; his the heels that accidentally nicked the shins of his neighbors; his the ears that, seemingly beyond his control, were in the habit of moving up and down, to the joy of people for seats around; his the pudgy hands that flattened his turned-up nose and stretched his face into a brownie's, to the terror of the girl opposite; his the eyes that were wont to beam with conscious innocence or shocked surprise when the neighborhood was reprimanded for convulsions he had raised.

His passage to his seat was of the nature of a triumphal progress. Small hands held out tribute of rice, coffee, cloves or gaudy candy; or grasped be-ribboned braids until he was safely past. School had not begun when he arrived, and for once his teacher, out in the hall, absorbed in exhorting boys to lift their feet, to keep in the middle of the staircase, or to shut the door, had not noticed him. The coast was clear. Jacob's seat was in the back of the room, but he became at once the center of attention. He had an unrivalled reputation as entertainer, which he maintained without difficulty. Putting a hand into one of the pockets which stood out like knobs all over him, he drew out a comb,—a beautiful, circle comb, all glittering with diamonds as big as peas—the height of fashion—and, carefully adjusting it on his shaggy head, he beamed from under it.

A dozen hands stretched out. "Me, Jake, me," whispered a dozen imploring voices, timid at the thought of that larger voice in the hall, which kept saying, "Quietly, boys." "Shut the door, James." "Henry, I don't want to speak to you again." And so on.

"What'll you gi' me?" queried Jacob.

Pockets were ransacked and treasures poured out, but, from lead pencils to a decidedly limp frog, he spurned them all. Taking his slate pencil, he carefully pried up the settings and picked out the glittering gems until the pencil broke. He threw the diamonds at the girls he liked best, and the pieces of slate pencil at the boys. Those on whom he did not bestow anything tried to snatch these offerings from his favorites. Then he returned the comb to his pocket, and began to study his reading-book. The children instinctively turned their backs on Jacob to see what had caused the change. There in the doorway stood the principal.

"Jacob may take this clock to the janitor for me," she said.

Jacob came up the aisle with a lamb-like look, took the clock, and, without even one superior smile, disappeared. The bell rang. Rosy children filled the room. The morning song was sung. The morning prayer was said. The children began to write spelling-words. Still no Jacob. When the class was ready to read, he appeared. From his statements one would have been convinced that no one had ever searched for a janitor with such zeal as he had displayed, or been so expeditious in finding him. He admitted, however, that he had stopped at the kindergarten door a minute or two to see if his brother was there, and that was explanation enough for Miss Gray. Jacob walked to his seat with an abused expression. But his troubles were not yet over.

The door opened. There stood a little, ruffled girl with bobbing curls. She was weeping, and each fist scoured an eye.

"I'm late because I lost my best comb,—and it's new," she sobbed.

Miss Gray asked if anybody had found a comb. No one had. So Mary went around to every room to see if it had been found. She came back in tears, without it. Jacob could never bear to see a girl cry, and Mary had just forgotten her troubles in the joy of writing on paper when a grimy hand deposited the remains of a comb in her lap, with a murmured, "Don't you tell who give this to you, or you'll get hit going home."

Mary looked at the comb. It was hers, but oh, where were the diamonds that lately decked it? She raised one fluttering hand—a signal of distress—but, before the teacher saw it, Jacob did, and punched the air so emphatically with his fist that the little girl took up her pencil and wrote words again, though

the tears kept brimming over her eyes whenever she looked his way. The teacher passed down the aisles to look at the work, and then Mary, forgetting the threats of that fist, told her that Jacob had had her comb, "and he's lost all the diamonds," she concluded with a sob.

"My big sister give me that comb," said Jacob. "But she can have it. I give it to her. She's crying because I told her I didn't want her to tell it all over."

Miss Gray considered. The evidence was damaging. It hardly seemed probable that his sister would give him a new comb. But she had not time to talk with him then.

"Jacob, I want to see you for a moment this noon," she said. "Where are the diamonds that were on this?"

Jacob stuck his hands into his trousers pockets, bringing from each a double handful of booty. He pulled the linings of his pockets wrong side out, showering cooky crumbs.

"I ain't got no diamonds," he grumbled.

Then diamonds began to sparkle in up-raised hands. These were given to Mary, who spent her spare time for the rest of the morning patiently fitting in as many of the stones as she could.

Jacob stayed at noon and listened to Miss Gray, who did not exactly accuse him of anything, but who talked at very tiresome length on truthfulness. He walked home all alone, and found his dinner cold and all the cookies eaten. He came back with a heart full of wrath and a head full of strategems. And Mary? That little girl appeared in the afternoon with a contented smile, and her own comb, which she informed Miss Gray she had found at home beside the clock.

Writing came first in the afternoon. The class had gone in their writing-books as far as V. Jacob, for fifteen minutes, painfully wrought out, "Virtue is its own reward. Virtue is its own reward. Virtue is its own reward." Yet he little realized that it was the moral of his unlucky day—fortunately.

MARTHA CLAY.

UNDER THE PINES

Do you know the pines at dawn,
 Hoar-white with silver dew,
 When the sun above the eastern hills
 Darts golden lances through?
 When sweet birds, waking, sing,
 To welcome back the morn
 Into the dusky solitudes—
 Do you know the pines at dawn?

Do you know the pines at noon?
 At noon do you love to lie
 At their roots, and watch through slumb'rous boughs
 The blue and white of the sky?
 To watch, and so to dream,
 With the heart of the world in tune—
 Alone beneath the fragrant pines
 In the awe of God's high noon.

But ah, the pines at night!
 The wandering winds are still;
 The shadows slip down, step by step,
 Over the distant hill.
 Softly the moonbeams fall
 On the needles smooth and brown;
 Between the boughs, with softer eyes,
 The holy stars look down.

Ah, night beneath the pines!
 Silence is there, and peace;
 Solitude, quiet, rest,
 Calm that shall never cease.
 The world is forgot, and self,
 Yea, life, and all life's care,
 For who knows the pines at midnight
 Has found and known God there.

CLARA WINIFRED NEWCOMB.

EDITORIAL

Notwithstanding the best intentions on the part of the newspapers, the people interested in Smith College have had good cause to blush over many articles published during the past few years. Frightful sensational headlines have magnified college molehills into whole ranges of mountains, while another type of journalistic work has alternately pictured the students as a dimity-ruffled, ice-consuming race, and as shaggy-haired individuals arrayed in perpetual gymnasium suits. This latter class, while trying to point out the beauties of the social life, and the benefits of athletic training, has really given a totally false impression, which is due not alone to what is said, but to what is left unsaid, and the members of the college have to deplore the sins both of omission and commission.

The Evening Post and Springfield Republican, while printing notices of the numerous branches of the work of other colleges, have generally cut Smith off with a few words about a tea at one of the campus houses or a dance in the Students' Building.

Of course in a way this is an absolutely trifling thing, but in another it is serious. No wonder the good people who read long accounts of missionary conferences at Mount Holyoke, and lectures at Radcliffe, have a poor opinion of a college that has nothing more to say for itself than "such and such a house gave a tea." The knowing look accompanying the conversational opening of outsiders, "You must have a pretty good time up at Smith!" is getting to be more than a bore. We do have a good time, and we are proud of it. We do not in the least covet a reputation for greasy grindship, but it is trying to stand undeserved adverse comparison with other colleges, simply because the newspapers certain people have happened to read print only one branch of Smith College items.

A few papers have always had regular correspondents among the students, but most of them are satisfied merely to accept

occasional articles—as one of the best reputed New York papers puts it—on “snappy subjects”. These (alackaday!) not only students, but outsiders, are only too willing to write. The more exaggerated and foundationless the matter, the better such work pays, for—though a hackneyed statement—it is nevertheless true, that the eminently dignified almost invariably strikes the press as eminently dull.

If press representation necessarily means misrepresentation, why not keep out of it altogether? For an institution of any size and importance, this is impossible. A few individuals, by means of eschewing divorce courts, accidents, the society of the Four Hundred, and mental, moral or physical distinction, are able to do this, but not so a college. The one thing we can strive for is to avoid as much misrepresentation as possible by appealing to the college spirit of the girls who report—the outsiders we can in no way reach—and asking them to see to it that if the “snappy stories” have to exist, they are at least balanced by reports of a different sort.

By way of active aid, in conjunction with this appeal, an association has been formed to help the girls who report to accurate information about the different branches of college interest, by referring them to authorized members of the different societies. The association consists of one member from each of the four classes, and a chairman from the senior class. It is the duty of this association to see that such papers as want regular contributions are supplied with competent correspondents, and to collect all the clippings and articles that are being printed about Smith College, and index them in such a way that they will be useful for reference.

Of course the work of the board is as yet largely experimental. Probably not all of the students who report have handed in their names, but it is to be hoped that in time they will prefer working with the coöperation of the board to independently, and that inaccurate, flabby, flowery journalistic productions will grow less frequent.

The board for the year 1903–1904 is as follows :

Chairman, Sophie Knowlton Hiss.

Senior Member, Helen Chase Marble.

Junior Member, Lucy Esther Macdonald.

Sophomore Member, Bessie Ely Amerman.

Freshman Member, to be elected later.

EDITOR'S TABLE

BOOK REVIEWS

A Daughter of Thespis, by John D. Barry. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston.) In *A Daughter of Thespis* Mr. Barry has made his heroine, Evelyn Johnson, the exponent of three types of love: the purely emotional, her love for Harold Seymour; the fascination of the intellect, which Oswald Webb unconsciously exerts on her; the real love of heart and head which results in her marriage with Leonard Thayre. The rest of the characters, together with the three mentioned, exist to help her express these phases, and she exists solely to express them. The plan of the story is well conceived, the characters well drawn and developed with a mathematical accuracy, but each and all lack the vital spark. They are perfect types, but never living beings. As a study the story is intensely interesting and plot and handling are both far above the majority of this year's fiction.

A. S. M.

Gorgo, by Charles Kelsey Gaines. (Lothrop Publishing Co.) *Gorgo* is a story within a story. The teller, a boy in school, is suddenly recalled to the consciousness of a pre-existence by the lines of an oration of Lysias directed against himself, Theramenes, as he existed some four hundred years B. C. This forms a somewhat needless introduction to a sugar-coated history of Greece from the time of Pericles to the Spartan supremacy, and fragments of Socrates' philosophy, in words of one syllable. A love story is introduced into the last half, but it is unimportant and not particularly well worked up. The book is written in a clear, simple style, and gives a good picture of the Athenian temper and life. It would be a valuable book for school libraries, where there is a real need of such literature to popularize the ancient myths and histories.

A. S. M.

Earth's Enigmas, by Charles G. D. Roberts. (L. C. Page & Co.) The title of this book immediately claims the attention, echoing as it does the unanswered "why" of which this generation seems particularly conscious. It piques the interest with almost unlimited suggestion, and it would not be too much to say that the book fulfills what the title promised. There are fifteen stories in all, two or three of which are dreams, well told but with no real reason for being. The rest show great observation and insight and a remarkable power of conveying the results in words. The atmosphere of the book is that of forest glades, or gray moorland, and stretches of dank quiet marsh. Against this background, Mr. Roberts paints his heroes, men or beasts as the case may be, with indiscriminating sympathy and understanding. Some one has criticised his animals as being too much like men. Perhaps this may be explained by the fact that it is the fundamental instincts only he portrays—and these do not belong to men alone. He reaches down to the common plane, and it is well said that sympathy is a great humanizer. The proud young ox, dying on the snow fields, in his fruitless quest for the green hills of his memory, is no foreign figure to story; the lumber man rescues his child from the famished panthers, but Mr. Roberts is not blind to the pathos of the little dead cubs, whose parents never returned. The animal stories are the strongest of the book, but "The Perdu" is the most remarkable in every way. The beginning, the end and all the events, together with the characters, are united and accounted for by the influence of a small lagoon and the surrounding marshes. It is an extremely difficult task to interconnect places and people, but so well is the tone sustained and the atmosphere portrayed that only the barest outline of plot is needed or given to make a satisfying and interesting piece of literature. The book is well gotten up in every way, and the illustrations by Mr. Charles Livingston Bull are what illustrations should be and so rarely are, interpretations.

A. S. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED

A Book of Girls, and *The Interference of Patricia*, by Lilian Bell. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston.)

A Listener in Babel, by Vida D. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Academy of Music, October 14, Miss Ethel Barrymore, in "Cousin Kate". "*On ne peut pas plaire à tout le monde et à son père.*" and in a little college world which may be regarded as a miniature, and therefore considered almost simultaneously in detail and in perspective, this fact may be seen in startling distinctness. However, in spite of the proverb, it sometimes happens, at very rare intervals, that one thing contains elements which appeal to everyone. An instance of this was Miss Barrymore's production of "Cousin Kate", which seemed to be universally considered as entirely charming. True, it would be difficult to imagine the play with anyone else cast for the title rôle, but fortunately we have not to consider such an emergency. If plays may be classified, according to their motives, into those which aim to entertain the audience and those which seek notoriety for themselves by some startling or gruesome treatment, without regard to the feelings of the audience, Mr. Davies' "Cousin Kate" belongs to the former class. In the art of play-writing it is a neat piece of work and highly finished. The characters are all consistently developed, and by Miss Barrymore's cast were interpreted with equal excellence.

So much for the play, and now for its reception by a certain constituent of the audience. If the following shoe is not a "size seven", let not the class wearing that number put it on. There is a form of heroine-worship rife, which finds its expression in violent physical demonstration. In the theatre this is reduced to a certain spasmodic contraction of the muscles of the arm, which causes an explosive contact of the hands, not as remarkable for its intensity as for its duration. We all realize that with advancing years torpedoes pall. Is it not also probable that, to an actor past the amateur stage, fireworks no longer appeal? Certainly, to the more quietly enthusiastic part of the audience they are far from pleasing. And to the idol herself, after she has been as gracious as to sacrifice her own breathing time, as well as the artistic effect of her play, by coming before the curtain, a repeated summons from an importunate audience must seem nothing less than a thoughtless imposition upon her courtesy.

Academy of Music, October 16, Miss Henrietta Crossman, in "As You Like It". Unfortunately, all criticism of a play as frequently presented as "As You Like It" is usually by com-

parison, and so, with a vivid impression still in our minds of the veritable Forest of Arden shown to us last spring by the Woodland Players, it was hard to return to the wooden trees and painted leaves of an indoor performance. However, far more lamentable was it to find that the production of the play by Miss Crossman's company was almost as mechanical as the setting; whereas Mr. Ben Greet's actors seemed to imbibe a refreshing spontaneity and a naive naturalness from the outdoor atmosphere. Miss Crossman herself gave an intelligent and carefully studied rendering of the rôle of Rosalind. She was, however, too convincingly masculine in the doublet and hose scenes. Though not without genuine admiration for her dash and vim, it was far easier to imagine her a handsome boy than a timid but determined maiden in disguise. However, it was as an attractive youth that she did her best work, for she seemed somewhat out of sympathy with the parts of the play in which Rosalind appears as a girl.

There seems to be of late a fallacy prevalent that a star shines more brilliantly if the theatrical firmament is unilluminated by any other light, of even so much as one match power. This current theory perhaps accounts for the utter mediocrity of Miss Crossman's company, no member of which, besides herself, deserves mention, except Audrey, who played her part with utter simplicity and whole-hearted joyousness, yet without introducing into it the element of complete idiocy which so many actresses consider necessary to an interpretation of the rôle.

The play, on the whole, was a disappointment, as all dramatic efforts almost invariably must be, which depend exclusively on the personality of one actor or actress for their success.

L. S. L.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

"There isn't a man in America but what's got his price," remarked the Genial American at the Sicilian table-d'hôte.

"We care less for money in Germany ; you Modern Innocents Abroad cannot buy a Prussian officer," replied a grey-haired German, dispassionately looking over his spectacles.

"Neither,"—the Assorted Guests turned with one accord toward a feminine voice with a little quaver in it, half-way down the table,—“neither can you buy an American gentleman.”

The Assorted Guests,—the scholarly German, the little Dutch professor with his sister, the piquant Russian woman, and the English clergyman,—all shook their heads with an air of surprise. Evidently, they thought the assertion unwarranted. Why not? They had good authority for scepticism ; the gesture of dissent of the Genial American was even more emphatic than their own.

He continued to speak, while the Assorted Guests listened with respectful interest. In lightly ironical monologue, with the racy touch which only our countrymen command, he set forth the extent of our commercialism, our indifference to what money cannot buy, the corruption of our politics, the worship of the Almighty \$, evinced in the length and breadth of our fair land, by Press, Pulpit, and University. It was impossible to infer from the tone of his talk whether he were ashamed or proud of the situation.

"Why, I know a man in Washington ; he's a Christian gentleman and a scholar. He has held"—such and such positions of trust: "He has one of the best libraries in the country on"—such and such lines,—“What does that man signify in America? Now his next door neighbor isn't what you would call an educated man ; he began life as a newsboy,—but he'd got the knack at it, don't you know, and he owns his millions to-day, and has the country at his feet.”

"Don't you think,"—the feminine voice quavered a little more, but would not be daunted,—“Don't you think that the Christian scholar who doesn't own his millions, may after all perhaps mean just as much in the life of our nation?”

The Genial American stared in frank amazement.

"Oh, no!" he said,—“He don't count for anything. Why, you never see his name in the papers.”

The woman gave it up at that. Was there not, she wondered faintly, a conceivable measure of success other than seeing one's name in the papers? Might not a quiet gentleman of scholarly tastes, living in simple fashion, and

doing his duty as occasion bade, be as truly representative of our civilization as the man who makes the market dance? She put the question, however, only to her own mind, and was sorrowfully aware that even here she found an unconvinced auditor. Meantime, general conversation continued on the part of the Assorted Guests. Yes,—the Americans were certainly a great people, an extraordinary people. Were not their industries invading all Europe? American shoes,—how excellent! American stationery,—how cheap! American oil,—how indispensable! Why, even the trolley-car system of such and such a European town was owned by an American syndicate. An extraordinary people,—past masters of the practical arts which command the material world. And yet,—and yet,—

Ah, the "But" and the "Beyond" in the mind of every one present, except the Genial American!

Why should Americans in Europe so habitually parade, whether with pride or with mortification, the prominence of the Great God Cash among us? Why, at home or abroad, do we indulge ourselves in the bad trick of reducing the United States to a dollar sign? It must be confessed that the scraps of talk one overhears in this country, on trains, in tram-cars, in drawing-rooms, alas! and, alas again! from bodies philanthropic and academic, do dwell on the financial aspects of existence, and on these alone. Walking homeward in the twilight from a suburban station, behind two prosperous gentlemen, one hears, wafted back in cultured tones, the words, "He made a cool million in that affair." "Nearer a million and a half," comes the answer. In the intimate sanctum of a publisher's office, the confidence is made, "We put \$15,000 into advertising that book, and yet it didn't take!" This is not the tone of conversation in England, in Italy, or in France. One can spend six weeks in an Alpine resort, in company with gentlemen of these nations, through almost unbroken rainy weather; their intercourse will be wholly on non-commercial lines. Discussion will be lively on political, religious, academic matters,—also, if truth be told, more or less international squabbling will be in order; but the state of the market or the amount of men's incomes will not come into view. "You see," courteously explained an English M. P. when this fact was commented on with pleasure and surprise, "I'm afraid I can't claim that we English are indifferent to money, but it isn't considered correct, you know, to discuss money matters in general conversation. From my intercourse with your countrymen," he went on yet more courteously, "I should say that quite the reverse principle was observed in America; am I not right?"

Not considered correct! There is the secret. Who among us will admit for a moment that we Americans systematically think in terms of money more than any other peoples? The other interests of the civilized world flourish lustily among us. The Muses have been lured to our shores, and find our air pure and pleasant, good to breathe. Arts and philosophies are ours,—ours the keen, unwearied pursuit of the Winged Ideal. But how may Europeans know these things? They do not go to us, we go to them. Only the few among them read our books or know the works of our scholars. By our obvious fruits they know us; they burn our oil, they "tube it" in our sub-ways,—alas! they hear us talk. Why should that talk so often travesty

our higher and truer national life? Let a league be formed, into which all Americans proposing to travel shall be urged to enter, whereof the principle and motto shall be, No talk on Money allowed.

Or,—cold thought!—is it possible that we are judged aright? Ah, well if this is so, if money really rules our civilization, let us at least, in the presence of the elder world, conceal our shame.

VIDA D. SCUDDER '84.

For an alumna to write in the *Smith College Monthly* anything about the value of college dramatic work must seem like carrying to Newcastle the unneeded coals of the proverb. It is just possible though that the undergraduates at Smith are giving plays because they enjoy that form of recreation and because for so many years we have been giving them. Certainly it fills us with pride to see that the example which Smith set so long ago in giving plays for their historical and literary value is now followed by most colleges and even schools. One wonders a little why this should be so much practiced in America and so little a part of the English or Continental education. That it is not so common with schools abroad as with us may be a somewhat large generalization from slender premises; but in talking with young English men and women from universities, public schools and private schools, I have gathered the idea that it is with them a far less popular form of entertainment—or shall I say education?

For some years now, I have been learning from college freshmen how their preparatory work in English was done. Perhaps a quarter of the entering class this year, a hundred out of four hundred and more, say that in reading the novels and plays required for entrance to college, they were assigned the parts of the various characters and kept them through the reading of the book. In some schools they tried to present separate scenes from Julius Caesar or Macbeth or whatever they had been studying. It may be that in these presentations Aristotle's dictum that drama should inspire pity and terror was fulfilled, though unintentionally. However good or bad the setting and the acting, if the lines were learned and became a part of the sub-freshman's literary store, was it not of lasting benefit that he should reach toward the good which lay beyond his grasp?

Of course there are dangers. The schoolboy, or more likely the schoolgirl, may entirely overestimate his or her histrionic ability, and thereby become a nuisance, entering college with airs unbecoming a freshman, or possibly longing for the stage. I have never heard of such cases. The nearest approach was in the case of a girl who in her freshman year was cast, after a competition into which many entered, for the heroine in one of Shakespeare's plays. So great was her success that she after a time left college for a school of acting. The wonder was, that with her temperament and talent, she had not gone there in the first place. That these things so seldom occur shows how small is the danger of turning to the stage students in schools and colleges.

The mere fact that students in college, when they want to give a play, turn over many books, think of comedies which they have seen given by professionals, consider plays which are not often staged, or plan to dramatize a story,

is in itself an incentive to more reading and to further analysis. If the projected play comes to nothing, some good must have come to some student.

Only a little time ago an American writer said in substance, "If you can do no more than cross to Liverpool and return, take that voyage. It will make the world across the Atlantic a reality to you." It seems to me that when that figment of the imagination, "the average student," reads a book, particularly a play or a poem, it is not a reality to him. Appreciation cannot be forced; one may talk about structure, proportion, grace, diction and all those things, and yet leave the drama or the poem dead. To make it vital, one must give it life, and one makes it live, I believe, through the ears rather than through the eyes.

It was Dr. Andrew White who said only last commencement, in speaking to his class at Yale, that when rich men wanted to do colleges a service, he would suggest their founding a chair for a college reader. The wonders which an intelligent interpretation and a responsive voice may work are great. Under the influence of a man whose nicely balanced intellectual and emotional qualities found expression in a flexible voice, I have seen students, men interested principally in physics or biology or civil engineering, to whom came suddenly an appreciation and an interest in literature which had never before stirred them. That man, who made no pretensions as an elocutionist but read simply, worked before our eyes the miracle of giving life to the lifeless.

Of the many who last year saw Ben Greet's company in "Everyman", and who were familiar with the play, or even of those who had merely read it, I have yet to meet one person who did not find it more powerful than he had had any dream of from mere reading. But the distinction between drama and dramatic literature has been so well established that one need not dwell on that. It is an extension of the principle that I should like to see. If as Lessing says, description uses material which makes naturally a visual appeal, is it not equally true that all other literary forms—except highly abstract exposition—gain by coming through the ear? We have all seen the man in the railway train—not always an unlettered man either—who forms each word with his lips, or perhaps actually sounds the syllables. Alliteration, assonance, rhyme, the balanced sentence, they are all for our ears, not our eyes. It is even more true that we do not appreciate by seeing the give and take of conversation. Even situations of which we may make a picture, become actual if we look at people instead of print. Of course there are some things in literature of such a quality that they defy representation on the stage; we should feel that what we gain in actuality is lost in spirit. Those are great moments which seldom come.

When a class or a college club gives a play, not only the players but the whole college takes such an interest in that play as neither Booth nor Salvini could inspire. The college goes, it listens and it looks as the professional stage has never made it listen or look. Not only the matter of how the stage is set, how entrances and exits are made, how the actors are dressed, but the voice, appropriateness of look and gesture, the lines themselves, and perhaps for the first time, the structure of the play become matters of consideration. The fact that in college presentations the play is generally staged with less

sumptuousness and greater historical accuracy, that fewer liberties are taken with the text, and that intellectually the minor parts are not less well cast than the chief parts, impresses even the uncritical observer.

To those who are fortunate enough to get on the cast, there come so many benefits that one hardly knows where to begin the enumeration. A student may have spent six weeks studying a play of Shakespeare in class, he may have learned every note that he was able to get from Professor Kittredge and have no conception of the play as a drama,—something to be acted. But when he secures a part and begins to learn the lines, all that he had learned about them, historical, philological or whatever it may be, becomes the foundation for a sincere and lively appreciation of the literary and dramatic value. Not only does he learn the lines, he learns the play; he is able to see for himself the value on the stage of the various dramatic devices and conventions, the structure of the play as a whole, the plot, the sub-plot, the implication, the solution, the characterization, the action and interaction, the dialogue: all these, if the play is a great play, he sees to be inevitably what they are. He learns something about the voice, posture, grace of gesture, command of appearance, the fundamentals of elocution which no book or teacher or recitation could have made him think about so continuously that he assimilated them. What he learned in this way through daily drill he will never forget and always apply.

In learning one play well, the student is learning then something of the principles of dramatic structure, of the difficulties of the playwright and the actor. Because he has analyzed one play as you would analyze any substance in a chemical laboratory, he has a standard by which to test all plays that he reads or sees. He has moreover in his memory such a body of literature as he could never under the class-room methods of study possess. The play can scarcely fail also in impressing upon the young actor a sense of propriety; the question of relative values must come to him either from the coach or from his sense of the artistic fitness of things. If he has a minor part, he will come to see that he must subordinate it. To do otherwise is not less possible than to lower or heighten at will the painted background of a portrait and not change all the values of the picture.

Most important of all, in my mind, is this: if the student takes the smallest part in the play, provided only that it is a speaking part which necessitates his presence at rehearsals, he shares in a great creative act. So clear do motives, situations, the purpose of the drama, the inevitable trend of events become in his mind that he is in part and for a time the maker of that play, though Shakespeare himself wrote it.

JEAN MARIE RICHARDS '95.

Four years ago it occurred to one of the basket ball enthusiasts of Smith that a very jolly way of spending an hour Saturday mornings during the

winter would be to get up two basket ball teams. There were eight or ten Smith graduates who would play, '97, '98, and '99 girls, and some from Bryn Mawr who gladly joined.

There were not enough Bryn Mawr girls to make up a full team, so the shortage was supplied by New York girls, many of whom had never played

before. They very courteously consented to play the regular Smith rules the first winter, though naturally preferring their own interference game. The teams closed the winter's fun with a match game, which Smith won, as was only natural, since we were playing our own rules, and Bryn Mawr new ones.

The expenses for the Lyceum, ball, standards, etc., were large, and to meet them without taxing the players too much, the teams decided to charge twenty-five cents admission to the match game. The tickets had to be signed by one of the players, and were circulated only among their friends, who gladly helped the expense account by the trifling payment. Every precaution was successfully taken to keep away reporters and disinterested people.

The Saturday games proved a great success. The reunion each week to play the game all enjoyed, and the slight rivalry of playing against another college deepened if possible each team's loyalty to its Alma Mater.

The next winter the shortage had to be made up again on the Bryn Mawr team with city girls, giving a slight advantage to Smith. This was counter-balanced by Smith's consenting to play the men's rules for two years. Perhaps because we had not been trained to them in the first place, we never did like the rules. We were able to play the game, that is, we won all but one game that we played that way, but we found the tendency was to strength rather than skill, when the element of really wanting to win entered. Smith played several games each winter with other teams, Barnard, Mt. Vernon, Normal College, Pratt of Brooklyn, which were no end of fun. Last winter the team was invited to Philadelphia to play Drexel Institute. The Drexel team kindly consented to charge admission to the game, so as to be able to pay half of our expenses, as otherwise we could not have afforded to go. There, as in all our games in New York, only friends of the players were admitted, so, though admission was charged, it was still a private game. There, again, Smith was victorious, though it did seem hard to win on their own field, when we had been so delightfully entertained.

There is nothing which gives more satisfaction than winning a hard-fought game. Remembering always that it stands for the college to many who know it in no other way, the team, whether winning or losing, has tried to do it gracefully, so as to reflect credit on its Alma Mater.

This winter the teams, with three exceptions, were made up entirely of Smith girls, which greatly increased the pleasure of the morning games. The men's rules were gladly abandoned, though in one or two outside games they were played and games won. The alumnæ team has now a reputation for its quick, clean, sportsman-like team playing, a reputation to which it hopes to live up each year. It is by now an established institution, and expects each year to have a Christmas and Easter open game, counting on the cheers of the undergraduates and alumnæ of Smith College.

ETHEL CRAIGHEAD '98.

An artist draws or paints a rose, and we cherish the picture as an inspiration; a brother artist studies the structure of the same flower and conventionalizes its form in a design employed

Bibliographer and Cataloguer for some useful fabric. We honor both alike, and neither decries the work of the other to enhance his own.

May this apologue serve for comment on one paragraph of "Notes of a Bibliographer", Miss Carolyn Shipman's interesting contribution in the *Smith College Monthly* of last June. The analogy, in fact, can be pushed quite closely, for Miss Shipman misapprehends the nature of the cataloguer's work to much the same extent that Professor James did that of the bibliographer. Her implication that a "sales catalogue" is constructed on the same principle as a library catalogue would alone show that; but still more absurd is the off-hand assertion that library cataloguing "necessitates only accuracy in transcription of titles, knowledge of the mechanical Melvil Dewey decimal system of tabulation(?), and round, legible handwriting." Nothing need be said of the questionable taste shown in the manner of introducing this personal name, but for the uninitiated it should be added that the "Melvil Dewey system of tabulation" (by which class notation is probably meant) has no more to do with cataloguing than has the numbering of the houses in a street with the making of good roads. The "bright-minded" young woman who claimed to be a graduate of "the Melvil Dewey system of instruction" (whatever that may mean), while knowing nothing of "collation", can only have been a product of one of the many mushroom-like "summer courses" or small local apprentice classes; certainly no graduate of one of the recognized training schools for librarians could truthfully say that she had "never heard of the collation of a book". To none of us were the facts in Miss Shipman's article new, but we all remember when our ignorance was profound concerning both bibliography and cataloguing. We all agree, moreover, that no better check can be found to a conceit of one's own powers than a term of instruction in cataloguing. As a first "easy" lesson, one is given a correct card with instructions to make an exact copy. So simple a task seems well-nigh an insult to a Smith graduate, . . . who, nevertheless, is glad to hide her diminished head when her "copy" comes back to her marked with *eleven* errors!

If those interested would turn to a small volume, "How to Catalogue a Library" (N. Y., 1889, A. C. Armstrong & Son), by a well-known English lover of books, Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, F. S. A., they will there find a more dispassionate and authoritative discrimination between the work of the cataloguer and that of the bibliographer.

The good work in so many different directions done by Smith alumnae is an honor to us all, and to the college; but in our work, whatever it be, let us not incur the censure implied in the first letter which St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians (xii : 12-26); instead, let us heed rather his precept to his Roman friends; "in honor preferring one another".

ANNIE B. JACKSON '82,

Chairman Board of Trustees, North Adams Public Library.

NINA E. BROWNE '82,

Secretary American Library Association Publishing Board.

MAY SEYMOUR '80,

Education Librarian, New York State Library.

JOSEPHINE A. CLARK '80,

Librarian U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

The Board wishes to announce that by a mistake it was stated that Miss Sabin's article, published in the October *Monthly*, was the essay for which she received the prize. It was simply a note on the essay.

The following officers were chosen at the reunion of the class of '98 last year: President, Henrietta Seelye; Vice-President, Frances Comstock; Treasurer, Ethel Dickinson Beattie; Secretary, Alice Jackson.

All alumnæ visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's Office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'08. Frances Lawrence,	.	.	.	October	2
'97. Elizabeth Mills,	.	.	.	"	3
'97. Anna Woodruff,	.	.	.	"	3
'98. Florence Lillie,	.	.	.	"	3
'96. Ida Roberts,	.	.	.	"	3
'86. Abby Howet,	.	.	.	"	3
'02. Edith Wells,	.	.	.	"	5-12
'08. May Bates,	.	.	.	"	7-19
'03. Bertha Trull,	.	.	.	"	7-19
'00. Clara Loomis,	.	.	.	"	8-13
'03. Bertha Whipple,	.	.	.	"	12-14
'02. Ethel Betts,	.	.	.	"	15-16
'03. Marcia Bailey,	.	.	.	"	10-16
'02. Ursula Minor Burr,	.	.	.	"	15
'02. Helen Pease,	.	.	.	"	15
'03. Alice Smith,	.	.	.	"	13-21
'03. Frances McCarroll,	.	.	.	"	13-21
'82. Annie Jackson,	.	.	.	"	15-19
'84. Alice Coit,	.	.	.	"	16
'95. Margaret Dixon,	.	.	.	"	18
'03. Elizabeth Stiles,	.	.	.	"	16-19
'03. Helen McAfee,	.	.	.	"	16-19
'03. Anna Holden,	.	.	.	"	17
'97. Alice Tullis Lord Parsons,	.	.	.	"	18
'98. Effie Manson,	.	.	.	"	19
'97. Eleanor Bissell,	.	.	.	"	19
'88. Nettie Whitney,	.	.	.	"	19
'02. Ethel Woodworth,	.	.	.	"	28
'01. Louise Worthen,	.	.	.	"	28
'03. Alice Warner,	.	.	.	"	24-28
'03. Margaret Cook,	.	.	.	"	24-28
'02. Alice Kidder,	.	.	.	"	26
'97. Katherine Perkins,	.	.	.	"	30
'96. Susan Foote,	.	.	.	"	28
'03. Bessie Brockway,	.	.	.	"	31
'03. Jean Greenough,	.	.	.	"	31
'96. Caroline Blunt,	.	.	.	"	31
'03. Isabel Norton,	.	.	.	"	31

All alumnae who wish to secure tickets for Senior dramatics should send their names to the Business Manager, Florence H. Snow, Hubbard House, stating whether they prefer Thursday or Friday night. Seats will not be reserved for alumnae for Saturday night.

Contributions to this department are desired by the last of the month in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Josephine Sanderson, Hubbard House.

'84. Mary Duguid Dey is at her home in Syracuse for the winter.

Kate Dunn Spaulding is in Syracuse for the winter.

ex-'84. Ruth Clizhie Merriam has moved to California, and will make her home in Pasadena, 75 S. Grand Avenue.

'86. Sarah E. Dale is teaching this year in Orange, California.

'92. Mary Bingham is president of the College Settlement Association in Los Angeles, which has its house in the Mexican quarter.

Grace Dennen is head of the English Department in the Girls' Collegiate School in Los Angeles.

Harriet E. Jacobs is teaching Latin in Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri.

Dr. Miriam G. Kerruish was married August 27, to Mr. Charles Willard Stage.

Laura H. Wild was ordained to the ministry in June, 1901, and is now pastor of the Butler Avenue Congregational Church, Lincoln, Nebraska.

ex-'92. Mrs. Irlavere Searle Barnum is in her new home on South Warren Street, Syracuse.

'93. Charlotte Stone McDougall, accompanied by her sister, Rhoda Stone, ex-'05, has sailed for Japan, where she will spend a year or more.

'94. Charlotte Wilkinson Bragdon is living in Rochester, New York, and is a member of the Smith College Club of that city.

'95. Bertha Bardeen will be at home this winter in Syracuse, New York.

Jean Richards has resumed her work at Syracuse University as Assistant Professor in English.

'96. Isabel Adams has announced her engagement to Mr. Frank Stanton Deland.

Charlotte Mitchell was married this summer to Mr. Frank J. Daniel. Mrs. Daniel will make her future home in Denver, Colorado.

'97. Anne Ide Barrows has announced her engagement to Dr. Walter Clark Seelye of Worcester, Massachusetts.

Ethelwyn Foote expects to do post-graduate work in science at the University of California this year.

Emma Lootz was married September 19, to Dr. William Erwing of Boston. Her address is 15 Haviland Street, Boston.

Josephine D. Sewell was married October 1, to Dr. Kendall Emerson of Worcester, Massachusetts.

- '97. Lois Barnard Vickers has moved from Auburn, New York. Her present address is 212 Wayne Street, Syracuse.

Katherine May Wilkinson will continue her teaching this winter in the Goodyear-Burlingame School in Syracuse, New York.

- '98. Frances Bridges is one of the student travelling secretaries for the Y. W. C. A.

Annie Brooks has received an M. A. from Columbia.

Cara Burch will spend the winter at The Hoffman Arms, Madison Avenue and 59th Street, New York City.

Rejoyce Collins is teaching Latin, English and history at the Girls' Collegiate School in Los Angeles.

Vera Scott Cushman spent the summer in Europe.

Josephine Dodge Daskam was married July 25, to Mr. Selden Bacon of New York. Her address this winter will be 110 Riverside Drive, New York City.

Alice B. Duncan has announced her engagement to Mr. MacGregor Jenkins of New York City.

Marion French was married September 8, to Mr. Nelson Hawley of Winchester, Massachusetts.

Mary Joslin spent the summer in Mexico.

Sarah W. Knight was married October 7, to Mr. Lewis H. Thornton.

Carol Morrow has announced her engagement to Mr. Lyndon R. Connett of South Orange.

Julia Pickett is teaching in Lake Forest University, Lake Forest, Illinois.

Elizabeth D. Tarbox was married July 21, to Mr. John Wheeler Lumbard, Principal of the High School, White Plains, New York.

Harriet Williams is teaching in the Northampton Business College.

- ex-'98. Anne Grey Noxon is engaged in philanthropic work in New York City.

- '99. Abby Louise Allen was married June 18, to Mr. John Nicholson Eaton of West Newton, Massachusetts.

Mabel Capelle has announced her engagement to Mr. Edward Betts Brisley of New York City.

Mabel Hyde Workman is Assistant Principal in the High School, Windsor, Connecticut.

- ex-'99. Emma Johnson Pratt, Music School, is organist at the South Park Methodist Church, Hartford, Connecticut.

- '00. Ruth Albright has announced her engagement to Mr. Evan Hollister of Buffalo, New York.

Elizabeth Comstock, with her sisters, Frances and Kathleen, is living in Syracuse this winter.

Edith Gray Hollis was married June 3, to Mr. Harold Marshall Curtiss. Her address is 158 Congress Street, Milford, Massachusetts.

- '00. Caroline King was married November 2, to Mr. Alexander Davis Jenney of Syracuse, N. Y.
- Julia B. Paton expects to continue her work in the American College for Girls, Constantinople, this year. She spent the summer on Mt. Lebanon, Syria, in company with her brother and his wife.
- Edith Dudley Sheldon is studying Bacteriology under Dr. A. C. Abbott at the University of Pennsylvania, and is teaching Domestic Science at the Berean Industrial and Manual Training School of Philadelphia.
- ex-'00. Mariella Grant will be home in Syracuse this winter.
- Katherine H. Greenland has done some very good work in illustrating two children's books, "In Childhood Land", and "Roger and Rose". These books are out, and she is now working in Syracuse, New York, on two new books for children.
- '01. Charlotte B. DeForest sails for Japan on November 18, under appointment of A. B. C. F. M., to teach in Kobe College for Girls, Kobe, Japan.
- Sarah L. DeForest is educational director in the Madison Square Church House, 432 Third Avenue, New York City.
- ex-'01. Lucy Nichols will return shortly to Syracuse from California, where she has been travelling since August.
- '02. Alice D. Cruikshank entered October 7, the New York State Library School at Albany. Her address until June is 122 Lancaster Street, Albany, New York.
- Marie Pugsley was married September 28, to Mr. Albert Eaton Lombard. Her address is 2806 East 81st Street, Kansas City, Missouri.
- Lydia Sargent is teaching in the High School, Portsmouth, N. H.
- Julia Smith is studying in Dresden.
- '03. Alice Blanchard has entered the New York State Library School at Albany. Her address is 48 Lancaster Street, Albany, New York.
- Rodericka Canfield is at the Brooklyn Hospital Training School for Nurses for a three years' course.
- Alice B. Clark will spend the winter at home. She expects to assist her father in his office.
- Harriet Collin is substituting in the Fayetteville Grammar School, New York.
- Inez Field Damon, Music School, is giving lessons in voice and piano at her studio, 58 High Street, Northampton, Massachusetts.
- Genevieve Dyer is teaching in the Arms Academy, Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts.
- Theodora A. Gerould has accepted the position as teacher of history and English in the Nute High School of Milton, New Hampshire. Her address is P. O. Box 145, Milton, Stafford Connty, New Hampshire.
- Janet Gilfillan expects to remain at home this winter.
- Helen Fairbanks Hill is teaching in the private school, Wykeham Rise, Washington, Connecticut.

'08. Alice E. T. Johnson will study singing and piano, and take dressmaking, this year. She intends to go abroad in May, and stay until October, and then go to the St. Louis Exposition.

Katherine Knox expects to spend the winter at home.

Marion Mack expects to remain at home and study Domestic Science this winter.

Alice Murphy expects to stay at home and learn housekeeping. She will also study music, and do some tutoring.

Vesta Shoemaker expects to be at home this winter.

Alice Butterfield Smith is teaching science and English in the High School at Collinsville, Connecticut.

Eliza A. Ward is teaching in the Snellville Grammar School, Fiskdale, Massachusetts.

Isabel Wight expects to be at home this winter, studying music.

ex-'08. Mary Harriman is instructor in Latin at the Campbell School, Windsor, Connecticut.

Florence Kenyon is at home in Syracuse this winter, studying music and German.

BIRTHS

'91. Mrs. Frances Cochrane, Jr. (Frances R. Rogerson), a daughter, Cornelia Rogerson, born August 6.

'92. Mrs. William F. Rice (Florence May), a son, Winthrop Huntington, born October 12.

'94. Mrs. Charles Henry Putnam (Mary B. Clark), a daughter, Matilda Clark, born October 5.

'97. Mrs. Moodytree S. Bennett (Grace M. Page), a daughter, Frances Augusta, born July 23.

'98. Mrs. Paul Putnam Gaylord (Anne Hall), a son, Warner Russell, born May 19.

Mrs. Herbert Lincoln Houghton (Agnes Cowperthwait), a son, Herbert Lincoln, born August 23.

'99. Mrs. Max Broedel (Ruth Huntington), a daughter, born October 9.

'00. Mrs. Theophilus Parsons (Florence Whitin), a son, Theophilus, Jr., born August 17.

'02. Mrs. Frank Underwood (Etta Tift), a daughter, born September 6.

ex-'02. Mrs. Clarence E. Ordway (Anna Lyman Ripley), a son, John Ripley, born August 3.

DEATH

'02. Lucy Ethel Cooke died October 18, at Watertown, Connecticut.

ABOUT COLLEGE

It is always a question how much a freshman enjoys the Frolic with its introductions and ice-water. She must be haunted by the thought that all these new acquaintances must be remem-

The Sophomore Reception bered, or else by the cruel suggestion of her escort that she probably will not know any of them unless she meets them in some other way. Add to this the general strangeness of things, and the mountain of work that looms up before her about schedules, conditions, etc., and she would be hopeless were it not for hearing the Glee Club sing the Faculty Song, and the address of welcome from the president of the Association. These are the reasons for a Freshman's enjoying the Frolic.

But about the Sophomore Reception there is no such question. Of course everyone has a good time, for everyone wears her best gown, meets fewer girls and has a chance to know them better, and then there are real refreshments. The function this year was no exception to the rule of success. Although the freshman class outnumbered the sophomores, yet with the help of the juniors, everyone had a good time.

The Students' Building was beautifully decorated in the colors of the two classes, green and red, with rugs, pillows and Indian hangings in the reception rooms, and festoons and masses of autumn leaves in the main hall. In the rooms to the left of the lobby, the presidents of the classes received, while the dancing was in the assembly hall and on the second floor back of the gallery. It has been found that owing to the size of the hall, three musicians are hardly enough to fill the room, so a larger orchestra was procured and the music could be heard well even upstairs. A number of the faculty and many parents watched with interest from the gallery.

Toward the end of the evening lines were formed for the march, and the grind books were distributed without the use of football tactics, as has sometimes been necessary. The clever hits upon the innocent blunders of 1907 were enjoyed by members of both classes. After twelve dances and four extras the orchestra finally gave the signal for departure, and sophomores and freshmen scattered by twos and threes through the frosty night air to their respective houses with the memory of a most enjoyable evening uppermost in their minds.

BESSIE AMERMAN 1906.

On Thursday afternoon, October 29, Mrs. Bernard Berenson gave a delightful talk in Chemistry Hall on "How to Study the Old Masters".

Lecture by Mrs. Bernard Berenson Mrs. Berenson, whose husband is the leader of the modern school of scientific art criticism, was for two years a student in Smith College. She has lived abroad for a number of years and has devoted her time to the study of the old masters.

Mrs. Berenson expressed her sympathy with college girls and spoke of their advantages from the continental point of view. Charming and delightful as the continental women are, they cannot be real companions to intellectual men.

Art is the last thing that people will take seriously. People get connoisseurs to pass an opinion on their pictures and, because all do not agree, they judge by the result rather than the method, and say that there is nothing in such criticism. Pictures have to be taken seriously, reverently and slowly. The first view of the old masters is apt to be disappointing. We must honestly admit this, for spontaneous admiration of the past is very rare. We arrogantly judge art by our own standards of life; instead, we must learn what to like. One of the greatest difficulties which intelligent people have to contend with is that they have ready-made aesthetic theories and judge from their own vision of the world.

Hypocritical admiration of a picture, merely because a great name is attached, must be avoided. There is mismanagement in almost all European galleries. All sorts of school pictures are called by the names of great artists, and it is almost like saying that Shakespeare wrote Walt Whitman's poems. The galleries are not rightly named and some of the pictures by the great masters are just being discovered.

Then, too, we try to see too many pictures. Our capacity for aesthetic enjoyment is extremely limited, it is only ten or twenty minutes, at most, so we must not blame the pictures themselves if we have not enjoyed them. Another difficulty is the bad taste and arrangement with which the pictures are hung. The fact that the "Sistine Madonna" is hung in a room alone on dark red velvet accounts, partly, for its fame.

If we look at bad pictures we corrupt our taste, spoil our ear, as it were. But how shall we best use our time abroad, and how shall we prepare for it? We must go with patience and reverence and in a receptive mood, forgetting our aesthetic standards. It is better to go with perfectly blank minds than with other people's standards. General writers about art are to be avoided like the pest. Read no definite art books before going, unless possibly Ruskin, who gives one the feeling that art is really important. It is well to know the history of the times, to have a general idea of what the Renaissance meant. We must know the literature to enjoy the spirit of the art. Among the books found illuminating in her own experience Mrs. Berenson mentioned: "Bishop Ciron's History of the Papacy", John A. Symonds' "Age of Despots", and "Humanists"; Dante, in Rossetti's translation; Lorenzo de Medici, Boccaccio, and Machiavelli.

The kind of art we see is very important. Poor and cheap art will cheapen and make poor our view of the world. We must try to see the world as the old masters saw it. We must make ourselves sensitive to the art that we can have, we must learn to appreciate old music. If we study literature for its beauty we shall be better fitted to enjoy art. We can train ourselves to enjoy the sensations of delight that art alone in its true essence can give.

ELIZABETH MARGUERITE DIXON 1906.

The first Student Missionary Conference of Western Massachusetts was held in Northampton on Saturday afternoon and evening, October 10. The members of the League are Smith, Williams, Amherst, Mt. Holyoke, Mt. Hermon School, and Northfield. Delegates were invited from thirteen other institutions in New England, and the guests numbered about six hundred.

The theme of the conference was "The Missionary Education of the Christian Student", and great emphasis was laid on the broadening and strengthening influence of an intelligent interest in missions.

The afternoon session was held in the Edwards Church, Dr. W. M. Jacobus of Hartford Theological Seminary presiding. President Mary E. Woolley of Mt. Holyoke College spoke on "The Necessity of the Missionary Education of the Christian College Student", and Dr. Irving Francis Wood, Professor of Biblical Literature in Smith College, gave an address on "The Student of Missions and his Bible." There were open conferences and discussions on Mission Study and Missionary Literature, conducted by Mr. Harlan P. Beach, Educational Secretary of the Volunteer Movement, and Field Director of the Yale Mission in China. The Missionary Field address on "India" was given by Bishop J. M. Thoburn, Bishop of the Methodist Church in India.

The evening session was held in the Smith College Chapel, President Seelye presiding. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Robert E. Speer of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.

The student missionary movement, of which this conference was a result, has a very deep significance. The spirit of service, the deep desire to make our lives interpreters of the Kingdom of God on earth, as it has been revealed in Christ, is the end toward which all education—if it looks toward a perfect fulfilment of its ideals—must tend. To bring this spirit of service into our attitude toward missions, whether our service takes the form of work on the foreign field, or deep, true, enthusiastic interest in the work of others there, and to come, through this spirit of service, to a vital realization of the truth that Christianity is universal, "not merely in its destiny, but in its nature,"—that, if it be true to itself, it must fulfil the words, "This my Gospel is for all mankind,"—is to bring into our lives that power to see and strength to do which will lead us ever onward to the complete perfection which is in Christ.

MARY A. VAN KLEECK 1904.

The Students' Conference for young women was held at Silver Bay, on Lake George, from June 26 to July 7, inclusive, under the auspices of the American Committee. There were about six hundred delegates present, representing various colleges and preparatory schools in the United States

Silver Bay Conference and Canada.

The program for each day was systematically arranged. While the afternoon was left entirely free for recreation, the morning and evening were given up to meetings. The order was as follows: first, the Students' Conference, as it was called, which was to discuss matters bearing directly on

the work of the Association. The Bible Classes, conducted by Dr. Stone, Mr. Hicks and Miss Blodgett followed. These were especially helpful, and nearly every girl joined one of them. Then came the Mission Institute, over which Dr. Pauline Root presided. The large auditorium meeting followed. This was led by different speakers, among whom were Mr. Speer, Mr. Mott, Reverend Floyd Tomkins, and Dr. Campbell of London. Just after supper a vesper meeting was held out of doors. Directly afterwards came the evening auditorium meeting, and the day ended with informal delegation meetings, at which the girls talked together.

While there was such a full program, yet it was urged from the outset that the students should not attend all the meetings, as it was better to go to a few, and spend the rest of the time in quiet reflection. The dominating thought of the conference centred about missions. Every opportunity was given the students to understand the needs of the work, and it was presented so forcefully by some of the strongest and ablest missionaries that everyone felt she must decide for herself in what ways she could best help on the work.

The conference made the girls think. They saw that it was not simply a series of strong meetings, but that it had a vital connection with the life of each student, and the association which she represented.

The text, "That I may know Him," had been taken as the keynote of the Conference, and everyone of the six hundred girls had a keener realization of what that might mean by the time those ten days were over. Everything tended to this end,—the Bible classes, with their daily emphasis on the real things in life, the stirring addresses, and best of all, the opportunity of knowing some of the speakers, whose lives were an inspiration.

The Conference was said to be one of the strongest that has ever been held, and this resulted from the fact that all felt they were working together with the purpose expressed in our pledge, "that the Christ-life shall be deepened within themselves and within the college."

JOSEPHINE SANDERSON 1904.

At a mass meeting of the G. and F. A. some weeks ago the question of the best method of starting hockey this fall was discussed at some length. The

necessity for a game which could give the advan-

G. and F. A. Notes. tage of good exercise in the open air was strongly felt. The question discussed at length was the team formation which would be best adapted to the interest and enthusiasm of the girls wishing to play. The different houses did not seem to have enough enthusiasm to warrant house teams so it was decided that class teams should be formed. It was hoped that class interest would add both to the numbers and spirit of the players. Accordingly captains were appointed for each class who should arouse the girls' interest, call out the teams and coach the game.

The weather only allows us to play a few weeks in the spring and fall, and if the girls really intend to play it would make matters much easier for the captains during the rest of the fall, if those who signed the list would either play themselves or send a substitute.

ALICE EVANS 1905.

On Wednesday evening, November 4, the Morris House presented Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy", a drama in three acts, in the Students' Building. The great success of the performance

Morris House Play seems due in the first place to the choice of the play, with its varied characters, omitting the conventional cavalier or love-sick maiden, and its plot, which so naturally appeals to the artistic nature, the sense of humor, and the emotions of an audience.

The part of Lord Fauntleroy is peculiarly fitted to a young girl, and Bertha Page, in appearance, evident thorough enjoyment of her part, and spontaneous acting, was charming. Of the acting of Elsie Elliott as "Dearest", there is a difference of opinion. To some she seemed stiff and lacking in emotion, not showing enough differentiation in attitude with Lord Fauntleroy and the Earl or Havisham. To others she was a very satisfying type of the woman whose strength of emotion is combined with the strength to restrain it. By far the best piece of dramatic work was done by Helen Fillebrown as Mr. Havisham. She lived her part in voice, gestures and actions, and her finished acting made one feel that she was perfectly at home on the stage. The way in which she held her hat and gloves, the little trick of smoothing down her hair, everything about her gave the conviction that not only a man but a lawyer, and that particular lawyer, Mr. Havisham, was talking. Anna Wilson as the Earl also made an excellent man. Her gestures were the best part of her acting,—eyes, hands and body all expressing the Earl's varying emotions, but her voice at times failed her. Of the less prominent characters, Mr. Hobbs was good, save that he might have seemed more masculine had Lucie Tower's voice been lower. Hannah Dunlop as Minna was perfect, and she deserves particular credit for making such a complete piece of work out of such an unpleasant part. She was particularly good at the climax, where her attempted fraud is discovered, and the least over or under-acting would have made the whole scene absurd. The minor characters were unusually well done, with the exception of Higgins, who seemed more like a feminine Shakespearean fool than the Earl's peasant. Katharine De La Vergne as Thomas, a footman, deserves special credit for the movement of her eyes, her bows, and her manner of exit and entrance. Lillian Dutton as Dick, the boot-black, did some good bits of by-play. Marion Robinson as Mary was a capital Irish servant, and a more fascinating English groom than Wilkins could not be found. These excellent minor characters added greatly to the performance.

With regard to the setting of the play, the fact that there was only one change of scene made it possible for the scenery to be most carefully perfected in detail. The value of soft music during the pathetic parts is a disputed point. Some feel that it helps to stir their emotions; to others it is as a sign-board saying "Weep now". The play, however, appealed so naturally to the emotions that any artificial stimulation was unnecessary.

To sum up, although it is hard to compare "Little Lord Fauntleroy" with other plays, its presentation was certainly an unusually finished and artistic piece of dramatic work. The cast was as follows:

Earl of Dorincourt,.....	Anna Wilson
Cedric Errol (Lord Fauntleroy),.....	Bertha Page
Mr. Havisham, a solicitor,.....	Helen Fillebrown
Mr. Hobbs, a grocer,.....	Lucie Tower
Dick, a bootblack,.....	Lillian Dutton
Higgins, a farmer,.....	Bessie Benson
Wilkins, a groom,.....	Edith Vaille
Thomas, a footman,.....	Katharine De La Vergne
James, a footman,.....	Alice Faulkner
Mrs. Errol ("Dearest"),.....	Elsie Elliott
Minna,.....	Hannah Dunlop
Mary,.....	Marion Robinson
Jane,.....	Marion Ellis

There seems to be a great necessity of calling attention to the reading room in the Students' Building, since very few people make use of it and that fact must come from its not being well known throughout college. Its existence has astonished many people of late and they seemed very much gratified to learn that there is a place here on the campus where papers and periodicals may be found. There are the daily papers from Boston, New York and Springfield, magazines of fiction, current literature and criticism, current events and scientific news, so that it is for reference as well as pure pleasure. In all, the Council subscribes to thirty-six magazines and papers, but it seems rather useless if people will not read them. The Council hopes in time to furnish the reading room and make it more attractive, but is desirous that interest be shown in it now.

MARION DODD 1906.

The college is most grateful to the trustees and the council, who have succeeded in obtaining President Seelye's consent to the establishment of a new custom at the beginning of the chapel exercises. When the President enters chapel the assembly rises and remains standing until he is seated. This custom both heightens the dignity of the chapel exercises and is in some degree an expression of the veneration felt by the college for President Seelye.

The college library is now kept open from 7 until 9 P. M. This meets the need of many students who can use the books better in the library than elsewhere. Also the use of the reference books is better regulated since now no volume can be taken from the library until nine o'clock. The college hopes that this custom will be continued.

Mr. Robert E. Speer, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, spoke at Vespers, Sunday, October 11.

The Dickinson House started the series of social entertainments, by their dance held in the Students' Building, Wednesday evening, October 21.

On Wednesday evening, October 14, the music department of the college held a concert in Assembly Hall, which was greatly enjoyed by all present.

On Sunday, October 25, Rev. Dr. J. H. DeForest of Sendai, Japan, spoke at Vespers.

The class of nineteen hundred and four have chosen the Hindoo drama, "Sakuntala", for their senior play.

"Kalidasa has been called the Shakespeare of the East, and his play, 'Sakuntala', is the masterpiece of India, and ranks high in literature in all countries. It was first translated from the Sanskrit in 1791, and soon after was produced in Germany. It has been produced once in England, and in the present time is being widely talked of by dramatic critics in this country and elsewhere. The play is full of dramatic and scenic possibilities. In costumes, music and general atmosphere it will be a decided innovation. The choice of the committee was heartily indorsed by members of the faculty, Mr. Young and Mr. Sargent of New York, and other critics. After careful consideration, the decision of the class was also in favor of this play. Knowing, however, the great responsibility it has undertaken in departing from old traditions, the class desires the hearty coöperation of all, that it may make its senior dramatics as successful as those in years past."

—*Springfield Republican*.

The Irish Literary Society of New York has invited Mr. William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet, orator and dramatist to visit the United States and to lecture in New York. By the courtesy of this society the opportunity of hearing Mr. Yeats is extended to other cities and to such universities and colleges as may wish to extend the knowledge they already have of Mr. Yeats through his work. A brief account of this may be of service to the students of Smith College before November 18, when Mr. Yeats is to visit Northampton and lecture to the college and its guests.

"Mr. Yeats is president of the Irish National Theatre Society which is doing the same work in Ireland that Antoine has done with the Théâtre Libre in Paris. Mr. Yeats was one of the founders of the Irish Literary Society of London and also of the National Literary Society of Dublin. As a lecturer on poetry, on the theatre and drama, on the heroic literature of Ireland, and on the Irish literary revival, he is in constant demand. No one is better fitted than he to speak on the intellectual life of Ireland. He is universally recognized as the chief representative of the remarkable renaissance of Irish thought and letters of the last decade. His lectures before student bodies at the University of Oxford, at Trinity College, Dublin, at the National University of Wales, and before learned societies in Ireland and in London, Manchester, and other cities, have met with great favor.

"As an orator, Mr. Yeats has not confined himself to literary themes. Sir Horace Plunkett said in a recent address that one of the two best speeches he had ever heard on behalf of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society was made by Mr. Yeats. On behalf of the Gaelic League, the organization that has done so much to revive the Irish language, he has spoken on the

same platform with the eminent President of the League, Dr. Douglas Hyde. Those who attend Mr. Yeats's lectures will hear an eloquent and fascinating account by a brilliant orator of the intellectual and literary revival in Ireland. The subjects upon which Mr. Yeats will lecture in America are :

- I. The Intellectual Revival in Ireland.
- II. The Theatre and What It Might Be.
- III. The Heroic Literature of Ireland.
- IV. Poetry in the Old Time and in the New."

Mr. Yeats is the author of *The Land of Heart's Desire*, a dramatic idyll used in this country as the curtain raiser for *In a Balcony* when it was presented at the Academy of Music in Northampton. Other dramas are, *The Countess Cathleen*, *Dairmuid and Grania*, *Where there is Nothing*, *The Hour Glass* (in the North American Review, September, 1908), a small book of verse, *The Wind among the Reeds*, and a volume of prose criticism, *Ideas of Good and Evil*.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS

ALPHA SOCIETY

President, Brooke van Dyke 1904
 Vice-President, Ruth Robinson Blodgett 1905
 Alumnae Secretary, Margaret Beauvais Mendell 1904
 Secretary, Nancy Louise Lincoln 1905
 Treasurer, Florence Spears Bannard 1905
 Editor, Margaret Elmendorf Duryee 1904

PHI KAPPA PSI SOCIETY

President, Mary Emma Kimberly 1904
 Vice-President, Helen Clarke 1905
 Secretary, Genevieve Hall Scofield 1905
 Treasurer, Bertha Benson Page 1905
 Editor, Olive Chapin Higgins 1904

MATHEMATICAL CLUB

Vice-President, Ruth Alice Mills 1904
 Secretary, Helen Sears Childs 1904
 Treasurer, Margaret Elizabeth Sawtelle 1904

ORIENTAL SOCIETY

Executive, Alice Robson 1904
 Secretary, Maria Louise Hixon 1904
 Treasurer, Alice Margaret Holden 1905

CALENDAR

- Nov. 11, Lecture by M. Michel. L'Art Contemporain, Puvis de Chavannes, etc.
- 14, Alpha Society.
- 16, Open Meeting of the Philosophical Society. Lecture by Prof. Hibben of Princeton University. Subject: The Philosophy of the Enlightenment.
- 18, 3 P. M. Lecture by Mr. William Butler Yeats, President of the Irish National Theatre Society.
- 7 P. M., Chapin House Dance.
- 20, Recital by Mr. Charles Winter Wood, of Tuskegee Institute.
- 21, Phi Kappa Psi Society.
- 24, Dannreuther Quartette Concert.
- 26, Thanksgiving Recess, from Wednesday, 12 M., to Friday, 2 P. M.
- Dec. 1, Open meeting of Société Française.
- 5, Alpha Society.
- 9, Dewey-Hatfield House Play.
- 12, Phi Kappa Psi Society.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

EDITORS:

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF HERAKLEITOS

Among those who laid the foundations of the temple of Greek philosophy, stood one called Herakleitos. Flourishing about 504-501 B. C., when the minds of men were just awakening to the belief, that in the natural world around them they could find answers to the questions, "What is the world?" and "What is man?", he left the old traditional ground, and stood as it were on the site where the new temple was to be erected. He pointed to the earth with its flowing streams and growing vegetation, to the city where strife and death could be seen, to the sky above with the chasing clouds, and the glowing sun, and he felt himself to be the discoverer of an important truth, not yet unearthed by others who had viewed this same picture and propounded theories.

Certain fragments of the thoughts of Herakleitos have been handed down to us by the Christian writer, Hippolytos. These have been collected and translated by Mr. John Burnett, and although in some cases distorted by Hippolytos or the Stoics, are yet the best evidence of Herakleitos' philosophy.

That he felt himself superior to previous cosmologists and poets is seen in the following fragments.

"Of all whose discourses I have heard there is not one who

attains to understanding that wisdom is apart from all other things.¹—Eyes and ears are bad witnesses to men if they have souls that understand not their language.²—Homer should be turned out of their lists and whipped.”³

He asserted that personal inquiry was better than tradition in the following words: “Am I to prize these things above what can be seen and learned?”⁴ His discovery was the knowledge that wisdom is the perception of the underlying harmony of opposites, as follows:

“Wisdom is one thing. It is to know the thought by which all things are steered through all things.”⁵ The Milesians, the forerunners of Herakleitos, had assumed a self-evident fact of change, and also believed in an underlying unity, but they had not harmonized the two ideas. Anaximander had even held that the opposites in nature were a form of injustice. But Herakleitos, although called the “weeping philosopher”, took the optimistic view of change and strove to show the identity in all warring opposites. This view is seen in his cosmological ideas. He thought that the primary substance must be something out of which the diversified world could be made, and also something which would permit of its own nature, passing into everything else, while everything else in turn would pass into it. This would give a union of contrasts. His idea of the primary substance is summed up in his words:

“This order which is the same in all things no one of the gods or men has made; but it was ever, is now, and ever shall be an everliving Fire, fixed measures of it kindling and fixed measures going out.”

From Diogenes Laertius one finds that Herakleitos’ ideas concerning the formation of the world were as follows: Fire was the primary substance. All things were produced in exchange for fire, took their rise from rarefaction and condensation, and were due to opposition; also all things were in flux like a river. He said, “You cannot step twice into the same river for fresh waters are ever flowing in upon you.”⁶ And the world went upon an upward and downward path called change. Fire turned to water, water to earth, and earth to sea. Then sea turned

¹ Fr. 18.

² Fr. 4.

³ Fr. 119.

⁴ Fr. 18.

⁵ Fr. 19.

⁶ Fr. 41.

back again to fire and the process was repeated. He described this upward and downward path thus: "The transformations of fire are first of all sea (and half of sea is earth, and half storm cloud).¹—Fire lives the death of earth, and air lives the death of fire; water lives the death of air, earth that of water."²

He regarded the seasons, rains and winds, and day and night, as due to different exhalations from the sun, which are the brightest and warmest body of flame. A bright exhalation when ignited in the circle of the sun produced day, and a preponderance of opposite exhalations, night. Summer was due to warmth from bright exhalations, and a multiplication of dark exhalations gave winter. That is, "God is day and night, winter and summer, war and peace, satiety and hunger, but he takes various shapes just as fire when it is mingled with different incenses is named according to the savor of the earth."³ He thought that heavenly bodies were bowl-shaped flame, and eclipses were caused by turning the bowl upward. Some of the bowls were nearer the earth than others. In all his cosmological ideas he emphasized the balance in the change. The upward path could not exist without the downward, and there must be measure for measure in all things. He treats of this in the following words:

"The Sun will not exceed his measure, if he does the Erynes, avenging handmaids of Justice, will find him."³

"Homer was wrong in saying 'would that strife might perish from among gods and men.'⁴ He did not see that he was praying for the destruction of the universe, for if his prayer were heard all things would pass away."⁴

"The harmonious structure of the world depends upon opposite tension like the bow and the lyre."⁵

This same opposite tension of the nature world was to be found in man himself. He was composed of water, earth, and fire which alone was conscious. And the rudiments of distinction between soul and body are found in the words, "Corpses are fit to be cast out,"⁶ and "Everliving fire."⁷

¹ Fr. 31.

² Fr. 26.

³ Fr. 30.

⁴ Fr. 43.

⁵ Fr. 45.

⁶ Fr. 45.

⁷ Fr. 30.

The relations between sleeping and waking, and life and death are described thus :

"The quick and the dead, the waking and sleeping, the young and the old are the same ; the former are changed into the latter, and the latter in turn are changed into the former."

Sleep was produced by the encroachment of dark exhalations from the body causing the fire in the body to burn low. When it rose the mists disappeared. In death the mists predominated so that the fire passed from the body back into fire, and burned in some one else. That is :

"The living and the dead change places. They are born once more and the cycle is repeated."¹

In these theories concerning the nature of the world and the nature of man, Herakleitos brought in something of theology and ethics. He identified God with the primary substance, that is, an everlasting fire, and not with the world. He also believed in gods, though he did not explain their formation.

"The way of man has no wisdom, but that of the gods has."

His ethics seem to be much confused. He speaks of fire as representing the divine, and moisture as a lower form of fire, the sin, and says :

"A man when he gets drunk is like a beardless lad, knowing not where he steps, having his soul moist." Also, "The dry soul is the wisest and best."²

In regard to future reward or punishment he says, "Man's character is his fate."³

"There awaits men when they die such things as they look not for or dream of."⁴

"It finds rest in change."⁵

It seems impossible to reconcile the idea that everything must pass back into fire and then be given out again, with the statement "Man's character is his fate". The fate is inevitable. How can man control it? This obscureness in Herakleitos' ethics seems due to the confusion between the material and the spiritual worlds, which is found in the thoughts of almost all the early Greek philosophers.

This lack of clearness and the fact that the world of nature

¹ Fr. 67.

² Fr. 74.

³ Fr. 121.

⁴ Fr. 122.

⁵ Fr. 28.

and man is described as moving in a closed circuit,—whence it follows that there is no such thing as development,—detract from the philosophic value of Herakleitos' idea. But there is much in his philosophy that is beautiful. For instance, in his idea of the primary substance, he chooses something out of which heavenly bodies can be formed, namely the terrible, beautiful and elusive fire. In an imaginative sense it is far easier to picture the universe created from fire than from protoplasm. It is true that he could not separate the conception of spiritual God from natural fire, but neither could the Persian fire-worshippers. He realized the tremendous facts of action and reaction in the world. The same idea is elaborated by Emerson in his essay on "Compensation". Herakleitos' statement that "the soul finds rest in change", while it may develop into the idea of the transmigration of souls, is yet preferable to eternal sleep and stagnation.

So, although he was only partly successful in his inquiries concerning the world and man, Herakleitos was an artist-philosopher, who loved and in some degree understood the world around him.

MARGARET ELMENDORF DURYEE.

THE JESTER'S SONG

Oh, merry were the courtiers, for merry was the king.
His laugh roused up the echoes and made the castle ring.
He lifted high his wine-glass and called out loud and strong,
"Come! drink to the love of living, a toast to life that's long!"

Rollicking all did pledge him, shouting, "Heaven send
Life unto our royal lord, life without an end!"
All, except the Jester, who mocking stood apart
As if such gay carousal brought sadness to his heart.

The King laughed hard to see him, commanding, "Fool, a song!
Sing to the love of living, sing of the life that's long!"
And all the nobles joining, raised a mighty cheer,
"The Fool! A song!" they cried, and crowded close to hear.
The Jester, pushing by them, sat down at the monarch's feet,
Twanged his lute and sang with voice both clear and sweet:—

"I'll sing a song of life that's long,
 With a hi-di-oh, di-oh!
 When if I try, I cannot die,
 Oh no! di-oh! di-oh!

A rose I've seen, a beauteous queen,
 Who wished to live forever,
 But could she? Never!
 She faded away in one short day,
 But why, pray why?
 Oh, she was made to die,
 Yes, she was made to die:
 So hi-di-oh! sing hi-di-oh!
 For she was made to die!

A man I knew, he tired grew,
 He wished to die forever.
 But could he? Never!
 This life gone, his soul went on—
 But reason give?
 Oh, he was made to live,
 Yes, he was made to live.
 So hi-di-oh! sing hi-di-oh!
 For he was made to live!

Come sing the song of life that's long,
 With a hi-di-oh! di-oh!
 Where if you try, you cannot die,
 Oh no! di-oh! di-oh!"

The Jester paused and silence reigned within the banquet hall.
 Then spoke the King out loudly unto his courtiers all:
 "My Lords, the Fool sings wisely, but shall we sit and weep
 Because it is denied us to have eternal sleep,
 When we would be contented, forgetting in that rest
 The times that have been darkest and those that have been best?

"No! let us fill our glasses, be merry while we may,
 So if we must remember, at least we've had our day!"
 And in the thought they joined him, each courtier in that throng,
 And drank "to the love of living" with a toast "to life that's long."

FLORA JULIET BOWLEY.

MY AUNT'S HUMOR

I bought the poison at the druggist's. It was prussic acid, I think, or something of that kind. Anyhow, it was a strong dose.

Auntie welcomed me with open arms. I put down my cheek to be kissed. Auntie did the same. We remained for some little time in this absurd attitude, until at length auntie remarked gently—"No, dear ; it is your place to kiss me."

At such a juncture it was out of the question to object. I kissed my aunt.

"Now, my dear nephew," she observed, leading the way out of the hall into the drawing-room, "tell me all your news."

I complied. With my hand on the cork of the bottle which contained the poison, I told the old lady that my mother sent her fond love, and my sister undying affection. I did not add, however, that I had been sent down by my family to expedite my aunt's demise.

The good lady seemed by no means ashamed of her own long-livedness. On the contrary, she struck me as being aggressively chirpy. And her health ! It made me positively ill to look at her.

"You look well, Aunt," said I.

"Yes, Arthur," she said, complacently smoothing out her silken gown, "I see no reason why your aunt should not become a centenarian."

"Bar accidents," said I to myself, fingering the cork of the bottle.

"My doctor," continued auntie, beaming in her most robust manner, "often jokes with me on the subject of my wonderful health."

"Does he, indeed ?" said I, seeing small cause for merriment in the situation.

"Oh, yes," assented my aunt, cheerfully, "we have many a good laugh over it. I think it does me good to laugh, so you must be very funny, please."

"And so funny shall I be," I muttered, inwardly, "that your best friends shall wish I had been duller." Aloud I said, "with pleasure, Aunt."

"Now, dear," said auntie, "if you will ring the bell we will have some tea."

This was the crucial moment. Tea! What could be better? Many an old maid ere now had been done to death by the aid of the cup that cheers while it inebriates.

My aunt labored under the universal delusion that she could make tea better than any one else in the world.

"First, warm the pot, my dear," she chattered, fussing around the room like an animated fashion plate of the Georgian era—"first, warm the pot, Arthur, and then put in the tea—one spoonful for each person, and one for the pot."

I nodded.

"Be particularly careful," said my aunt, "to pour on the water the very moment that the kettle boils. That," continued the worthy lady, suiting the action to the word, "is a thing worth knowing. Then cover up the tea with a cosy—never put it by the fire to draw—and let it stand for seven minutes, not more. Seven minutes only."

At length the tea was ready. We drew up our chairs to the table and sat down.

The little bottle in my pocket was becoming burdensome. I must delay no longer. A whole family of impecunious brothers and sisters were at this moment depending upon my pluck and cunning to free them from their overwhelming pecuniary embarrassments. Yes, I must make away with this, our only wealthy relative, while her will remained in our favor.

"Excuse me, Auntie," said I, peering into her cup, "but I think—I think I see a small fly in your tea."

"My dear child!" exclaimed my aunt, springing to her feet with deplorable agility, "say anything but that. To think that my precious tea should be entirely spoiled by a horrid little fly! Your eyes are younger than mine, dear; see if you can extract the thing for me."

My heart stood still. She had played into my hands.

I took up the cup and walked over to the window. My aunt hated the light, and invariably sat with her back to the window. It was done in a moment.

"Thank you so much, dearest," murmured auntie, gently

stirring the poisoned cup with her teaspoon, "but you always were so obliging and thoughtful for others. I almost think I must make a special—"

She paused. This was interesting. A special what?

"I almost think, dear, I must make a special provision for you in—you know what."

When I had got any breath to hold, I held it.

Auntie was still stirring that fatal tea, sublimely ignorant of the fact that one of the ingredients was an absurdly large dose of prussic acid.

"I must confess to you, Arthur, that I had not determined to make any particular exception in your favor; still, no one can be so changeable as an old maid, you know. And in this case, my dear, I am inclined to think that I may have been a little bit hasty."

"But, Auntie," said I, "you—"

"Now, no expostulations, my dear boy; I am talking so fast that my tea must be quite cold."

She raised the cup to her lips. It was too much. I could not sit calmly by and see a fortune, perhaps, swept away in a draught of lukewarm tea mingled with an overdose of poison.

"Aunt," I shrieked, "don't drink!"

With the cup at her lips, Auntie paused and gazed at me in mild wonderment.

"My dear nephew," she exclaimed, "don't say it's another fly!"

"Auntie," I exclaimed tragically, "I believe it is!"

The old lady put down her cup, and strained to see the creature.

"My eyes are so bad, dearest; I cannot see any fly at all. Do you look, my boy; you are so clever at these things."

"Well," I said, carefully extracting the second imaginary insect, "you can't possibly drink it now, that's quite certain. At the same time, it is a thousand pities to waste such exquisite tea."

"Dear careful lad!" said auntie, with her back still turned to me.

I poured the mixture away and we finished our meal in the most jovial manner. Sometimes my conscience pricked me when I remembered the dear ones who were fondly running up bills on the strength of the old lady's murder, but then, I reflected, it would be but a poor return for my aunt's hospi-

talities to poison her with her own tea. We parted on the best of terms, and the last thing she did was to kiss me on the bridge of my nose in mistake for my forehead.

Six months later my aunt died a natural death. I insisted upon being chief mourner and bearing the expense of the funeral out of my own pocket.

The will came as a surprise to her relations. Dear auntie, who was always something of a humorist, left the bulk of her property to a hospital.

"And to my nephew Arthur, in memory of our little tea party, I bequeath the faithful old mirror that faces the window in my drawing-room."

ELSIE JOSEPHINE ROSENBERG.

TO A STATUE OF A SLAVE

I was a prince in the days gone by,
Oh, but my limbs are weary!
Purple of Tyre and gold wore I,
And it seemed that the eye of the gods was nigh,
Body and mind are weary!

I dreamed in my youth to fight the foe.
Oh, but my heart is weary!
To hear the clang of the stinging blow,
And the clank of the shivered shield flung low,
Heart and soul are aweary!

Curse on the blessings that youth may pour!
Of this weary world I'm aweary!
Curse on the blood that streams full sore
From my hand close-chained to the galley oar;
Yea, of life I'm aweary!

I was a prince in the days gone by.
Unto the death I'm aweary!
Are there no gods I may curse and die?

CANDACE THURBER.

MARBLEHEAD

All through the long summer days Marblehead sits and suns itself and dreams of the years gone by. Within sight and sound, separated only by the waters of the harbor, the people of the summer-time make merry in the present. But the old town still lives on in the past and a thousand old-time memories crowd its narrow streets and overflow to the wharves beyond.

The days have been when bustle and confusion have reigned in these streets, and when these wharves have been crowded with traffic; but a great quiet has followed and the busy days are over. In their place there are long days of sunny rest and smoking of pipes and reading of newspapers. The old-time "busyness" is gone as quickly as it came. The ships that brought to the harbor their rich cargoes of East Indian wealth have ceased to come.

So, too, the sounds and sights of war have come and gone. The old fort on the hill still reminds us that Marblehead has had its day of martial glory, but the thick grass has overgrown the stone barricade. The path where the sentry paced has become but the fashionable promenade of the younger generation, while the benches along its edge are comfortable resting places for a few old captains who still are restless without the sea.

Few indeed are the captains, for most of them lie asleep on the hill. Marblehead has left its dead to keep the watch over the town. Up and away from the narrow streets lies the burying-ground, with its lichen-covered stones and its queer old epitaphs. The wind blows fresh from the sea, the summer sun touches and warms into beautiful coloring the great heaps of rocks, and the blueness of the sky is reflected in a tiny marshy pool.

Among the dead there is one living; a bent old man, who lives from day to day nearer to and more often speaking to the dead than to the living. He mutters strange messages while he caresses the old headstones and traces with trembling fingers,

because his eyes are too dim to see, the names of the friends he has known and lived among. There is but one stone that the old man never visits and it is the one stone among all the peace of God's acre that marks the tragedy of Marblehead. The tall, straight, sandstone column rises above its humbler neighbors and tells the story of the cruelty of the sea when it swept away from life the little fishing fleet returning to the watchers at Marblehead. Thus has each village by the sea its touch of the sea's great tragedy.

Climbing half way up the side of the burying-ground Moll Pitcher's house has stopped for breath. A queer old house, filled with the memories of Salem witch-days and of the woman who bore the witch's shame and dishonor in Marblehead. It would be impossible for a stranger to find this house, for Moll's own grandchild sitting in the doorway does not know where the old witch lived, and it is a point of honor among people of Marblehead not to disclose to stranger eyes the secrets of the heart of the village.

Directly opposite, staring Moll Pitcher's house in the face, stood the old town tavern, and all the setting is there for the enactment of a second Agnes Surriage drama,—the house upon the hill and the old well at its foot where a modern Sir Frankland, pausing for a drink, before the steep climb, might catch the glimpse of a modern Agnes drawing water for the great house up beyond.

Out in the distance are the same beautiful islands that Agnes must have loved to watch as she paused in her work. Like a child's toy gunboat Baker Island lies at anchor with its twin lighthouses like twin smokestacks shining white in the sunshine and winking at each other all night long. To the right is Lowell, with its playground and its hospital, where the poor children of the city come to breathe in the ocean air and its strength.

There are many other dots of islands about which strange stories cling,—Half-way Rock, where a shipwrecked sailor lived his life out years ago, and a hundred others, each more interesting than the last.

But most beautiful of all, to the left, stretches the Beverly shore. Like picture after picture framed in blue sky and bluer water lie the Beverly farms with the gleaming of beaches here and there and the forests standing high up from the shore.

Leaving the islands and turning landwards a very different scene comes to view. Half a hundred little streets play at hide-and-go-seek through the length of Marblehead and queer old houses stumble against each other and run into stores in the front where the people of Marblehead do their trading. Queer old shopkeepers there are, too, who keep these stores, shopkeepers who must not sell the clothes-bar to the city lady from the Neck because it is the last one in the store and its sale would necessitate a new supply.

All the people of Marblehead, new and old, are good churchgoers. On Sunday morning half a dozen bells call them to as many churches, and most interesting and oldest of these is Saint Michael's. Old and brown, it looks very much like some of its parishoners. It is a mixed congregation in summer and the light fluffiness of the "Neckers" is strangely in contrast to the high-backed pews, the quaint old chandeliers sent over by Queen Anne, and the high old-fashioned altar rail, the gift of still another queen. Here too, beside the church, as well as on the hill, there are the epitaphs of the old-time members, who have been laid to rest close to the church they loved. It is very beautiful, on a July morning, to hear the drone of bees and the singing of waves on the shore mingling with the words of a beautiful service.

Marblehead has its historical memories too. The old house where Washington made his headquarters is still impressive with its broad staircase, its panelled halls and deep-silled windows.

Near to this is the old-time home of one of Marblehead's rich traders in the early days of its pride and glory. An eccentric old man, with money to indulge his idiosyncrasies, he built his house like the ship that had brought him his riches. The floor rolls as if in a heavy sea till it would seem that Moll Pitcher herself has come down from the hill and bewitched it, while the queer little cabin-like windows and closets help on the illusion wonderfully. But high up in the house is the more modern touch. Some gay grand-daughter must have begged a ball-room as well as a cabin, for here it is in all its glory, with its shining floor, its long high windows and the staircase leading up from outside so that the old captain in his quarters below deck might not be disturbed by the tread of many feet. Altogether it is the best place in the world to dream of Marblehead as it used to be.

But as one dreams, the long evening shadows fall across the floor, the beautiful sunset glimmers for a moment on the waters of the bay, then flickers slowly out till Marblehead is lost in the shadows and is fast asleep.

HELEN NORWELL.

THE DAY

She came a-tiptoe up the Eastern sky,
The rosy Day, soft laughing through the mist,
In joyousness
To see the amorous Earth in ecstasy
Await enshadowed the desired tryst
And her caress.

Then down the western sky she lingering passed.
Her stately robes of rose and saffron trailed
Behind her and afar,
As graciously she turned and, twilight-veiled,
To pledge return, across the dusk she cast
A radiant star.

MARGARET FOSTER NICHOLS.

A WESTERN HOUSE-HUNT

"Of course, everyone knows several good stories about house-hunting. My sister has been looking for a tenement for nearly three months," said Jim Waters, the other day, to the assembly at the corner store. Jim is a drummer, or calls himself one, but he generally hangs around the store, telling a few of the usual line of drummer's stories, rehashed. He made the above remark just after Bill Hikes had finished telling the experiences of his sister's husband's cousin in finding a flat in Brooklyn. Bill immediately bristled up, but as Jim had never told a house-hunting story himself, we all hoped to be let off sort of easy and Bill, seeing the fiery glow of inspiration in Jim's eyes, and also taking his size into consideration, quit right off. "Let 'er go, Jim," he sighed, relapsing onto the proverbial cracker barrel, and Jim started. Now I want you all to understand that

I'm not responsible for the truth of this story, but I'll risk it, as I never heard it before, and I've been a pretty constant audience at the store ever since I came to Anton. which was immediately after Job Quinn's children left my barn door open, and a big breeze came along, filled up the barn like a balloon, and carried it clean off, with the hoss a-dragging by his halter. Well, as I was a-saying, I'm not responsible for this story, but here it is, just as Jim told it.

"Yes, I've heard some pretty queer stories about house-hunting, but this one which I'm going to favor you gentlemen with, is the slickest one I ever heard of. I want to assure you that it's true, for one of my most intimate friends, Ed Hopkins, had this experience himself. He was, at the time, living in Tennessee, on the bank of the Mississippi River. It was one of those low, damp places, where the tubs are always floating round in the cellar, if there is any. Why, it's so low there that it's foggy more'n half the time, and once an acquaintance of mine, when he was shingling his barn, shingled right off a couple of feet into the f——"

"No, it warn't, neither!" This from Sam Down. "You're a mighty sight off on your jography. That was my Uncle Eb, up in Nova Scotia. The fog up there is so thick that——"

"Well, never mind, I was thinking it was either that fellow or Bill's cousin's husband's uncle. Well, as I said, it was low land, extremely low. I was living in New York at the time, after some very interesting experiences; more so than those the Rev. William Hikes has so kindly related to the company. I must tell them to you some time.

At this point the proprietor of the store was noticed setting the clock ahead an hour.

"Well, one day, just as I was thinking about taking a vacation, I had a letter from Ed, inviting me to come and help him hunt up a house. Now, I thought that was kind of queer, for I'd always thought that in that little God-forgotten place, it was easy enough to find a house anywhere. I was undecided, but by next mail I got a clipping, sent with another letter, which decided me. Let's see, here it is—it's an advertisement taken from the Dobbin Gazette.

"'House Lost!!—On Tuesday, March 16, my dwelling-house, situated thirteen miles above Caruthersville, was washed from its foundations and floated down the Mississippi river. It is a

new two-story frame, painted white, and built in T shape, with a hall in the center and two-story front porch all the way across the building. It contained all my household furniture, including a new parlor organ with J. C. engraved on the plate. The cook-stove is a new No. 8 range. A Marlin rifle—sixteen-shot, 38 calibre,—was also in the house. Any one knowing the whereabouts of this house will be rewarded by informing me at this place.

Ed Hopkins, Dobbin, Tennessee.'

"Added to this was, 'Come along! I think she's headed off, but you'll have a novel experience.'

"I went. Ed's wife had gone home to her folks, and Ed was camping in the cellar, but he packed up what few things were on the premises, and we went on our house-hunt. It seems Ed had got news that, about twenty-five miles down the river, a house had been careering along under full sail, so he went and made inquiries; they thought it was his, and directed us to a place half a mile further down. All we found there was an old pig-pen with two squealing young porkers in it. However, we went on about three miles more, and found the house, landed high and dry, several feet from the edge of the river. Ed was delighted, and as he took a liking to the spot, and as I saw a pretty girl in the next house, we decided to move right in, and stay where the house was.

"But it was not to be. In about half an hour an old Irishman came along, swearing volubly, and told us to get off his land.

"'Ye've spoiled me barnya-ard and me bit av grass,' says he. 'Go 'way from here, wid yer old house, shuttin' off me ve-uw.'

"'But how can I?' objected Hopkins.

"'I don't know, and I don't ca-are,' retorted the old man. Then Ed tried to patch it up and buy some land, but the old fellow fixed that all right by remarking:

"'Divil a bit of land shall ye have! It's not me that wud hav' yez for a nay-bor! Shure, ye'd go and borry something, and thin go and float down the river with it!'

"Evidently the only thing to do was to get the house afloat again and then tow her upstream. We hired some men and oxen, and launching her into the Mississippi again, had her towed upstream about ten miles. Then the money gave out; the men had charged double the usual rates, as the house was so large that they were afraid it would pull the oxen into the river, and that would be the last of them. So they charged us

for the risk. I say 'us', but I paid for the men and oxen, although I was at the time under a financial cloud.

"Well, we couldn't have her towed upstream, as neither of us could borrow any money, and no one would take a mortgage on the house; it was too risky. The only thing left was to let her float down, or moor her where she was. I suggested having her hoisted up, building a hull underneath, and making a house boat of her, and Ed thought it was a good plan, but then the money question came up again, and stopped that.

"So we waited a few days till something better should suggest itself. Meanwhile the house was moored on the river. One night I was awakened by an awful, hollow, terrifying crash. I sprang out of bed, found my feet in water, and got in again. Presently, by the dim moonlight, I could faintly see things floating by me in a rapid current, and almost at the same time discovered, with a thrill of horror, that I, too, was floating. But where was Ed? And where was the house? In answer to this, I soon heard a strange sound, faint at first, then getting louder, and developing at last into 'Lead, kindly Light'; then this became rather shaky, and Ed came floating by, sitting on the cook-stove, with the organ in tow, and attempting to play snatches of hymns, 'just to keep awake and to let folks know he was coming,' as he said.

"After a few hours the bed which I was sailing on landed, and in the morning Ed came along, saying that he'd anchored the organ a little ways down the river, and wanted to go back and see if any old Irishman had claimed it yet. He explained the crash by the fact that another house had got loose, been washed off, and had come a-sliding down the good old Mississippi, and bunted into his house. Said he was going to sue the owner for letting his property loose in the public highway, at the peril of other people's possessions.

"Last I saw of Ed, he was camping in his cellar, back in Dobbin, with the bed, the organ, the cook-stove, and a table, which was also saved. The house, he had learned, was almost totally destroyed; he had never found anything but the two-story porch!

"No, gentlemen, I don't want to live on the Mississippi! It's too exhilarating!"

ALVARA PROCTOR.

AT THE YEAR'S END

I climbed at fall of night a rock-strewn hill
Upon whose summit leaned the autumn sky,
Where ragged, gusty clouds went sweeping by
Heedlessly driven at the rough wind's will.

Weary of leaves, a summer's vain display,
Exultingly the trees had flung them by,
And bare and beautiful against the sky
Stretched out their yearning fingers, thin and gray.

Where is the sadness of the dying year—
Those withered flowers of the poet's dreams,
The brown leaves drifting upon silent streams?—
Nature exults because the end is near!

And as the soul of one at peace who knows
That death is near, impatient waits its rest,
Glad to relinquish all that life holds best,
Breathless the old year rushes to its close!

INEZ HUNTER BARCLAY.

THE FINANCIERS

There was only one tree in the meadow back of Nan's house, but that one tree was an oak, and was of such paramount excellence as quite to make up for any lack in numbers. Nan, who lived in the house belonging to the field distinguished by the presence of the tree, and James Taylor, who lived across the street from Nan, spent a great deal of time under the oak. They had a house there, screened from the public eye by the grass that was really as high as one's head everywhere else—it had been carefully cut with scissors in the immediate vicinity of the tree-trunk.

House-keeping is far more interesting under an oak than under an elm, or hickory, or anything else in the tree line, for only an oak has acorns, and no satisfactory substitute for acorns as table service has as yet been discovered. The table,

in the present instance, was a rock, and the acorn cups and saucers, with leaves for napkins, were sufficient equipment for the dining-room. But a certain lack rankled in the soul of James; he longed for a cook-stove. Nothing was really worth while except baking sweet potatoes and pieces of dough called bread—which could every Saturday morning be begged from the cook—and a bonfire would do nothing but roast, and that only indifferently. This housewifely longing might have been looked for in Nan rather than in her masculine accomplice, but her tastes were rather æsthetic than utilitarian. She had conceived the brilliant project of winding the trunk of the oak with strips of pink and blue cloth. The thing, in her opinion, was unsightly at best, and besides—this phase of the subject for the practical James, who never appreciated beauty for beauty's sake—Nan had a theory that a large proportion of the ants that wandered over their table and strayed into their cups and saucers while they were quietly engaged at their midday meal, crawled down the trunk of the tree, and she naturally conjectured that pink and blue cloth would act as a preventive, like the blue paint and whitewash that she had noticed on the apple trees to keep off caterpillars.

But for stove and drapery alike funds were needed, and funds were remarkably low. James, whose weekly allowance of five cents depended upon his purity of language, and was withheld if he had said "Great Scott" more than five times during the preceding week, had absolutely nothing on hand. Nan received a quarter every Sunday morning, but always had to take a nickel to Sunday School, and put the rest in a hopelessly tight bank. Hence the fruitful discussion which took place one day after school, when it was almost too hot to do anything but lie on the grass and fool with the locusts that whirred now and then on the ground close to one's ear.

"There goes an ant up my stocking now," remarked Nan stoically, "and they're all getting into the sugar. I do wish we had that cloth."

"I don't mind the old ants," James replied in a tone of deep despondency, "but there ain't nothin' to do. I hate havin' nothin' to do. Say, it would be stacks of fun to bake some potatoes now."

"It's too hot."

"Aw, that's just like a girl—too hot! I should think you'd want a stove. A house ain't any good without a stove."

Nan sat up, looking purposeful.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," she said. "We'll *earn* some money."

"Great Scott, there ain't any way! There goes my last chance, anyhow. I said it four times yesterday. Fred Allen's got a root beer stand right next door, and he'd get mad if we started one, too. There ain't any other way."

"Well, I don't mean root beer. I mean flowers."

James sat up and stared. He had always considered Nan very sensible—for a girl.

"Well, go on," he suggested.

Nan went on. "Do you see all those daisies?" She made a comprehensive gesture. Now, look; there's plenty of city folks that would buy 'em. We'll pick some good big bunches, and we'll go down to the station, 'cause that's the only place city folks would be, of course, and we'll sell 'em—sell 'em and make money."

"It'll be for the stove," James stipulated, basely. But he was interested, and Nan was tactful.

"Maybe we'll make enough for both," she said. "Come on and begin."

It was rather hard work to pick so many, and Nan ran up to the house to get some scissors. When she was going in the back door it occurred to her that it might be prudent to ask her mother's approval of the great project. That was an unpleasant thought. She was sensible of a guilty feeling of relief when the cook looked up from the strawberries she was hulling to say, "If you want your mother, darlint, she ain't here. Maggie told me she went out callin'."

"I—I didn't want her," Nan said.

It would probably be well to get back home in time for tea, because her uncle—Uncle Jack—was coming. She had never seen him. She wondered if he would be any fun.

After securing scissors and a great amount of pink string, Nan returned to the daisies, and the two worked assiduously. Finally it was done. There were five beautiful, solid bunches, tightly and neatly tied up, with the green stems cut short and even. Then they started.

The station was not far away, but it seemed extremely warm when they got there, and there was no one in sight. The baggage-man, when discovered behind a pile of trunks, was too sleepy to consider the purchase of a bunch of daisies. Evidently nothing better was to be expected of the man who called off trains. He was not calling off trains just now, but was sitting on a bench on the platform, mopping his moist forehead and the horizontal red indentation of his official cap. He seemed not to want the daisies at all, perhaps because they were ten cents a bunch, Nan suggested. But it was far wiser, argued James, to charge ten cents, and thus earn half a dollar, than to limit the profits to a quarter, which might not be more than enough for the stove. There was much hot and tiresome waiting, which, on account of lack of funds, it was not even possible to vary by working the machine that played a tune and ejected a small card, inscribed with one's fortune and weight, all for a cent—in addition to the joy and excitement of watching the fascinating internal arrangements.

Finally a whistle blew. The trainman reluctantly pulled himself to his feet and shouted loudly—though there was no one but the flower-sellers in sight, and they were close by—“Train going east on the Kingston Road!” and then the strange individual, so suddenly aroused from his lethargy, emitted a mighty and inarticulate roar, presumably consisting of several names mentioned in quick succession. Then the train pulled in with a great deal of noise, which Nan did not like, but considered preferable to passive waiting. When the people started to flow out from all the little platform sources, James chose one stream to watch, and Nan found herself vainly trying to stem the tide of another. Somehow, it was almost harder to ask the pretty ladies with suit cases whether they wanted “daisies, ten cents a bunch,” than it had been to intrude upon the leisure of the trainmen, and the little girls with large, floppy hats like her Sunday one—they were the worst of all. One of this latter class, with a good many ruffles and a hat that was particularly large and floppy, remarked loudly and wonderingly, “She doesn't look like a real poor little girl, does she, mamma?”

“Sh-h-h! dear,” said mamma.

This really wasn't much fun. People were in a great hurry, and didn't care about daisies half as much as they ought to. The poor, unpopular daisies did look rather warm and wilted.

Nan's hands were moist and tired squeezing the big handfuls of stems.

"Daisies, ten cents a bunch," she remarked, wearily and apologetically, to a young man with blue eyes and a beard, the last person from Nan's platform. He must have thought she was an orphan waif, about to go supperless to bed, for he looked down at her sympathetically, while he shifted his heavy suit case to his left hand—which was already occupied with a large, heavy-looking square box—and groped in his clinking pocket. It was rather awkward to carry a useless bunch of wilted daisies when his hands were full, but he would not underrate the child's wares by telling her to keep them and the money, too. So the man grasped the warm, moist stems, and Nan, with true delight, clutched the dime and rushed down the platform to James, who was triumphantly disposing of his third and last bouquet.

"How did you make 'em take 'em?" Nan gasped wearily, as James, gloating over his three dimes, led the way through the turnstile.

"Why, you just don't say 'ten cents a bunch'. O' course people think they're only five, and when they find out they don't like to change their minds. Anyhow, you don't holler loud enough. You have to get right in front of people and *make* 'em pay attention."

Nan looked dubious, but said nothing. She approved of James' results always, of his methods only sometimes. She was almost too tired to remonstrate just now. She listlessly dropped the rest of her daisies one by one along the walk, like Hop-o-my-thumb with his crumbs of bread.

"Let's get the stove on the way up," suggested James. He seemed neither hot nor hungry. Nan was both. "We've got forty cents," he continued. "I wonder how much they cost."

"You can get a tin one for twenty-five," said Nan. She knew he didn't want a tin one.

"They ain't any use," James replied contemptuously.

Nan pointed at the imposing array of change that James was carefully tying up in the corner of the pocket handkerchief that had been clean that morning.

"I think that will be enough for the cloth, but not for the iron stove," she said decisively. She was something of a business woman, in spite of her inability to sell daisies.

When they reached Main Street, James stopped abruptly.

"Coming?" he asked with laconic terseness.

"I have to go home and get dressed up for supper. My uncle's going to be at our house."

"All right, then, I'll bring the stove out to the tree about seven. Good-bye."

Again, Nan did not remonstrate. She knew perfectly well that he could not get an iron stove for forty cents, because she had tried.

By the time Nan was safely out of her limp blue gingham, and safely in her immaculate pink gingham, the people had gone in to supper. When she had waited for the blessing to happen, and had rushed to her seat rather shamefacedly, she noticed a young man with blue eyes and a beard, who sat opposite her place.

"Nan, this is Uncle Jack," said Nan's mother. Uncle Jack shook hands jovially across the table.

"Why, hello, I guess I've seen Nan before," he said.

The eyes of her parents were turned on Uncle Jack questioningly.

"I wondered who'd left a track of daisies all the way up to the front gate. You don't look much like the little girl down at the station, though, whom I thought I was helping to save from a supperless fate. In fact she looks almost prosperous now," he added, turning to her father and mother.

The eyes were by this time quite large.

Nan didn't enjoy the first part of supper very much, because she had to endure the painful process of an explanation to her somewhat surprised, but not intensely displeased parents.

By the time the strawberries came, the eyes were calm and pleasant. Uncle Jack's had been almost too pleasant during the entire procedure.

After supper Nan had a conference with her uncle in the dim end of the hall by the hat-rack.

"My dear young niece," he remarked, "I'm afraid I made you hate me at supper-time. Take this as a peace-offering."

A large, heavy-looking square box was thrust into her willing arms.

"It isn't pretty to look at — it isn't a doll," he added, "but I trust you'll find it useful." Then he felt as if he were presenting her with a Bible, and finished desperately, "In fact — it's a stove."

Nan had already found out. She felt quite appeased as she peered in at the goodly black thing. It really must have cost much more than forty cents. At last James would be satisfied. She smiled up at her uncle.

"Oh, thank you, so much! It's just what I wanted," she said politely.

James was already at the tree when she toiled out through the deep meadow grass with the heavy box. He was sitting on the ground, sullenly whittling a stick. He looked up as Nan came upon him with her burden.

"What you got? Did your uncle bring you a doll?" he asked patronizingly, eyeing the box, which would have fitted no possible doll of ordinary dimensions. The uncles with whom James had dealings lacked discrimination in their choice of gifts. His Uncle Frederick had given him a box of colored blocks only the Christmas before. Anyone ought to have more sense than to give baby playthings like that to a fellow twelve years old.

"No, of course it isn't a doll. It's—what do you think?" Nan was not usually irritating. She was merely administering a stimulant to the lazy figure on the ground. But James looked disgusted. He did not care for guessing. He wished to come to the point. Nan, perceiving this, calmly announced, "It's an iron stove."

"Great Scott!" said James.

Nan opened the box once more, and the housekeepers rapturously explored the fascinating black stove, — its ovens and hinged doors and the nice place to make a fire in.

"Well, isn't a stove a pretty good thing to have?" asked James, in an I-told-you-so tone, as they broke many small twigs in preparation for a meal.

Nan smiled subtly.

"Now we can buy the pink and blue cloth," she said.

CHARLOTTE GOLDSMITH CHASE.

SKETCHES

AN EXPLANATION

I am not dying of a broken heart,
Nor has my tender youth received a blight,
I have received no wound from Cupid's dart,
Nor have my pet ambitions met with slight.
My health is good, my nerves are very strong,
I am no martyr to some lofty aim,
I vell no grief, nor suffer any wrong.
And yet because I understand the same
And try to put my sympathies in rhyme,
And soar in realms of fancy often time
And shed a dream-tear in a metred line,
I'm deemed a maiden blighted in her prime.
But oh ! my youthful critic, do not think
My whole life lies revealed in blots of ink !

Alice Venelia Hatch.

The girl with the handsome eyes and the tailor-made gown tossed aside the new magazine impatiently.

"The only reason" she remarked,
A Modern Short Story "why I cannot write short stories,
and be considered a genius, is because I flatter myself I have a trifle too much common sense."

The girl bending over the chafing-dish looked puzzled.

"Were it not" she said, "for the fact that you have gained the reputation of being a genius in other ways, I should put that down as a clear case of sour grapes, as it is —"

"As it is, I understand human nature too well to follow rules, which falsify real life and human nature to such an extent that one would no more expect to meet the hero or heroine of the modern short story than he would expect to meet Alice and the White Rabbit walking about the campus."

"They may have been there last night. I found a white glove in front of the Students' Building this morning," observed her room-mate slowly.

"Which was dropped by some one coming from the play last night. But really, Irene, I wonder that you don't understand my feelings."

"Perhaps the reason is that I write short stories myself."

"Oh, yes, semi-annually, but that isn't a proof of budding genius, merely that you take English 13 and have to contribute your share of the rubbish which a long-suffering teacher has to read. Really, Irene, you can't imagine how distressing it is to a person who has studied human nature to have it degraded as it is daily by youthful would-be writers. I have always made a study of character myself, and it sometimes seems as if I couldn't stand the trash with which the best magazines are filled."

"Why do you read the stories, honey,—there are still plenty of treatises on the weighty political and scientific questions of the day. Read those, my dear, for solid food, and satisfy your artistic appetite with Browning, and then your delicate sensibilities will not suffer."

"One has to keep up with the literature of the day, and so degraded has the public taste become that the short story is about all the modern literature we have. The best magazines are publishing more and more numbers devoted entirely to stories and soon they will be all stories. I don't see what we are coming to."

"It is a problem. Do you like your bouillon salt, dear?"

"Anyway, it doesn't matter. Now just look at this story I have been reading. The man does not care for the girl and she goes about for the rest of her life with a 'dark shadow in her fathomless eyes, and a bewildering smile on her lips'—and no one dreams of her blighted life. Now imagine any sane person writing such nonsense. What an impression it would give a foreigner of our modern American girl. Girls' lives are not blighted, nor their hearts broken in these days. Love is not the only end in their lives and one, two or three men, whom perhaps they might have married pass out of their lives leaving the heart whole as ever. The romance, which the majority of people find it so pleasant to read about, went out of fashion with the days of chivalry."

The other girl passed a cup of steaming bouillon to her roommate and helped herself before replying. Then—"Perhaps you are right," she said slowly, "but I know of one true story,

which of course may only be the exception which proves the rule, but — ”

“ If you are sure it is true, tell it to me. It will be refreshing after all the trash I have been reading this afternoon.”

“ It will be very like it, I’m afraid ; after all, it is only a modern short story—but it’s true.”

“ How do you know it’s true ? ”

“ *Where* are the crackers ? ” demanded the other girl from the depths of the closet.

“ In the third drawer of the chiffonier under the gloves. I put them there for safe keeping. Now are you going to tell me the story ? We usually gossip so much over our Sunday night supper that it will be an agreeable change.”

“ For you, perhaps. Personally I like to gossip—with you. Do you know, I should think room-mates would get talked out, and yet they never seem to, and always appear to enjoy each other’s company better than anyone’s else.”

“ Again, Irene, you are taking a narrow view of things. We were both unusually fortunate, and therefore are unqualified to give an unbiased opinion upon room-mates in general.”

“ Thank you, dearest. Really, your capacity for throwing back-handed compliments at yourself increases every day. I imagine—”

“ Don’t imagine, Irene, it’s wearing to the brain. Besides, you should keep all your flights of imagination for 13, and not use them up on ordinary occasions.”

“ One would think you thought the supply limited.”

“ I didn’t say that, but go on with the story. Did the heroine tell it to you herself ? ”

“ No, she never told me, but I know the facts of her life and I know the girl better than she knows herself. She did not have to tell me.”

“ Were this all a story, you would be telling me about yourself, thinking I would never guess, and you would pause every little while with a ‘ queer look ’ in your eyes, and you would laugh a ‘ strained, unnatural laugh ’, which is the exceedingly subtle hint, which the exceedingly original author always drops in order to give the reader a glimpse into his exceedingly original plot.”

“ Well, this isn’t a story. The girl had been brought up with the boy ; they had played and skated and danced and walked

together ever since the girl could remember. She did not realize that she was in love with him, but she had never let herself think what life would be without the boy, and after he went to college she was lonely. She began to grow up then, I think, and to understand herself. She was so proud of him when he carried off all the honors freshman year, and all the time the feeling was growing that the honors were hers, too, and that he belonged to her."

Irene paused here to refill the cups. The other nibbled a cracker thoughtfully, but did not speak.

"It was the beginning of his junior year at college that he first wrote of his chum's sister, and that summer before his senior year he talked of her all the time. The girl entered college herself in the fall, and she told the boy she was too busy to correspond. His class day she met the other girl, and she was bridesmaid the following winter. That is all, only the girl still cares. She will never care for anyone else as she cared for the boy."

For an instant two pairs of eyes met each other a little defiantly, then Irene got up.

"Turn-about is fair play," she said. "I got supper, and told you a story besides, so you may clear up while I go to church with Polly."

The other rose slowly and put on a big apron over the faultless tailor gown.

"Your supper was very good," she said, "but I'm sorry I can't say as much for the story. It not only was lacking in originality, but it was positively hackneyed. Those idyllic love affairs which have their origin in the pinafore days are quite the fashion now. You could safely call it true, for it might have happened to a dozen girls."

"I'm glad to hear you admit it. You said in the beginning that the modern girl never cared, and that hearts had gone out of fashion, and they haven't, you know that, dear."

"Then you were only trying to prove to me a general theorem in a general way, and had no special case in mind." There was almost a pleading note in the girl's clear voice, and the other kissed her hastily.

"May be not, perhaps it was only a flight of my imagination, which I shall write up later for 13. Good-bye, honey."

She went out and closed the door, but opened it again almost immediately.

"The sapolio," she said, "is propping up the leg of the table where the castor came out the other day. You can put my small German dictionary in its place, I shall not need it till the last of the week."

Left alone, the student of human nature did not at once make the suggested transfer, but wandered restlessly about the room. At last she sat down before her desk, and unlocking a little drawer, took from it a bundle of old letters, the dance-order of the Junior Promenade at one of the large universities, and last of all a boy's picture in a well-worn leather case. For a few moments she sat staring at them dumbly, then looking up and catching her reflection in the mirror opposite, she laughed. It was not a strained, unnatural laugh, merely the low, clear, rather musical laugh of the typical college junior, who is always seeing the funny side of everything.

"The end of a modern short story with illustrations," she said half aloud, and then she put the things slowly back and began to look around for the German dictionary.

LESLIE OSGOOD.

THE NIGHT RIDE

Oh, it's gallop and sing
While the bridles ring,
And the cross-roads glimmer white.
Hear the iron-shod feet
Down the elm-arched street
On a brisk October night.

Oh, it's over the hill,
Past the silent mill,
O'er the bridge where its race gleams white,
Past the pine-trees black,
With a quick look back
At the mountain crowned with light.

Oh, it's gallop and shout
Till the dogs run out,
And the farm doors stream with light.
Oh, the horses race
In a mad, wild chase,
On a brisk October night.

AT NIGHT

The moon shone in so very bright
I could not sleep at all,
I saw the time upon the clock,
The pictures on the wall.

Outside the pines looked really green
Against the convent white.
I heard so many footsteps pass
It did not seem like night.

Above the church a big, big star,
A-twinkling at the moon,
Reminded me of Christmas eve—
I'm glad it's coming soon.

JANET DEWITT MASON.

One day long ago She went across the meadow through the
daisies, over the little hollow where the brook ran in the spring,
up the hill again to the sand-pile. It was

Her First Love only a short way, not out of mother's sight,
but to Her it was rough and perilous, much
more exciting than the walk along the road.

There was a funny little place first where sour-grass grew,
sour-grass with its pretty little pink flower and its sharp taste
that made Her eyes water. Then further on, in the sun the
daisies bobbed and nodded and struck at Her face as She pushed
through them. Further on, most interesting of all, came the
place where She might get all nice and muddy, where once in a
while She found a big stiff blue-flag, where She saw a little frog
splash away through the grass, and where the hired man said
he found a wiggly snake. She had to be very careful here, for
the grass grew in big bumps, and when a person's legs were so
short and wobbly those bumps were hard to get over.

Then when She got up under the trees again She could run
and cry, "Hello, Harry!" And then She was at the sand-pile
with Harry, who lived next door, and Her brother Archie, who
was younger than She, but almost as big, of course, because he
was a boy.

She built, and dug, and scraped, but after a while She got
tired, and Archie should have gone home, because he was so
cross. She threw sand at him to make him go. She almost
had a fight, but Rob, who was Harry's big brother, came out
and made them stop teasing Her. Rob was awfully old, and he

went to school and knew a lot, and once in a while, when he had nothing to do, he played with Her.

"Let's build a house for us," said Rob.

She was interested at once. Rob's houses were grand affairs.

"And a barn?" She asked eagerly.

"Sure, and I guess we'll have a chicken yard. Say, give me that shovel a minute."

The shovel was Her chief delight, and no one of the others could lay a hand on it, but She cheerfully relinquished it to Rob.

"Now this is you feeding the chickens," said Rob.

"But there aren't any chickens," She objected.

Rob produced pebbles which, at his word for it, were exact reproductions to Her.

"Now I'm here coming home from work. It 'ud be better if we could have a street-car, 'cause that's what I'm going to have. I'm goin' to be a street-car man."

"Archie's train?" She hazarded.

"Huh! that's bigger'n the whole farm. What do you think? Well, I wouldn't bring the car home with me, anyway. Harry and Arch can come and see us on our birthdays," he added condescendingly.

"No-o-o," She disagreed, "I'd rather have just us."

"Well, I don't care. You needn't have them."

And so She planned with never a doubt, happy in the idea that Rob, who condescended to play with Her, who took Her side in all the squabbles, who knew so much he could go to school, would play even in that far-off time when She was to be a grown-up. So taken was She with the idea that She wouldn't believe it when Archie said mother was calling, and She had to wait and see. Mother called again, and then, with a reluctant "Good-bye, Rob," and a forgiving smile to Harry, She trudged along the road, full of the golden future with the street-car man.

But when She got home mother was waiting with a "Hurry up, it's almost time for father to come." She had a hasty scrub, scrambled into a clean frock, and ran all the way to the corner. And when father came from the train all tired and dusty, She made a rush for him, and all thoughts of Rob and a street-car went like a flash. It seemed as though She must have forgotten father.

She was vaguely sorry for Rob, but—well—father was the only man She could ever marry.

HAZEL JOSEPHINE GOES.

PIERROT AND PIERRETTE

Like fairy flowers that dancing go,
 Freed from the earth-bound silent stem,
 Onward, whenever light winds blow,
 Careless and gay,—we are like them,
 Dancing wherever songs are set,
 We, Pierrot and Pierrette.

The other Pierrettes are fair,
 Their light forms leap like birds on bough,
 Their step can scarcely downward bear
 The twig they lighted on but now.
 Sweetheart, your foot is lighter yet,
 You are as swan-down, Pierrette.

When we alone together stand,
 The other dancers far away,
 I may not touch your still, white hand,
 You are more coy and grave than they,
 Yet your dark eyes, ah! brave coquette,
 Turn to my wooing, Pierrette.

What is this garb I nightly wear?
 This ruff that frames my painted face?
 With a man's passion could I dare
 To fold you in a clown's embrace?
 But a man's heart beats even yet
 'Neath the fool's trappings, Pierrette.

We laughed so well one night, my sweet.
 We did not seem to think or care
 Who saw us, while our dancing feet
 Mocked with their fleetness birds of air.
 That first glad night can you forget?
 Think, and be tender, Pierrette.

The strains uprise, we two must go
 Out from our sheltered hiding place,
 Out to the world, the dance, the glow
 Of light and laughter, strength and grace.
 Kiss me but once, that I may get
 Heart for the going, Pierrette.

FRANCES ALLEN.

"If madame would wait just one—two minute," said the attendant, and promptly left me alone in the waiting room.

From the appearance of the place
A Case of Conscience you would never dream what a love of a frock Gascoigne turned out, but anyone who had been to him once always went again—if she could afford to.

It was a very simple dress that I was having made, a soft gray veiling absolutely plain and untrimmed, for Gascoigne's trimmings were beyond the present ebb of my purse. All about me were gowns in various stages of completion, and I was glancing them over with that indefinable pang of non-possession when suddenly my attention was riveted by a dull blue etamine on a dress-form. It was plain, almost severe in cut, but the peculiar method of applying the lace appliqué, the originality and finish of the design, made it one of Gascoigne's most effective creations. And almost simultaneously two ideas took possession of me—how well that heavy lace would look upon my own gray gown, and that that particular appliqué was not difficult to secure. And I had a retentive memory and deft New England fingers. At the time I was quite overcome with the brilliancy of this suggestion. I walked round and round the dress, imbedding every detail in my mind. When my final fitting was over, I could hardly wait to secure my appliqué. Never did an idea materialize more delightfully. My gown was sent home that week, and when I had finished with it I was just a little bit overawed by the work of my own hands. It was adorable, that soft gray clinging thing, with its bold beauty of design, and with inward rejoicing I donned it to go and read a paper on Municipal Art before the Woman's Club.

My paper, I may say, was a success, but I was vastly more pleased by the admiring glances turned on my gown. My intimate friends patted me secretly upon the well-fitted shoulders, and one woman, not even an intimate acquaintance, went so far as to ask me the name of the maker.

"Gascoigne," said I with conscious truth. She was a stout, over-bearing woman, with a good many diamonds on her fingers, and Gascoigne's seemed to give me courage to meet her on her own ground.

I added complacently, "I think I'd rather trust his workmanship than that of anyone else in the city."

"Ah, would you?" said the stout woman absently,—for her whole attention seemed directed to my dress,—and went her way.

The next afternoon I received a visit from Gascoigne. I received him in blank astonishment. The excitable little Frenchman was waving a letter in his hand.

"I regret to disturb madame," he said, "but I must consult with her at once. There has been a mistake made. A lady has said—if madame would please to read this."

He thrust a heavy, impressively coat-of-armed letter into my hand.

"My dear Gascoigne," it ran. "At a reception this afternoon I found a gray gown appliquéd in the same manner as the blue one you assured me was designed solely for me. The wearer was Mrs. Prentice of 665 Elm Ave., and she gave me your name as the maker. Needless to say, I countermand, absolutely, any present orders in your establishment."

The writer was my interested acquaintance of the reception. I read the note through in dumb horror, while Gascoigne kept up a running commentary.

"It is a mistake, of course," he repeated. "I do not understand. The gown I made for madame was a plain gray, severe, comme ça. There was but one appliqué—a blue for Madame Davis, who wrote this. Madame Davis is enraged, and withdraws her custom. Mon Dieu! What a custom! But I do not understand why. Perhaps madame can explain?"

Well, madame could and did explain. For five minutes I explained, steadily, painstakingly, with burning cheeks, and guilty, downcast eyes, to an excited Frenchman, who flew wildly here and there among the furniture in my small parlor.

"Oh, I do not understand," he repeated for the thousandth time. "Madame saw the blue in the waiting-room, and remembered all the pattern! But what maker would dare to reproduce a Gascoigne design?"

"I—I did it myself," I faltered.

The glory of my achievement had quite left me. I was appalled at the enormity of the thing. I wondered at myself. Where had been my New England conscience, where my sense of honor, that I had appropriated this man's accomplishment and unblushingly paraded it as my own? The conviction of unsuspected sin enveloped me. I was crushed with humiliation and with a certain Puritanical conviction that it was my due.

"Ah, I see," Gascoigne was saying softly. "Will madame write a letter?"

"A letter?"

"To Madame Davis. To explain. She is enraged—you see?"

"Oh, of course. I'll write this minute," I cried, wrung by the throes of reparation. "Oh, I *am* so sorry! I didn't realize what I was doing. It struck me as a pretty pattern, and when Mrs. Davis spoke of the dress I naturally mentioned you as having made it. I *am* so sorry, and I'll write the letter this minute!"

It was not an easy letter to write, but at last I finished an explanation which I thought would satisfy the demands of any sensible Christian soul, and I gave it to Gascoigne to mail.

Then I spent an exceedingly low-spirited day, with the memory of Gascoigne's subtle smile, and the vision of the stout Mrs. Davis reading my humble epistle.

The next morning Mrs. Davis paid me a call. She came in a ponderous turn-out, and but for the noise that it made drawing up to my dwelling, she would have caught me dusting my most fragile glassware in the dining-room. As it was I had time for a hurried scamper upstairs, and an instant's panic-stricken reflection. A most improper sense of the ridiculous urged me to receive her in the gray gown, but I sternly resisted it, and went downstairs assuring my flustered self that she had come out to talk over and laugh away the annoyance that I brought upon myself.

This conviction was speedily dissipated by her first words.

"You can judge how glad I was to receive *that* this morning," she said, striking my letter, which she held in her hand. "I had always believed Gascoigne an honorable dealer, and his fittings suited me extremely. Naturally, I was relieved to be able to resume them."

I said a few words upon the subject of my own sorrow at the accident, and my innocence of all malicious desigus. She waved them away with a majestic hand.

"It is unfortunate," she said, with a palpable effort to secure a favorable term. "Of course you will not wear the dress again."

I felt my cheeks flame as though struck. "I am sorry," I said with less sorrow and more dignity than I had manifested hitherto, "that I cannot agree to that. However, I shall be

glad not to wear the dress at the club. That is our only place of meeting, I believe."

"Quite so," she said with obvious inflection. "In any case, however, I shall give my gown to my maid."

"I am afraid that my handmaid is too large for mine," I suggested. There is no use in being thin if one may not derive a little benefit from it at times.

The stout lady rose. "I am sorry that you do not find it to your advantage to discard the gown, inconvenient as it might be," she remarked. "In that case I should have considered my lips sealed. As it is now—" she paused impressively, and here departed.

As it is now I suppose that half the club will know the story before next meeting. She has kept her word and given the blue dress to her maid, for I saw the girl wear it past the house twice to-day. On that account I shall wear my gray to the club meeting. But I feel no joy in the anticipation.

MARY WILHELMINA HASTINGS.

THE BANSHEE

Little bhye, little bhye, coom pick up your whittlin's,
Pick up your playthings and make it all clane,
Thin nursie and you will sit here by the windy,
And wait for the mither to coom up the lane.

Till ye a story? Now list to the tazer!
Well, cuddle up tight, and a story ye'll hear.
Oh-h, methinks Oi will tell ye about the bad banshee,
The banshee what even grown-up folks'll fear.

Back in old Oireland, perhaps in a shanty,
Somebody's sick, or is ill to the death,
People a-watchin' beside the poor craythur,
Tremblin' and hopin' it's not his last breath.

May be it's dusky, no wind in the hivins,
Laves just as still as they be 'ninst a storm.
Somebody steps to the dure for a minit,
May be the hut is all chokin' and warm.

Is that a cloud that's up there just above her,
Misty and white in the avenin' light?
Mary forbid! 'Tis the terrible banshee,
Driftin' along and as still as the night!

Up past the cottage she floats, and the woman,
 Standin' all pricklin' with fear in the dure,
 Hears then the cry of the death-bringin' banshee,
 Hears it and falls in a faint on the flure!

Arrah, it's awful! Ah, sure, yis, Oi've heard it,
 Cries like a baby, a-wailin' so drear,
 And it's always a sign to the house that it passes
 That death is a-comin' for some one in here.

Darlint, you're tremblin'! Well, nursie has scared you,
 Tellin' a story like that sure is bright.
 Hush up now, dearie, here comes your ain mither.
 Comin' to kiss ye and cuddle ye tight.

MARIETTA ADELAIDE HYDE.

"All right here! All aboard!"

The conductor signalled the start, and with a long, strong
 pull engine 1099 pulled out of
 From Engine 1099 to 1211 the station.

One by one the yard-lights twinkled by into the blackness. Then the city itself was lost behind, and engine 1099, with the Overland Express, stretched into the night. It was then that Tom Ryan leaned back in his cab, filled his pipe, and prepared to enjoy life. For two hundred miles there was no stop, only a clear track ahead, barring accidents that Tom couldn't remedy, and he wasn't much given to dwelling on these. If he had been, he would have given up running the Overland many years before. Of course there was the gap, but that was none of his affair, although he did rather dread the place. He had often run into steers and horses there, and never without the thought that some day it might be more serious. To-night, however, he wasn't thinking about the gap. To tell the truth, he seldom did. He was thinking about his boy, who had become a fireman that day, and he remembered the day he got his first job, and wondered if Tom, junior, would ever get an engine like 1099.

Mile by mile slipped away, the hour passed, and the train never lost or gained a minute. Jim, the fireman, worked on as steadily as one of the big drivers, and the chief sat and puffed away at his pipe, filled and refilled it with mechanical care. The engine swerved slightly to the right, and Tom knew they

had entered the gap, looked at his time-piece. Ten-three. Good! They were keeping their time all right.

Suddenly on the track before him, trying to get across, he saw a woman. He put on the brakes; too late he knew, even as he did it. Then they struck. A bare second later he pulled the train to a stand-still and sprang out.

The woman was lying in the midst of a growing crowd. She was not dead, only fatally injured. Tom Ryan drew a long breath, and stood like one stunned. The conductor's voice broke in sharply.

"Here, put her on board," he said. "The station is only a mile further. We can stop, I suppose, and send back word for doctors. Hurry up, we've got two stops to make up, and must keep on time." His lips were white, but he couldn't let his feelings run away with him. Besides, if they got to San Alto late—well, there would be more trouble to pay.

Tom got into his cab, released the brakes, and let her go just as carefully and surely as he had for the last ten years. Then he leaned back and drew long, hard pulls on his pipe, which he neither filled nor lighted until Jim screwed up his courage and offered him a match.

At the end of the run Tom went home for his day's rest before his next trip, and the night after he climbed on his engine as calmly as he ever had since he first ran No. 1099. As mile after mile was swept behind on the long run, the engine went on and on without a sign that Tom had been changed in the least by the accident of the other night. Of course no one would expect him to be. Accidents are supposed to happen. The engine swerved slightly. They had entered the gap. Tom looked at his time-piece. Good! They were on time. Suddenly he pulled the engine to a full stop.

"What's the matter?" said Jim.

"Look at that woman."

"I don't see any."

"Right on the track," said Tom, and he clambered down from the cab. At that moment the conductor appeared, hot and breathing quickly. Evidently he had come up on a dead run.

"What is the matter, anyway? Why don't you go on?" he spurted out.

"Look at that woman!" said Tom.

"Woman! Why man, you're crazy! There is no woman there. Get in and hurry up. We've lost two minutes."

Tom shook his head. "I tell you there is a woman there, I see her. Come on, and make her get off."

They walked ahead. Tom still saw the woman on the track, ever retreating as they advanced. She was in white. He crossed himself nervously. The conductor saw the move, and sneered openly.

"That business two nights ago has gone to your head. Get in and hurry. We've got to meet the Special at Alton.

Tom got into the cab and let her go. He closed his eyes. No shock came, and when he opened them again they were out of the gap.

Two nights later the train was again pulled up at the gap. The conductor again swore, but Tom had to go ahead before he was satisfied that no woman in white was on the track. For three times the Overland had been late on Tom's run. Again the Overland was behind time. Explanations were in order. The conductor gave them. The next day Tom Ryan, engineer, who had run the express for ten years, left engine 1099 and began to run 1211, the slow freight between Alton and Norton, where no gap broke the endless monotony of the trip.

FLORENCE LOUISE HARRISON.

EDITORIAL

Work versus drudgery has been so frequently discussed that now it is almost barred out of polite conversation, in company with the weather. It is therefore with trepidation and furtive sidelong glances that I am letting down the bars of the conversational goat pasture and letting this subject out into the open. If anyone is watching me with the eye of disfavor, I can only vindicate myself with an even more ancient adage, "There is nothing new under the sun."

I only want to look at this question on very limited ground, restricting it to Smith College, and excluding the attitude toward required work. There remains the whole field vaguely classified as "outside things" to look at, which stand for a vast amount of activity and nerve energy. There are the societies, the musical and department clubs, the myriad branches of the Smith College Association for Christian Work, dramatics, literary interests, and athletics. All of these make up a very important part of college life, and I hardly think anyone could be found who would wish to exterminate them, and yet there is a continual cry that life is too complicated, and that there is no time left in which to plain be one's self. Of course it is not the fault of the work, but the manner in which the work is turned into drudgery by the people who wish to be active in more directions than any human being has strength for. The prevailing idea of a lifetime inside as well as outside of college is that of a bag which is to be packed before the expressman comes, and packed with the greatest possible variety and profusion. Occasionally the lock snaps, and doctors dignify the mishap by the name of nervous prostration. It is perfectly natural that we should bring this hurrying, bustling idea of life here with us. Some of us come from big cities, where it is in the air, and inoculate our friends who come from drowsy villages with the germ. With others the idea grows at the beginning of freshman year, when perhaps they hear a sermon on "opening their doors to the north, and to the south, and to the east, and to the west." They begin to realize their potentialities, to find new roads of thought unbarred, and find that

the things that seemed drudgery in preparatory school can become work. The spirit of adventure is in the air, and there is not a single road which may not have Spanish treasure at the end of it. Therefore, they rush down every road which opens, with the enthusiasm of the proverbial "fool". The spirit of youth and the spirit of the age is behind us, and for a start this is a good thing, but it is not simply a start after which the balance-wheels of our natures adjust themselves, and we are able tranquilly to pick out the particular road which is for us. We have gotten going and we can't stop, and—as the phrase is—we want to be all over the country at once. The college girl's ideal is a universal genius, whom she canonizes as "all round", and who is expected to play on twenty-seven instruments in rapid succession, striking as many notes as possible with her nose when both hands are in motion. A girl who can do only one thing and do that well is out of the running.

The exhilaration of responsibility strikes some of us for the first time in college, being the head of a committee, or managing a play, and the whole proceeding seems as real and as vitally interesting as being the head of some great movement in the outside world. Everybody has the capacity for throwing herself heart and soul into one branch of the "outside things", but no girl has the capacity for really identifying herself with eight or ten without making drudgery of some of them. Some girls have the mental and physical strength to do more than others, and it is the unwillingness to acknowledge ourselves beaten that keeps so many of us turning from one thing to the next in a dazed effort not to be left behind. There is a certain sort of cowardice as well as pluck in not being willing to acknowledge ourselves beaten. After all, what we are here for, as I take it, is to learn how to get the most joy out of living and working, and no joy comes from undertaking too much. There is no need of waiting for faculty restrictions on the number of plays, committees, basket ball, or golf teams one person can be on. It is hard to say *no* when interesting work is offered to you, but if more girls thought twice before accepting, and resigned from all the outside clubs or whatever else they belong to, from which they get no joy whatever, there would be far less drudgery and far fewer wails as to the complicatedness of existence.

EDITOR'S TABLE

BOOK REVIEWS

Pipes of Pan No. II, from the Green Book of the Bards, by Bliss Carman. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston.) The number of short poems that can be read in succession with equal satisfaction varies with the author. The poems in Mr. Carman's new collection would represent the minimum number. There, nature poems show a keen appreciation of the out-of-doors, the influence rather than the understanding of nature, and a rare sympathy with the inanimate and voiceless. The book is, however, monotonous. There is too slight a variation of verse form, in the single poems and in the collection. Practically every stanza contains four verses, of three feet each, the second and fourth lines in rhyme. Then also there is a great similarity in the themes. It is the same with the individual poems. The subject is in most cases too slender for the weight of words. The round of metre repeats itself and there is no headway. Nothing is accomplished. For example, "First Croaks" (which makes one think of "Last look", or something more gruesome).

Northward, crow,
Croak and fly,
Tell her I
Long to go.

Only am
Satisfied
Where the wide
Maples flame.

Now, obviously, that should not be allowed to go on for twenty stanzas, but it does. Anyway, what is it to croak northward?

So different that it hardly seems from the same pen is "Ephemeron". The spirit in it is so generous, the imagination so delicate, the sympathy so all-embracing that it might stand as the reason for the whole book if need be. The "Heretic" contains some good stanzas.

The word that lifts the purple shaft
Of crocus and of hyacinth
Is more to me than platitudes
Rethundering from groin and plinth.

A. S. M.

Pipes of Pan No. III, Songs of the Sea Children, by Bliss Carman. (L. C. Page & Company.) After what has been said of the second number of the *Pipes of Pan*, little remains to be added in praise of the Songs of the Sea Children. There is a certain amount of charm in the diction and phrasing, and an atmosphere is created. Nevertheless, it is difficult to see the excuse for being of most of it.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Woman's Work in Music, by Arthur Elson. (L. C. Page Co.)
Guides to the Higher Life, by J. Walter Sylvester.

THEATRICAL NOTES

At the Academy of Music, November 14, "Othello". Although an uninteresting, not to say tiresome production in itself, the presentation of "Othello" by Mr. Leighton's company was dealt with gently by a Smith College audience, accustomed as it is to seeing large propositions undertaken with the greatest nonchalance by dauntless amateurs. One cannot help admiring the audacity which would prompt a collection of mediocre artists to attempt "Othello" and carry it through to the best of their ability, however feeble that might be, and however absurd the result. To borrow an expression from the non-committal, magnanimous critics of our house plays, the actors maintained an equal level of excellence in the interpretations of their various rôles.

At the Academy of Music, November 19, "Captain Dieppe". On reading the story of "Captain Dieppe", by Anthony Hope, the dramatic value of many of the situations is striking, yet by reason of the rapid change of scene the great difficulties of staging are at once apparent. These difficulties, by a considerable change of plot, have been eliminated more successfully than one would think possible, and the result was an entertaining play. Moreover, the rôle of the hero seemed to be especially adapted to Mr. Drew's acting, a circumstance which is always most favorable. The subordinate characters were without exception good, and Miss Dale as the Countess Lucia was entirely charming.

EXCHANGES

The Genius of college poets must have been doing good work during the summer vacation, for the amount of poetry which has appeared in the November exchanges is overwhelming. Poetry, not merely "verse", it is, and of such a quality, as well as quantity, as is seldom approached in college periodicals. In the Harvard Monthly especially the "Sonnets from Greece", of which two are quoted below, are of an order of sustained artistic work that is seldom reached in any magazine.

SUNIUM

These are the strings of the Aegean lyre
 Across the sky and sea in glory hung :
 Columns of white thro' which the wind has flung
 The clouds and stars and drawn the rain and fire.
 Their flutings now to fill the notes' desire
 Are strained and dubious, yet in music young
 They cast their full-blown answer far along
 To where in sea the island hills expire.
 How bravely from the quarry's earthen gloom
 In snow they rose amid the blue to stand
 Melodious and alone on Sunium !
 They shall not wither back into the land.
 The sun that harps them with his hand of gold
 Doth slowly with his golden hand consume.

MT. LYKAION

Alone on Lykaion since man hath been
 Stand on the height two columns, where at rest
 Two eagles hewn of gold sit looking East
 Forever ; and the sun goes up between.
 Far down around the mountain's oval green
 An order keeps the falling stones abreast.
 Below within the chaos last and least
 A river like a curl of light is seen.
 Beyond the river lies the even sea,
 Beyond the sea another ghost of sky.—
 O God, support the sickness of mine eye
 Lest the far space and long antiquity
 Suck out my heart and on this awful ground
 The great wind kill my little shell with sound.

The Harvard Monthly.

THE SONG OF THE SCYTHE

'Tis the song of the scythe as it sweeps on its course,
 'Tis the bane of the flower that copes with its force ;
 How the mighty are leveled, the proud are laid low,
 The poppy and thistle no longer shall grow.
And what ye have sown ye shall reap.

'Tis the song of the scythe as it flashes unstayed,
 'Tis the gleam of the sunbeam that brightens its blade ;
 See! the field is laid waste as it whirls on its way,
 And woe to the flower it marks as its prey.
And what ye have sown ye shall reap.

'Twas the song of the scythe as it cleft thro' the field,
 With a sundering stroke as the clover buds reeled ;
 Yet the death-stricken flower has lived not in vain,
 Though it sprang out of darkness and perished in pain.
And what ye have sown ye shall reap.

The Yale Courant.

THE TRUE QUEST.

I wondered if all Time could give
 Enough of hours for half my toil,
 Or books, or wealth, or world supply
 A mind insatiate for spoil.
 Heart-worn I stole from tasks undone
 To nature's busier haunts and hives,
 Sure no eternity could pay
 For half the pain of human lives.

The sweet airs swept from heaven's gates
 Through apple-bloom and violet meadow,
 The sweet-fern nestled by the wood,
 And from the pool where fell his shadow
 The robin drank his fill and sang.
 I heard the sound of children's laughter,
 Their glad arms dropping blossomed gold ;
 I wondered what I was striving after.

The Bowdoin Quill.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

The first four articles in the department were contributed by the Chicago Club.

There was a great man in the last century who had a great thought that has revolutionized all our thinking since. Up to the time he had it he said it was as though he had been asleep, since
Modern Educational Ideals everything became so much more vivid and vital to him after that. The shock that caused this awakening was a one-sided statement made by another great man and so keenly advocated that Kant (for Smith College graduates probably already suspect that it is of him I am speaking) was roused to think as he had never thought before. Hume had said that we know only sensations. Kant said: Not so, we could not even know sensations without knowing relations between them, and with that any hard and fast distinction between matter of fact and truth of reason was done away, and the world began to see that experience must always unite the particular and the universal—the particular that appeals to the senses, and the universal which means the relations between sensations and which is gotten at not through the senses but by thinking about what comes through the senses, and making sense out of it.

Now, what I would like to make clear in the brief space herein allotted to me is this: the conception that the particular and the universal must go together in all our thinking, which Plato and Aristotle taught the Greeks of their time, and which Kant has reaffirmed for modern times, furnishes us a key that is opening for us new doors of enlightenment and opportunity as to educating and being educated. In Cambridge, Massachusetts, two Smith College girls have a successful bakery. According to a recent article, they bake cream bread, whole wheat bread, and, for those who cannot digest these, health bread. Mrs. Howells said the latter saved her life, and the Department of Chemistry in Washington has pronounced it the only bread ever analyzed that is free of yeast when done. On every package that goes out from the shop is engraved the text: "There is nothing finer than common bread, unless it be bread of a finer kind." We are coming to see in these latter days that the highest intelligence, the truest spirituality, is that which can unite the universal with the particular, can make theory tell in practical wise, can wed ideas to matter in an indissoluble union. Yale University conferred the degree of A. M. this last summer on George Hutchings, the famous organ builder. The bread of the Cambridge bakers, the organ of George Hutchings stand for realities as chemical formulas and mechanical and æsthetic laws do not.

The separation and even antagonism that has been supposed to exist between the spiritual and the secular, between soul and body, has resulted in an abstraction, the falsity of which we do not yet fully appreciate, since we still continue to talk about the eternal antagonism between flesh and spirit.

"Let us not always say,
Spite of this flesh to-day
'I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole.'
As the bird wings and sings
Let us cry, 'All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul.'"

The movement toward beautifying our cities and toward making railroad stations and school buildings that conform to æsthetic law is one of the most patent methods of teaching our people to think rightly and to do justly.

Precisely the same principle of the interplay between body and mind underlies manual training. The accurate use of the hands is of direct assistance in establishing habits of accurate thinking, and in strengthening the moral fibre. Experiments at the Elmira Reformatory are of especial interest in this regard, showing as they do, that the turbulent and the apparently incorrigible, can be taught through their hands to work in accordance with law as they cannot in any other way. Becoming amenable to law in the drafting of a circle, or in the nice fitting together of angles, they also slowly become amenable to the discipline of the place, and from vicious fragments are gradually transformed into organic members of the community in which they live.

As to the further pedagogical application of the principle we are discussing, please do not misunderstand me. I am not advocating the transformation of our women's colleges, for example, into dressmaking or millinery establishments or into cooking schools. First and foremost we want science now as always, but we want as far as possible *applied* science. One of the best things we have done at Rockford College lately is to introduce domestic science, or household economics. A course in chemistry is required as a preparation for it. Among other things, the girls learn what constitutes pure foods and what adulterated ones: what elements tend to build up the system, and what are likely to prove injurious to it. The sooner we understand that there is nothing common or unclean in learning how to *apply* principles, the better off we shall be.*

The tendency to favor the introduction of music as one of the requirements of the college course, is another sign of an awakening along pedagogical lines. Music can be made a great moral discipline. Plato saw this long ago.

The pressure that is being brought to bear to shorten the college course will ultimately result, and is resulting in modifying and transforming the idea of the college course. It will, I am confident, teach us to learn slowly by experience the modicum of truth contained in the popular outcry against the unpracticality of our college training. The introduction of pedagogy, of bibliography, of household economics in our college courses for women are all moves in the right direction, as is the introduction of technical schools of engineering and the like in our universities on a parity with the more traditional courses.

* cf. Professor John Dewey's "The Educational Situation."

In short, so long as our education confines itself to the teaching of principles without showing how these principles appear in concrete realities, it is dealing with dead abstractions and so far forth will prove ineffective. So long as we treat human beings as though they were souls without bodies or bodies without souls our training will end in failure, because we have no adequate idea of what we are trying to train.

JULIA H. GULLIVER '79,
President of Rockford College.

When asked to write an article for the *Monthly* dealing with differences between Smith College and Chicago University, I felt a strong disinclination, knowing that I must make the paper a comparison if anything, and we all agree with the old saying about comparisons.

Some Views of Smith College and Chicago University
But after some consideration, I felt that such an article might have interest, and no matter how frankly I might express my opinions, my readers, broad-minded people as of course they would be, would take them for what they were worth—merely the unprejudiced observations and impressions of a graduate of our eastern college, who has taken work later in the great university of the middle west.

Fresh from the ivied halls of dear old Smith and from a country most picturesque and interesting with a thousand associations, the student is at once repelled by the cold stone faces of the great building that she sees as she approaches the monotonously flat campus on the Midway. Then after she has wandered about for awhile and lost herself in the stretches of pathways, she begins to be impressed with the immensity of it all; for never has she seen such distances in an open campus nor so many imposing buildings thus assembled. Yet the structures look bare, innocent as they are of vines and shade trees, and distressingly alike in the uniform grey coloring and in the severe plainness of architecture. How different from the homelike old campus on the hill where nature has dealt most generously with us and where even the houses standing close to one another seem kindly and social!

Later, when the student enters the classes, she finds more contrasts. There is a business-like bustle about everything. The men and women enter in a hurry, many of them looking as if they had strained every fibre to arrive on time. The recitation begins on the moment, and the lesson is dispatched with thoroughness as well as alacrity. The student feels that everything has been gained that could be gained from the work in hand, but she realizes that there has been conscious effort to attain this end. It was not so at Smith. There was a certain leisurely way of dealing with the subject under treatment; there was time and desire for thinking as well as discussion in class. The student would come away from recitation feeling that she had enjoyed a pleasant hour, perhaps half social in character, as well as instructive. Of course the professors as well as those taught in Chicago University have much to do with this difference, as the observer notices readily. They are keen, quick-witted men and women, alive with the onward rush of western spirit, eager to satisfy all the needs of their classes, knowing that the security of their positions depends largely upon the opinions held of them by their

students,—opinions expressed in various ways. They cannot then be expected to deal with their classes and subject-matter calmly and deliberately, but rather, vigorously, strenuously.

The young woman from Smith College finds great differences again in the student life of the two institutions. At her eastern college, as at others of that part of the country, there is a delightful social life which of course should be one of the most attractive features in any college experience. The social side is perhaps unusually developed at Smith. The alumna, however, finds a most dismal contrast at Chicago University. The reasons are obvious. First of all, the student body is composed largely of non-residents; that is, great numbers live off the campus in boarding-houses, while perhaps still greater numbers live in their own homes in the various parts of the city. "Day students" seldom feel marked enthusiasm for the alma mater. Another reason lies in the general motive of those who enter this university: instead of coming for four years of typical college life with its advantages of refined association and general culture, as the case is at Smith, most of the men and women come with some definite practical end in view, for the attainment of which a certain number of years of university training is imperative. Moreover many of the students are older men and women who have done with the gaieties of youth and are not enthusiastic over the occasional ebullitions of the younger members. Thus the difference in the personnel of the two institutions causes much variation. A third contrast may be found in the matter of class-spirit. It is developed to only a slight degree in this university largely because the commencements are held semi-annually to accommodate the large numbers of students who do not take continuous work, or who work through the summer quarter to save time. Of course the fact that such a great proportion of the student body is non-resident affects class-spirit.

Thus it is plain that the two institutions are conspicuously different. It is indeed a great advantage to have had the opportunities offered by both and especially to get the university work after the other. For Smith gives a girl four years of delightful instruction and charming associations,—years that should be peaceful and happy and in accord with the object of the college so admirably set forth in the annual announcements. Though undergraduate life in Chicago University cannot compare favorably with that in the other institution, the young woman who must have practical and definite training can get it here, for that is the aim and end of the vigorous, thorough work of the university. The so-called commercial spirit pervades everything in the great school of the Midway; everybody seems affected by it, from the energetic president to the humblest freshman. In Smith,—however, in the opinion of one who is far enough away in time and space to get good perspective,—there is the charm that comes with culture and with peace.

IDA M. DARLING '97.

Travel through Greece has not yet become an easy matter. One railroad connects Athens with the west end of the Corinthian Gulf and has been extended as far south as Olympia. Another line

A Glimpse of Greece runs from Corinth diagonally through the Peloponnesus. Through some other parts of the country good carriage roads, which the government is rapidly extending, offer

ready communication. But in many districts travel is still possible only by horse or mule. Add to these conditions the uncertain lodgings, the difficulty of mastering the language and of bargaining with the shrewd natives, and one can appreciate more fully the opportunity for seven weeks personally conducted travel in Greece which is offered by the American School of Classical Studies at Rome to its students.

In the party which set sail from Brindisi the middle of last March, there were eleven members of the school. We were prepared by a winter of common pursuits in Rome for harmonious fellowship during the vicissitudes of travel. Our itinerary provided for a fortnight in the Peloponnesus, a brief rest in Athens, ten days in northern Greece and a second stay in Athens of two weeks and a half. When we could, we used the railroad; where carriages were practicable we drove thirty or forty miles a day; but our delight was to journey by horses or mules. Seated sideways, as is the native custom, on the Greek saddles, which are by no means the instruments of torture some travellers describe, with our nondescript baggage tied on behind us, and attended by chattering muleteers, we rode from eight to twelve hours a day over mountain paths, through bracing air, and sighed to think we must ever go back to modern methods of travel.

We were fortunate in having at the head of our party one of the lecturers of the Roman school who knew the country most thoroughly and supplemented Pausanias's rambling narrative with the fruits of the latest and soundest scholarship. His provision for creature comfort was unfailing. We were always sure of having the best procurable in the way of food and lodging. To be sure, that best might be a meal in a good restaurant or a cold luncheon brought from the last stopping place and eaten by the roadside,—comfortable quarters in a so-called "Grand Hotel", or a rug on the floor of a khan. After a day out-of-doors, however, one can eat anything and sleep anywhere.

Our visit was at the most favorable time of the year. A month later the heat would have been intolerable. It was the season of spring flowers. They grew everywhere, brightening the bare landscape.—ghostly asphodel, dark purple hyacinth, red and blue anemones, flaming poppies, pale euphorbia and beside the snow of the mountain passes crocuses and purple squills.

The country for the most part is very poor. That it could ever have been truly prosperous seems incredible. Certainly ancient civilization required far less working capital than the machinery of modern society. Some of the Peloponnesus hillsides would make New Hampshire farms look luxuriant by contrast. One could almost count the blades of grass in search of which the enterprising goats scrambled over the rocks. The villages are miserable huddles of thatched huts built of sun-dried bricks, and few of the towns are clean, prosperous or attractive. One misses the dilapidated palace, the decaying but still stately church and other traces of mediæval splendor which dignify the shabbiest Italian town. There are a few small Byzantine churches and convents and some Frankish strongholds. But in general the country seems never to have risen after the downfall of its ancient splendor. It adds to the vividness of the remoter times that the Middle Ages do not intrude to dispute for one's attention and confuse chronology.

It would be vain to attempt any detailed account of our journeyings. In part they have become the commonplace of travel. But we saw the lonely temple of Bassae, scarcely more isolated to-day on its rocky hillside than when its site was chosen; we sat in the theatre of Megalopolis and climbed towering Ithome. We crossed the Taygetus range by the same route which the Spartans took on their victorious inroads upon Messene. We visited Thebes, which became a byword with us for dirt and discomfort, went over a shoulder of Parnassus and traversed the field of Thermopylæ. All these places and many others of interest, the ordinary traveller leaves unseen and with them many aspects of the country which illustrate its history with almost startling clearness. To see them we counted our peculiar privilege. The keen zest of open air life away from wearying conventions and other twentieth century inconveniences, seemed to give us kinship with the race whose joy in living, whose eager curiosity to hear and see some new thing and whose delight in beauty still awake a response in the world of to-day.

Perhaps one of the most intimate pleasures of visiting Greece is the shadowy companionship of illustrious travellers of the past. Brutus and Socrates are to be counted among those who have been to Delphi. Plutarch sat in its sacred enclosure looking down on the distant sparkle of blue waters and the valley filled to its brim with olive trees. Cicero sent his son to Athens to finish his education where he also had studied. Pausanias, too, walked through the Lion Gate of Mycenæ and visited the monument of Charonea. Horace said, a little condescendingly, "Not every one goes to Corinth", but we have been there now as well as he. It has become our privilege to repeat "Et nos in Arcadia."

CORNELIA R. TROWBRIDGE '91.

"Our past still travels with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are."

I found the lines on a torn bit of envelope when I was putting my desk to rights the other day. How cleaning day takes me back to college! The ordeal itself—which was even a worse interruption of

An Interpretation of pleasant pursuits than now, when interruptions have become a matter of course—and the very things that must be dusted and arranged date back to the desk that was sold at commencement time. (Wonder what became of that desk, anyway, and how many people it has served since then!) Here is a little silver candlestick that a freshman gave me senior year. And a mucilage bottle—the girl that gave me that has been a doctor for years now. Next stands a little iron Friar that was a "grind" valentine as far back as freshman year. He is indestructible, but in the hands of the rising generation he proves a menace to society; so he has to go into retreat at intervals. The tea-table that used to hold dainties to tickle our palates withal now supports a class-cup, and bread and milk go particularly well with its style. Even the old songs that used to season a bubbling pan of fudge, or beguile a row in Paradise, are now proving their usefulness as lullabies. Strange, sometimes it seems as though the nonsense is the only thing of all the college experiences that has stayed.

Perhaps it is not so bad, after all. The Herr Geheimrath brought in a book the other day that took me back to my first freshman essay. That was some-

thing about the Brownings, and nothing will ever efface the glowing sensation I enjoyed as, after devouring all I had time for in preparation, I penned my own little tribute to the poets. Most of the papers that were coaxed or squeezed or threatened out of me have gone to replenish furnace-fires, but that is still safe. It has no merit of itself now—the Herr Geheimrath and I laughed over it the other day—but there was genuine love for the subject in it. When I dipped into the book again (it was "Aurora Leigh") it was like meeting an old friend after years of absence. There was that tingle of delight at the discovery of sympathies and experiences we had not known before.

It certainly is hard to realize that Mrs. Browning wrote fifty years ago, so fresh is the inspiration, so true the interpretation of life when laid alongside the experiences that must come to that product of more recent years—the college woman. In "Aurora Leigh", as Mrs. Browning said, were recorded her "spiritual biography", her convictions on life and art. Certainly, these were touchingly like what come to us all in student days, when

"We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge
Soul forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth.

* * * * *
The world of books is still the world, I write,
And both worlds have God's providence, thank God.
To keep and hearten, with some struggle, indeed.
Among the breakers, some hard swimming through
The deeps—I lost my breath in my soul sometimes,
And cried, 'God save me, if there is any God',
But even so, God saved me; and being dashed
From error on to error, every turn
But brought me nearer to the central truth."

Looking back now, it is easier to see the relation of college work to "the central truth". When some of us had to shut up those books and begin working on the problems of domestic economy, with its apparently minus solution, and tried to compute the periodic curve of daily routine, which appeared to be progressing, yet never got anywhere, we wondered indeed why we had plunged so deep into academic delights, and not rather devoted our days of preparation to learning how to make a fire, or how to bake as could the housewife across the way, whose sole idea of Browning was connected with a savory roast or a delicate pan of rolls.

"Youth's stern, set face to face with youth's ideal,"

and it was certainly a trifle disappointing, after our wise discussions with the economics professor, and our lofty sentiments on the nobility of domestic service, and concerning the relations of employer and employed, to have the first maid we engaged absolutely refuse to come downstairs in the morning until the Herr Geheimrath had built the kitchen fire! But when the next one eloped with the husband of a woman in the next block, those ideals were in dust and ashes—literally.

"This hurts most, this—that after all, we are paid
The worth of our work, perhaps."

Soon, too soon

"We are apt to sit tired, patient as a fool,
While others gird us with the violent bands
Of social figments, feints and formalisms."

Fortunately, it is impossible to remain long in the Center of Indifference, and we sooner or later take the advice of our mentors, and

"Get leave to work
In this world—'tis the best you get at all,
Be sure 'tis better than you work to get."

When we "old alums" (for that is just what we are all fast getting to be) meet together, the first question is, "What are you doing?" Activity, productivity, is a necessity to the college woman's life, progress of some sort toward a better humanity, whether it be by public, philanthropic, or religious endeavor, or in the all-important work of home-keeping.

Is it too far-fetched to compare the idealizing of college years and the adaptation that must follow, with the picture which Mrs. Browning has so vividly drawn?

"It takes a soul
To move a body; it takes a high-souled man
To move the masses, even to a cleaner sty; ;
It takes the ideal to blow a hair's-breadth off
The dust of the actual."

It takes, too, a good deal of experience in this dusty actual to learn to

"be content
To do the thing we can and not presume
To fret because it's little."

More than that, it takes a constant communing with the unseen,

"Eterne, intense, profuse, . . . the spontaneous love
Still proof and outflow of spontaneous life,"—

it takes this to keep vivid the truth that in all its aspects "Art's a service", something to be offered to humanity—that concrete humanity nearest us—not an end to be sought in itself, nor yet for fame or glory.

* * * * *

That sounds a good deal like a sermon. I can just hear my old room-mate saying, "I'd know you had written that, even without a signature." Well, wasn't that what we started out with?

"Our past still travels with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are."

PEARL GUNN WINCHESTER '95.

During their college course at Oberlin, Lucy Stone and Antoinette L. Brown were close friends; both eager to avail themselves of the broadest possible field in which women were then allowed to work;

Women as Ministers both determined to give their strength and influence to the widening of that field for future generations. Lucy Stone saw her opportunity in the suffrage work. Antoinette Brown determined to make a way for women in the organized religious work of the churches. When Miss Stone heard her friend say that she intended to be ordained a minister she replied to this effect, "I have hopes for the equal suffrage of women, but I am afraid you will never find men who will ordain a woman into the ministry." On September 15, 1858, less than ten years

after such a conversation, Antoinette Brown was ordained. For four years before this time, refused a license, she had lectured and preached without one. Although Miss Brown, now Rev. Antoinette B. Blackwell, has not been the active pastor of a church for some time, she opened the way for other women to enter the work of the ministry as preachers and pastors.

During the fifty years following this first ordination of a woman minister many other women have successfully worked in the churches as regularly installed preachers. Yet in spite of this fact, the majority of the people still seem astonished that a woman may rightfully claim the title of Reverend. Even when it is understood that a woman is a minister, intelligent people wonder as to what her duties in regard to the church may be. Sometimes they are frank enough to voice their doubts, as one eastern woman who asked me in a hesitating, subdued tone, "Do you do your own preaching in your church?" A contributor even to the *Woman's Journal* of Boston shows either ignorance of, or a too slight regard for, the noble service which women as ministers have rendered various churches during the past fifty years—pioneer women ministers who have labored and suffered for the cause of religion and of women.

At the time of my own ordination in September, 1901, I remember a Boston paper wrote that there were then thirty women as ministers of Unitarian churches in the United States, and I have heard, although I do not know upon how good authority the statement was made, that there were even more in the Universalist church than in the Unitarian. Nor are women ministers confined to these denominations alone. Such a list as statistics might furnish us of the number of women ministers in all sects and lands would surely disprove the assertion which Mr. Harry Thurston Peck made some time ago that women ministers were of such sporadic occurrence that it was not of any importance to the enlightened by what name they should be called, whether clergymen or clergywomen, etc.

Before entering Smith I had decided that my life work would be that of the ministry if I should prove physically able to take the courses of preparation open to women. Harvard Divinity College still closes its doors to us, though those of the Meadville Theological School are hospitably open. Having thus determined several years before to be a minister, I was surprised to find, senior year, to how many of the bright girls in college such an idea was unheard of, even absurd. I trust it is different now. They were not then as used to the idea as was one little western boy, of whom this story is told. Visiting in the east, he was taken to church one Sunday morning. When the minister stood up to begin the service the little fellow whispered to his mother in audible tones, "Mamma, what is that *man* doing up there?"

It is a fact that there is a warmer reception extended to professional women in the west than in the east, and so we go west to work. When I began work in Perry, Iowa, there were five women ministers in the Unitarian churches of that state alone. There is still much opposition to them, especially in the more conservative churches of the east, but I firmly believe that a great deal of prejudice is due to the fact that the people are not used to the idea. Let them hear more about women ministers, understand better the work which they do, and a large part of the opposition will weaken and die away. Personally I should like to say that in spite of all that has been

written and said to the contrary, I have found the east in general, gracious and courteous to women as ministers ;—not only new organizations, but the oldest and therefore supposedly most conservative one, extending voluntarily an invitation to preach in that pulpit from which a woman had never before conducted services.

I have often been asked if I would urge young women to enter the ministry. I always answer decidedly "No, I would not." Anxiously as I scan the papers and catalogues each June for the news that there are other women prepared and ready for active work in the ministry, still I would not urge them too strongly to begin the work, just because I do not believe either men or women should enter the ministry unless convinced from within, not urged from without, that it is their work. Let each one first know herself. It is a work with the spiritual and moral uplift of mankind as its aim, and no one can rightly enter upon such work unless she is drawn to it by the strength of her soul's life and longing and feels in her heart that it is her work in life. Then, too, the work in its practical aspect is not easy, and only the sure inner conviction that she is in her true place, to do her part in God's world, will help her in her work when the indifference of people seems impregnable and heart-weariness her only reward. Such moments will come to anyone, in whatever work she may be engaged. There are certain things to be done over and over ; there is drudgery in every occupation when one must have a strong faith to keep the ardor and enthusiasm alive that were felt when on the heights. In such moments the young woman needs strength of will and purpose which she will not have if she enters upon her work through the persuasion of another. The need of earning a livelihood will keep many drudging in other lines of work, but no such motive has a right to be operative in the ministry. Depth and sincerity of purpose are needed.

In the ministry the monotonous routine that manifests itself in all work goes hand in hand with moments filled with highest inspiration and most sincere enthusiasm. I am perplexed why more young women are not entering the ministry. Its many-sided demands, its various departments must prove satisfactory to eager women longing for a field in which to work for the highest and best for mankind. First, through the medium of the sermon the minister may speak out to others her vision of truth, practical truth for every-day men and women. If she has a message for mankind, the pulpit gives her the needed opportunity to speak the word of God in her heart that will out. If she feels that she can help others best by personal contact, she finds her opportunity in the parish work, becoming a friend in the homes of her people. If she loves little children and knows she has a work to do with them, there is the Sunday School,—for she probably will add the duties of superintendent to those of minister, particularly if her church is in one of the smaller towns. Perhaps she has studied music and regrets the lack of time to continue,—the choir needs her every week, one evening at least, when she may drill them in the anthems and hymns for church service.

Study clubs will demand her attention, at least once a week, compelling her to keep up her reading along literary lines, while her domestic qualities will be in demand in the sewing circle. She must not be surprised if little dresses are left with her to make the buttonholes in after her reading and writing are ended for the night.

If she has any executive ability, she will need it in overseeing the financial affairs of the church and attending to its other business needs.

Nor can she afford to neglect developing her social side. In a small place the church should stand for much of the social life of its people and she must stand ready to accept any position that may be offered her, from that of toast-mistress at a banquet to getting up a fair, from that of a leader of games at a children's party to that of the social caller upon their mothers.

So varied are the calls of the ministry upon her that a woman must feel that here she can stretch out and breathe and grow in every direction. There is no reason for becoming narrow and dwarfed in any way; in fact, there is the greatest necessity for tremendous exertion in trying to be broad enough, to be well rounded and developed enough to answer all demands.

The depths of the human heart are searched in times of sorrow and of joy, and no one will say that a woman minister is out of place when sympathy is needed in the home where death comes; nor can any one feel more deeply the responsibility of the words of the marriage service than she does when binding together the lives of a man and woman, who come to her for the authority of the state and the blessing of their religious home, their church, upon the new life they are about to begin together.

REV. ELIZABETH PADGHAM '96.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's Office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'97. Ethelwyn Foote,	Oct. 26
'81. Harriette Dunton Dana,	Nov. 3
'01. Amy Jones Rice,	" 3
'08. Ruth Baker,	" 5
'97. Anna Carhart,	" 7
'95. Edna Smith O'Brien,	" 7
'01. Helen Harsha,	" 9
'00. Bertha Smith,	" 13
'00. Carolyn Weston,	" 13
'00. Ena Wilder,	" 13
'00. Alma Hoegh,	" 13
'88. Cornelia Church,	" 16
'99. Katherine Seward DeHart,	" 16
'01. Mary Barrett,	" 21-23
'08. Carolyn Fuller,	" 21-23
ex-'99. Helen Schwab,	" 24
'97. Mary Hooker Johnson,	" 25
'99. Myra Budlong Booth,	" 26
'90. Anna Jenkins,	" 27
'98. Della French,	" 28
'03. Margarita Safford,	" 30
'03. Florence Dunton,	" 30
'98. Josephine Scisun,	" 30
'03. Marion Hill McClench,	" 30
'08. Annie Dunn,	" 30

In accordance with a vote of the trustees of the college at their last meeting, a new plan is to be adopted for the assignment of rooms in the college houses to the alumnae at commencement time. Hereafter the assignment of places will be made through the registrar, and as follows: Rooms will be assigned to the alumnae who apply to the registrar before June 1, in the order of their seniority, precedence being given to classes holding reunions. Rooms will be assigned to those applying after June 1, in the order of their application.

The annual luncheon of the Chicago Branch of the Association of Smith Alumnae was held this year at the Hull House Coffee House, November 28. It was a great pleasure to have Miss Jordan there, bringing greetings from our Alma Mater. Addresses were made by Miss Jordan, and Miss Jane Addams of Hull House.

Contributions to this department are desired by the last of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Josephine Sanderson, Hubbard House.

- '81. Miss Laura Gill, the Dean of Barnard College, duly elected general secretary of the A. C. A., was the guest of honor of the Washington Branch of the A. C. A. at a tea recently given at the home of Mrs. Hill, Smith '80.
- '82. Elizabeth McClellan has opened a studio at 33 State Street, Northampton, and is ready to take all orders for photographs. She has been appointed senior photographer.
- '91. Ellen Burns Sherman has just brought out a volume of essays entitled, "Why Love Grows Cold", published by Wessels Company.
Cornelia R. Trowbridge, after a year spent in travel and study in Europe, has returned to be Assistant Principal in Detroit Seminary, Detroit, Michigan.
- '92. Mary Nixon is in Florence, Italy, where she is associated with two friends in an interesting school for American girls.
- '94 and '01. Gertrude and Marjory Gane, after a year of travel on the Continent, have now started on a journey embracing India, China, the Philippines and Japan, expecting to reach home in another year.
- '94. Una McMahon is still in Rome, Italy.
- '97. Edith Breckenridge has returned to her former home in Toledo, Ohio, after two years spent in New York and California. Her address is 1845 Collingwood Street.
Alice P. Goodwin is practicing nursing.
Grace Whiting was married, December 2, to Mr. David Mitchell of Pittsburgh.
- '98. Maud Breckinridge is spending the winter in New York City. Her address is 139 West 69th Street.
Florence M. Reed has announced her engagement to Mr. Albert Newell Cryon of New York.

- '99. Edith H. Hall is studying at the American School in Athens, where she holds the Agnes Hoppin Memorial fellowship.
 Ruth Phelps will spend the winter in Paris.
 Nettie M. Ripley arrived in Pasadena, California, November 1.
 Emily Irish Stanton was married November 12, to Mr. Oliver Sheppard Picher.
 Elizabeth Warner is taking a course in domestic science at Simmons College, Boston.
 Deborah Allen Wiggin was married February 11, to Mr. Frank Wentworth Plummer, M. D., of Malden, Massachusetts.
- '00. Ora Mabelle Lewis is studying medicine at Cornell University Medical College. Her address for the year is Sage Cottage, Ithaca, New York.
 Jaffray Smith's new address is 3 West 92d Street, New York City.
- '01. Nina Almirall has published a book, "The Master Feeling". Richard G. Badger (The Gorham Press), Boston.
 Ethel Comstock is studying nursing at the City Hospital, Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania.
 Daisy Day is teaching in the Misses Metcalf's School, Tarrytown, New York.
 Agnes Patton has announced her engagement to Mr. Schuyler Colfax Woodhull of the New Jersey Bar.
 Ona L. Winants has announced her engagement to Mr. William Patterson Borland of Kansas City, Missouri. The wedding will probably take place in the spring.
- '02. Edith Clafin is teaching Greek, German and science in the Attleboro High School. Her address for the winter is 144 Pleasant Street, Attleboro, Massachusetts.
 Deborah Van Noorden expects to spend the winter at Jersey Farm, Thomasville, Georgia.
 Martha Warner Riggs was married November 24, to Mr. Arthur D. Truax.
 Helen Walbridge sailed for Naples in November.
- '03. Caroline Bean is working at the Art Institute of St. Louis. She will also devote herself this winter to literary work with her father. During the summer she expects to go abroad again with William Chase.
 Annie Ellis is spending the winter at home.
 Marjorie Gray's new address is The Montrose, 1648 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge. She is taking painting and singing lessons.
 Alice Haskins has been appointed a scientific aid in the Laboratory of Plant Pathology, Washington, D. C.
 Ella Kaiser's address for the winter is Los Animas, Colorado.
 Madeline Newell is at home this winter.
- ex-'03. Natalie Holden has announced her engagement to Mr. Joseph Lovejoy of Boston.

BIRTHS

- '97. Mrs. Harlan Page Kelsey (Florence Low), a son, born November 1.
Mrs. John Hanna Yocum (Florence Knapp), a daughter, Margaret, born
October 29.
- '98. Mrs. Pierce Butler (Cora Waldo), a daughter, Virginia Waldo, born
October 19.
Mrs. Paul Gaylord (Anne H. Hall), a son, Warner Russell, born May 19.
- '00. Mrs. Robert G. Williams (Annie L. Torrey), a daughter, Elizabeth
Torrey, born September 8.

ABOUT COLLEGE

THE HAUNTED ROOM

At night when all the house is still,—or when it ought to be,—
And when my room-mate wearied out from arguing with me,
Has pulled the sheet up from the foot, to wrap around her head,
And gone to sleep to dream that I'm convinced by what she's said ;
'Tis then that I become aware of many little ghosts,
Which cling to ceiling and to walls, and flit about in hosts.

Our pictures and our table and the desk we prize so much,
All our special acquisitions the ghosts will never touch,
They clamber o'er the battered chairs, o'er all that's old and queer,
And seem to search for other things which are no longer here.

The most of them are happy, only just a few are sad,
And out of all this mighty throng, not one is really bad,
Although 'tis true a number are a little cross I fear—
Especially the ones that hang upon my chiffonier,
Yet some of them are such good ghosts I often bow my head
As though I were not seeing ghosts but hearing prayers instead.

They're not at all the spooky kind, that savour of the tomb,—
These ghosts are thoughts of other girls who've lived within our room.

ELOISE GATELY BEERS 1906.

The lecture given in Chemistry Hall, on November 11, by M. André Michel was one of especial interest. It was admirably illustrated by the stereopticon views of the most famous paintings of the

Lecture by M. Michel nineteenth century. M. Michel said that in order to show the logical development and moral significance of contemporary art he must trace it back to the early part of the nineteenth century.

The period between 1800 and 1820 was characterized by a distinct reaction toward classic models. David was the typical painter of this school as is shown by his pictures, "Oath of the Horaces", and "The Rape of the Sabine Women". The subjects of this school were inspired by the marbles of the ancient sculptors. They lacked individuality, striving alone to discover the beautiful.

Meanwhile the revolution had brought gradually a new element into art. It emphasized the personal and thus made art more real. Delacroix introduced this personal element into his work. He was greatly influenced by Ingres who was remarkable for his technique. Delacroix, on the other hand, was essentially a colorist. In 1822 he painted, "Virgil and Dante in Charon's Bark", which is typical of his work.

As a natural outgrowth of this desire for the personal came an attempt to get at the truth. Courbet was one of the first painters of this realistic school in 1845. Although a good painter he was not intellectual enough to found a school in that he lacked the necessary culture and refinement.

Out of the realistic was developed the famous school of landscape painters, sometimes known as the school of Fontainebleau. Corot, Rousseau, d'Aubigny and Millet are some of its best known artists. The paintings of these men not only give the realistic touch of nature, but also express the emotions of the artist. This school chose its subjects from country scenes near Paris, and from peasant life in that vicinity.

Corot suggests the atmosphere in his nature pictures. They have a tone of serenity which seems to express the fact that to Corot the whole world was a work of love. Rousseau presents a great contrast to Corot, his pictures being characterized by a tone of sadness and unrest. Millet at first imitated the classic and did not follow his own instincts. At one time he saw a peasant woman gathering fagots in the suburbs of Paris, and for the first time he realized his calling — that of painting the peasant and farm life. His representation of the wild beauty of peasant life entitles him to the name of poet. He is remarkable for the sweeping gestures of his peasants. "Evening Prayer", "The Sower", and "Life of the Farm", are some of his well known paintings. In these the human figure is truthfully portrayed. There is in his pictures a freshness and a beauty hitherto unknown.

Meissonnier followed the popular taste and painted the campaigns of Napoleon, thus not creating as true an art. Chasserian greatly influenced the art of his day by the beauty and harmony of his paintings. Unfortunately the greater part of them were destroyed by fire at the time of the commune. Gustave Moreau is the follower of Chasserian. The latter died at an early age and Moreau dedicated to him his famous painting, "Youth and Death". Moreau's pictures have a certain melancholy which arises from a spirit of too great introspection. M. Michel considers that his work in art compares well with the poetry of Le Conte de Lisle. Puvis de Chavannes followed Moreau only in his technique; he was preëminently a mural painter. He always tried to represent the essential in his work and paid but little attention to details. He combined the best elements of the classic and romantic schools in his art. His decorations in the Boston public library well represent the peculiar genius of this greatest artist of the century.

The open meeting of the Philosophical Society was held in the Students' Building on the evening of November 16. Professor John Grier Hibben of Princeton University was the speaker. The subject of his lecture was "The Philosophy of the Enlightenment".

Lecture by Mr. Hibben subject of his lecture was "The Philosophy of the Enlightenment".

This period during which the treatment of philosophy advanced from pure

speculation to critical examination, coincides practically with the eighteenth century; opening with Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding" in 1691, and closing in 1810 with Kant's "*Kritik der reinen Vernunft*".

In his essay Locke denied the existence of innate ideas, and endeavored to prove that all our ideas come from experience. These were of two kinds, the simple, and the complex arising from the simple. Of the latter there are two sources: sensation, the source of our knowledge of external objects, and reflection, the source of our knowledge of the activities of the mind in receiving the impression given by the senses. The mind, however, is considered as passive and bound to the content given by the senses. Locke presupposed an external world, dividing the qualities of objects into primary or inherent qualities, by which we know the object, and into secondary qualities, the power to produce in us sensation by means of the primary qualities. However, we are certain intuitively only of the presence of the idea in our minds, and not that there is an object without us which corresponds to an idea. We assume a substrate, because other contents and relations can be thought of only as belonging to some substance.

From these partial and contradictory statements two extreme theories developed: the materialism of Diderot and the French encyclopedists, and the idealism of Berkeley, who accepted Locke's denial of innate ideas and also did away with the conception of corporeal substance. Primary qualities, he said, were as truly ideas in us as the secondary, and so a supporting substance was superfluous. Body he proved to be nothing but a complex of ideas and to have no other reality than that of being perceived.

Hume introduced the third development in this movement, that of examination and criticism. Assuming Berkeley's denial of matter, he applied the same proof to psychical substances, with the result that self was found to be nothing but activities, states and qualities. Only the custom of a constant conjunction of ideas in imagination is at the basis of the conception of mind. He destroyed the fundamental conceptions of metaphysics—substance and causality—proving them to be mere relations between ideas, not to be substantiated by experience or logical thought. His thoroughgoing empiricism excluded all doctrine of noumena. Hume's criticism aroused Kant to undertake his wonderful system of philosophy. At this time the people as well as the scholars were interested in philosophical discussions. Locke and Berkeley had exercised a tremendous influence on practical life. Religion tended to deism, and thus easily to atheism. Ethics was of a Utilitarian and Hedonistic stamp, and the political life became strongly individualistic. Kant met this one-sided development with his doctrine of the Immanence of God, the moral obligation and dignity of man. In theoretical philosophy his emphasis was placed not upon sensation, and thus upon the individual, but upon the universal quality reason. With the sensationalist he agreed that the matter of our ideas is furnished by the senses, and with the rationalist that their form is given by understanding, which orders the manifold of sensation by its own laws, thus taking a midway stand, while he subjected the whole of philosophy to an unprejudiced examination and criticism.

The lecture was exceedingly interesting, both because of the contents and because of the clear exposition and directness which characterizes all of Professor Hibben's writings.

The sweeping melody and noble thought of the heroic literature of Ireland was revealed to the numbers who listened to Mr. Yeats on Wednesday, November 18. The lecturer's magnetic person-

Lecture by Mr. Yeats ality felt throughout the presentation of a subject so dearly loved as to be necessarily a part of himself, held the audience enthralled. Owing to the influence of the speaker's personality it is almost impossible to give any adequate account of the lecture, especially because, as Mr. Yeats pointed out, the enthusiasm of the lover of Irish literature is perhaps not sustained by the poor translation of the Gaelic. However the lecturer certainly pictured the power of the literature, a product of past ages it is true, but full of inspiring possibilities in the present age.

With vivid language Mr. Yeats described the two great cycles. The earlier one, centering around the great general, Fin, treating of wars upon strange mythological monsters, in the ages when gods and men were almost alike, belonged in all probability to the dark race which first inhabited Ireland. This legend breathes of nature—the song of the blackbird, the cry of the hound, the scream of the eagle, the call of the wild beasts of the wood. In the selection read from the lamentation of the queen, one sees that she finds consolation in nature. The courteous friendship of the heroes is felt in Fin's cry at the death of Oscar, where Fin says,

"For every good thing is gone from me now".

and grieves that he had not died instead. There are also beautiful touches of love poetry in the Song of Grania, part of which Mr. Yeats read. The chief manuscripts of the cycle of Fin were written in the eleventh and twelfth centuries and consequently changed by the Christian historians. But one can hear these legends in their old guise from the lips of the peasantry in parts of Ireland and Scotland.

There is less allusion to nature in the other cycle which was brought in, so an Irish scholar thinks, by the fair-haired conquering race, and sung by the bards until they passed away. This legend takes its name from the warrior king Cuchullin, but in the death scene it is the figure of the queen which is truly heroic. She had sent her husband to a valley far away from the battle in which his death was foretold, but witches lure him to the scene, and he is killed. The queen stands before her generals, the avengers of Cuchullin's death, and surveys the heads of the conquered. With matchless courtesy to her followers, with pride in her sorrow, herself and Cuchullin, she laments her husband's death and dies on his grave. So the Irish poets understood the great nature of woman, fitted for life in all its capacities; their queens were noble women and good sweethearts.

Mr. Yeats then brought out the value of this heroic literature in Ireland. Not only does it bear witness to remote times but it taught the people the great secular virtues—generosity for the weak, courage among enemies, honesty among one's friends, and courtesy towards all. Surely the mission of true poets is to teach and sing of these virtues. Therefore it is a great blessing that these old legends where the heroes are great gentlemen, and the queens show noble courtesy, are kept alive amongst the peasantry, by the help of fairy lore, the tales of the sight of ancient kings, queens, and heroes riding hunting through the night.

Since love of this national literature is found amongst the people it was seen to be a means towards their enlightenment and education. Mr. Yeats then described the practical side of the movement,—the Irish National Theatre Society of which he is president. If a play is based on a well-known legend, it may be made extremely subtle and yet hold the attention of an Irish audience. Accordingly a theatre of artisans and shop girls has been established in Dublin under the auspices of the National Theatre Society. No one is paid and there the emotional life of the people may find expression. This theatre has adopted simple intellectual methods, the cultivation of speech being made infinitely more important than that of gesture and stage positions. The scenery is not the usual landscape illusion but is simply a background for the actors, of generally one, sometimes two colors. Poetical dramas, satires and farces are produced, but the subject is always Ireland and invariably secures the interest of the audience. That this interest is spontaneous, coming from the hearts of the people at large and not merely from a group in an important city, is seen in the fact that it is the country places that are sending travelling companies into the towns. So the movement is based on the inborn love of the people for national literature.

The whole lecture, although delivered in rather a desultory fashion, fairly teemed with vitality, bringing out the living forces in the old heroic legends. One can not exactly compare Mr. Yeats with the great musician Wagner, but he has in common with the latter the love of his national legendary cycles; and by his voice and love of his subject, in one short hour he caused many of his listeners to feel the influence of the spontaneous utterance of the past in Ireland, upon the life of the present.

Mr. Sioussat has resigned his position as instructor in history, to take the chair of History and Economics at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee. He leaves the college at the close of the

Faculty Notes present semester.

Miss Peck resumes her work in elocution, after an absence of five months spent in travel in Europe.

President Seelye attended the meeting of the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools at Boston, October 9 and 10, and that of the New England College Certificate Board at Boston, October 24.

Professor Mensel was present at the opening of the Germanic Museum of Harvard University, November 10.

Miss Byrd, on June 8, was elected an honorary member of Sociedad Astronomica de Mexico.

President Seelye delivered the address at Mt. Holyoke College, Founder's Day November 10.

The Chicago branch of the Smith College Alumnae Association invited Miss Jordan to give the address at its annual meeting. The meeting was held at Hull House November 28, and Miss Jane Addams was also a speaker.

On October 5, Professor Gardiner gave an address on Jonathan Edwards at South Windsor, Connecticut, in connection with the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of Edwards' birth at that place, and on December 4, an address entitled "Dante's Last Guide, with some remarks on Mysticism", before the Philosophical Club of Cornell University.

Professor Emerson on October 28 gave a lecture on "The Geology of Japan" at the Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn.

The Biblical Lectures committee of the Twentieth Century Club of Boston has arranged with Professor Henry Preserved Smith of Amherst College for a course of twelve lectures on "The History and Literature of Israel until the Exile", to be given in the chapel of Boston University, November 7 to January 30. Each of the lectures of Professor Smith will be followed by a class lesson conducted by Professor Wood. These class lessons will aim to treat more in detail certain important portions of the history, to present the literary study of the Biblical books chiefly concerned, to suggest the practical bearings of the questions raised in the lectures upon Christian life and religious education, and to offer an opportunity for the helpful discussion of the problems of Biblical history and literature. The schedule of special literary study in these lessons is:

November	7,	The Hexateuchal Problem.
"	14,	Genesis, Exodus.
"	21,	Joshua.
"	28,	Judges.
December	5,	I. and II. Samuel.
"	12,	I. and II. Kings.
"	19,	Earlier and Later Prophecy.
January	2,	Amos, Hosea.
"	9,	Isaiah, Micah.
"	16,	Deuteronomy, Nahum.
"	23,	Jeremiah.
"	30,	Ezekial.

On November 28 Professor Sleeper gave a lecture entitled "From Motive to Masterpiece" before the Woman's Club of Wethersfield, Connecticut. He was assisted in the musical illustrations by Miss Lillian Abell, a graduate of the Music School.

Miss Barrows gave an informal talk at Providence October 5 on the "American Woman's Table at the Zoölogical Station at Naples", before the Rhode Island Society for the Collegiate Education of Women.

At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology on November 2, Miss Bernardy read the first canto of Dante's "Inferno", under the auspices of the Circolo Italiano of Boston. The reading followed the plan used in Italy in connection with the *Lectura Dantis*; that is, the canto was read in the text, and literary and historical comments were added, the whole being given in Italian.

Mr. Eckelmann is at work upon Schiller's *Einfluss auf Friedrich Hebbel*. The first part treats of the philosophy and æsthetic principles of Hebbel, and his criticism of Schiller's lyric and dramatic productions; the second part, of Hebbel's *Jugendwerke und Werke der Reife*. Part one has been completed, and will be presented for the Ottendorfer Memorial Fellowship for 1903 of the University of New York.

President Seelye has just published his Annual Report to the Board of Trustees.

Miss Byrd's observations of comet *a* 1903 were published in the *Astronomical Journal* for June 18.

Miss Scott has a review of "The Italian Renaissance in England", Columbia University Press, 1902, in the *Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, Vol. V, No. 1, September, 1908.

In *Fanfulla della Domenica* of Rome, Italy, there is an article by Miss Bernardy entitled "Castelli San Marinesi". Miss Bernardy contributed the article on "The Jews in the Republic of San Marino, Italy, from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century", to the *Jewish Encyclopedia*, published by the Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York.

Mrs. Lee has a story called "Mrs. Whitcomb's Ancestors" in the *Criterion* for October; a sketch, "Marcus Is Left Alone with the Tree Agent", in *Life* for October 1; a sketch, "One of Marcus' Theories Rises Up to Meet Him", in the *Outlook* for November 28, and a story called "A House of Mercy" in *Scribner's Magazine* for December.

The B. F. Wood Music Company of Boston has just published a Christmas cantata, "The Saviour's Advent", by Professor Story. This cantata will be repeated at the Edwards church during the Christmas season, and given for the first time by many important choirs in other parts of New England.

Miss Jordan is preparing a review of *Loci Critici* by George Saintsbury for the *Journal of English and Germanic Philology*. A. S. Barnes & Company will publish in January a book entitled "Correct Speaking and Writing", by Miss Jordan.

Professor Gardiner is editing a volume of "Selected Sermons of Jonathan Edwards" for Macmillan's Pocket Classics Series. Professor Gardiner will write the volume, "Feelings and Emotions", for Baldwin's Library of Historical Psychology, published by Scribners.

OLIVE RUMSEY.

On Tuesday evening, December 1, La Société Française put on "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme", a comedy in five acts by Molière.

CAST.

Monsieur Jourdain,.....	Mary Pusey
Madame Jourdain,	Lucy Walther
Lucile, fille de M. Jourdain,.....	Janet Mason
Cléonte, amoureux de Lucile,.....	Elizabeth Creevey
Dorante,.....	Helen Fillebrown
Dorimène, marquise,.....	Edith Goode
Nicole, servante de M. Jourdain,	Florence Mann
Covielle, valet de Cléonte,.....	Margaret Stone
Un Maître de Musique,.....	Margaret Sawtelle
Un élève du Maître de Musique,	Ella Burnham
Un Maître à Danser,.....	Edna Cushing
Un Maître d'Armes,.....	Emma Tyler
Un Maître de Philosophie,.....	Katharine de la Vergne
Un Maître Tailleur,.....	Helen Abbott
Un Garçon Tailleur,.....	Emma Dill
Musiciens et Danseurs, Muphti, Dervis, et Turcs.	
La scène est à Paris, dans la maison de M. Jourdain.	

The selection of the play was most fortunate inasmuch as the parts were well suited for college girls and presented opportunities for a telling farce. The fact still remains that the audience was unenthusiastic and refrained from applause except in one or two scenes. The production as a whole was unfinished and lacked spontaneity. The loss of the opportunity for a forceful climax in Act II is much to be deprecated. Unfortunately the general grouping was omitted even to the extent of a final tableau. The general acting on the stage was awkward with the exception of Miss Fillebrown and Miss Tyler. Miss Goode made a very effective entrance although the entrances and exits in general were bungled and ungraceful. The only stage setting was too refined and inoffensive to be in keeping with the character of Monsieur Jourdain. This effect was counteracted to some extent by the blaring costumes. On the contrary had the scenery been loud and typical of the "nouveau riche" and the costuming individual the result would have been more satisfactory.

The feature of the evening was an innovation in the form of a ballet. The ease and grace of the dancers was unusual and thoroughly appreciated by the audience. The incident of the Turks was well done and humorous in the extreme.

As for the individual characters Miss Pusey as Monsieur Jourdain gave an intelligent interpretation of the part. Some of her points were exceedingly well made although other situations were not worked up to their greatest possibility. Miss Walther looked and acted the part of Madame Jourdain unusually well until the climax where her acting lacked conviction. One of the prettiest characters on the stage was Miss Mason in the part of Lucile. Miss Fillebrown in the rôle of Dorante, although by far the best actress, did not attain her usual excellence. Particularly to be commended are her grace, spontaneity and fitness of gesture. Miss Goode as the Marquise although ineffectively made up succeeded in making a stupid part interesting. The parts taken by Miss Mann and Miss Stone were very acceptable and gave added zest to the play. The first act was enlivened by the vivacity and agility of the dancing master, a part admirably taken by Miss Cushing.

Greater familiarity with the lines might have given the play more vigor and obviated a tendency toward dragging, but this may be partially explained as due to the use of a foreign language. In the matter of accent Miss Goode and Miss Creevey were excellent, and the accent as a whole was extremely good.

Among the guests who witnessed the play were Mr. James H. Hyde, ex-president of the "Alliance Française", and who has done so much to promote the study of French in this country, and Mr. Baldwin, Jr., a trustee of the college. The interest to which their presence attested was greatly appreciated.

In the finals of the fall interclass tennis tournament Katharine De La Vergne 1905, defeated Edith Kingsbury 1904, thereby winning the cup offered for the championship.

On Sunday, November 15, the Rev. Mr. Hudson of Newton, spoke at Vespers.

The Chapin House gave a dance in the Students' Building, Wednesday evening, November 18.

The Dannreuther Quartette concert, held Tuesday evening, November 24, in Assembly Hall, was an unusually fine performance. The sympathetic attention of the audience attested the excellence in the rendering of the program.

HOCKEY.

The interclass games for the hockey championship have been played off with the following results:

1904 vs. 1906	} 1904	1905 vs. 1907	} 1905
Score, 4—2		Score, 2—1	
	} 1904	1904½ vs. 1905	} 1904
		Score, 4—0	

CALENDAR

- Dec. 11, Dewey-Hatfield House Play.
- 17, Christmas Organ and Song Recital. Mr. Sleeper, organist; Miss A. Agnes Choponrian, soprano.
- 19, Open meeting of the Alpha Society. Lecture by Hamilton W. Mabie. Subject: The Making of the Book.
- 23, Christmas Vacation begins.
- Jan. 7, Winter term begins.
- 9, Meeting of the Consumers' League. Address by Miss Calkins of Wellesley College.
- 12, Fourth Concert of the Music Department.
- 16, Alpha Society.
- 25, Examinations begin.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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No. 4

CARLYLE'S STYLE

Every writer stamps the impress of his literary personality more or less deeply on the letters of his age. The depth of that impression depends quite as much on his mode of expression as on his subject-matter. A striking thought is twice as forcible when clothed in striking language.

In the *Sartor Resartus*, perhaps his most characteristic work, Thomas Carlyle put his ideas before the world in a style which seems novel and rather daring even to us, who are used to the eccentricities of Kipling and Walt Whitman. It must have burst like a bomb-shell upon a decorous early Victorian public. For, to start with, the chosen form was neither "flesh, fowl, nor good red herring"; it was hardly a biography, it was too long for an essay, it was not history nor philosophy, though it had characteristics of them all. Why Carlyle chose such a peculiar mode of expression is an open question. He may have desired to stimulate interest and pique curiosity. At any rate the result is a highly individual product, which many find delightful and a few irritating and antagonizing.

The more mechanical elements in his style are in keeping with this general peculiarity. His sentence structure is exceedingly chaotic, even distorted at times. He omits subject or

predicate or both with apparent equanimity; the sentence form is involved, long and loose in construction, often with no organic unity whatsoever. He piles up his adjectives, hyphenates words in new and strange combinations, capitalizes and italicizes with entire freedom and unconventionality. He grasps language and wrenches it into any construction which he happens to fancy until the results are bewildering. His vocabulary is various and extensive, but he keeps for the most part to good, vigorous, Anglo-Saxon. He abandons the accepted sense for the literal or root meaning which lends a certain intensity of idea, and sometimes he twists a word sharply around to the meaning he wishes to give. A good mouth-filling phrase appeals to him, or a balanced alliterative contrast, and he is particularly happy in his choice of the inevitable word at a critical point. His most striking characteristic, however, is peculiar richness of imagery. He not only makes constant use of formal metaphor and simile, but one could almost say that half his single words are used metaphorically. They fairly glitter with meaning. To read a paragraph, completely grasping the thought of each verb and adjective, demands the most concentrated attention. For that reason, a little of Carlyle goes a long way, more especially in view of the fact that his words appeal rather to the mental images of touch and hearing than to those of sight. For one word expressing color, light or shade, he uses fifty which express form or sound, every one emphasizing an active rather than a passive idea—strength, not beauty. This fact throws an interesting sidelight on the mental methods of the man, the extremely powerful way in which ideas appealed to him and which was so strongly reflected in his writings that after a chapter or two one feels actually physically weary, as if one had been in a conflict of the elements.

On the whole, his style, though not preëminent for variety, is sufficiently varied to avoid monotony; sometimes he is abrupt and staccato, rather than startling; sometimes he is quiet and sustained; again he is deeply ironic and witheringly scornful; when dominated by some strong emotion, he is intensely inspiring, and rhythmic as any organ music.

He is capricious in his thought development. He loves to speculate on side-issues and to wander down any by-path that may strike his fancy, sometimes spending a disproportionate

amount of time in them. These little excursions are interesting, but greatly obscure any systematic plan he may be following, and produce a sort of disjointed, scrap-bag effect. Instead of a logical and orderly development of a point he likes to stray discursively all around the subject, touching it occasionally on one side or another, often evading it, until he finally seizes upon it and packs the whole discussion neatly into a few concise telling phrases. Here is where his power of epigrammatic statement is most apparent. Again and again he shows it, not always, however, as a summing-up of a discussion, but incidentally, as a sidelight on the main subject. He is never at all uncertain as to what he has to say or how to say it; he slashes around him with tremendous blows which, whether they hit his opponent or not, are anything but hesitating. He is almost brutal in his insistent repetition of ideas; his thoughts are deeply incisive, but that very fact is perhaps slightly prejudicial to their being broad in view or catholic in sympathy; for him there is but one side to a question and he supports that so vigorously as to be untactful, discourteous, and, perhaps, a bit unfair to the other side. He seems to despise as an utter idiot any one who disagrees with him; one would prefer, possibly, that his warmth of feeling should be a little more restrained and tolerant. A writer loses nothing in the long run by being courteous; what he may sacrifice in force of expression he gains in the reader's increased friendliness of attitude.

No one could call his style polished; it is rather picturesque, dramatic, forceful, full of verve and a muscular sort of energy, and lightened by a wonderful humor, occasionally mellow and kindly, but more often biting, sardonic, grimly playful sometimes, but never gay nor lightly fanciful. One can see how he enjoys his little game of editor and edited. His comments upon Herr Teufelsdrösch's peculiar ideas are made with such an edifying seriousness, so exactly in the spirit of a Boswell toward a Johnson that one could almost think the game real. His descriptions also are noteworthy, for, though never long or important, they are marvellously condensed and seize on exactly the striking and salient points of a character or touch the meaning of a beautiful scene with vividness and truth.

On the whole one would say that the peculiar mannerisms that characterize his style and render it rather outré are consciously and deliberately assumed. He wants a hearing for

new and striking views and is forced to adopt a new and striking method of presenting them ; he feels a bit self-conscious in this artificial garment at times but the general tone is honest and straightforward. That hatred of cant and pretense which made him abandon the formal rules of writing and feel free to use any means he chose to reach his end, also restrained him from an originality too extreme and whimsical. He was always striving after the concrete—the tangible and audible—the expression which should come home to a man's "business and bosom"; and this tendency combined with his broad sturdy common sense to keep his rather riotous and turbulent imagination within bounds. His works owe their value and interest not only to the thought, but to the impress they bear of a courageous rugged personality who fought with all his might for views in which he believed with all his might ; and this impression is largely due to his extraordinarily vivid style.

MARY PEABODY COLBURN.

THE WINDS

Over the mountains the Trade Wind comes blowing,
Life-giving, full of the strength of the woodlands,
Bringing the rustle of leaves on the hill-tops.
Who loves not the Trade Wind?

Over the blue sea the West Wind comes blowing,
Gentle, and sweet with the smell of the ocean,
Bringing the sound of the swish of the wavelets.
Who loves not the Sea Wind?

Over the gray sea the West Wind comes blowing,
Heavy and cold with the chill of the ocean,
Bringing the thunder of white breakers pounding,
"Kona", the Storm Wind.

CHARLOTTE DODGE.

A PROBLEM IN DOMESTIC NAVIGATION

The library door opened and a boy came in. Louise, who had been gazing out of the window, playing carelessly with the curtain string, turned around quickly. She was anxious to hear the results of the consultation.

"Well?" she said eagerly.

The boy came forward and sat down on the window-seat.

"What did she say?" Louise pursued.

The boy stretched one leg out straight, and drew a jack-knife from the depths of the pocket of his short trousers. He snapped open the small blade.

"She said we could go," he answered with a quiet air of superiority.

"Really? Do you mean it? She said we could go? I knew she'd let us. I knew it. She's just that good. But how did it happen? I thought she was afraid of canoes."

"She is," the boy said shortly. He leaned forward and drew out the waste-basket from under the table, placed it in front of him, and began to sharpen a pencil.

"Well, then," the girl continued, "how did it happen? How did she ever come to let us go? Why don't you tell me about it? What did you say to her?"

The boy kept his eyes on the pencil and slowly pared off thin curling shavings.

"Why, I just asked her, that's all, and at first she said she was sorry, but she really couldn't let us go before she had seen father. I said, 'Very well', and told her we would spend the afternoon at grandmother's instead. I meant, of course, that we would go canoeing just the same, and she said certainly we could go to grandmother's. Who wouldn't let us do that?" The boy spoke very quietly.

Louise opened her mouth in dismay, and sank into a chair.

"You lied to her?" she gasped.

"Oh, you might call it that," the boy answered in the same quiet voice. "But why are you so surprised? You needn't be so shocked. I've lied before, haven't I?"

"But not to her."

"No, not to her. She's been here only a week. I've hardly had time." He was whittling away doggedly at the pencil.

"But—but she's our mother," Louise faltered, "you know, and—"

"She isn't our real mother, I wouldn't lie to our real mother."

He raised his eyes for the first time and looked square at the girl, then lowered them again. "She's only our step-mother."

"Oh, I know, but you were crazy to have her come. You wanted her terribly, you told me so, and you told father so, and now, now that you've got her, you lie to her."

"Don't preach."

"I am not preaching. I am only saying you wanted her to come, and now that you've got her—"

"I wanted her to come," the boy interrupted, "because I expected she'd be one better than everlasting governesses, but she isn't, much. I can't do half what I could before. She's afraid of guns, of boats, and everything else. Anyway, you say I've lied, and what's done is done. It's too late now." He was sharpening the point of the pencil with great precision, on the edge of the basket.

"But it isn't too late, Linc," Louise pleaded. "We can go to grandmother's instead of canoeing, and then you will not have lied at all."

The point of the pencil broke off with a little snap, but the boy showed no impatience. Nothing seemed to disturb him. He began slowly to sharpen the pencil again.

"You're a girl all over," he began in his even, unruffled manner. "Whether we go canoeing or to grandmother's now, can't you see it's a lie just the same? I have told a lie, and I meant to, and whatever we do *now* does not change the fact that I lied, at the time, and now that I have lied, I intend to get all the good I can out of it. What's the use of lying for nothing? I am not going to be sorry just yet. I am going to get all the good there is in a lie while I can."

"But—but, Lincoln, you haven't forgotten, have you? Of course you'll be found out and father will give you an awful whipping."

"Do you think," the boy said valiantly, "that I am such a 'fraid-cat that I'd stop at a whipping?" He was proud of this remark, and felt for himself a wave of admiration. "I am not a baby," he added.

Louise knew it was in vain to argue further. This boy, of only thirteen years, was the true son of a lawyer, and Louise knew he could argue himself out of any corner, out of any perplexity, and that she was quite unable to answer his arguments. Besides, he was older than she.

"Well," she said, "you can do as you wish, but I will not be canoeing with you. I, at least, have not lied and do not intend to."

"Why, of course you have, or the same thing. I lied for you. There isn't much difference." Lincoln spoke in his customary low tone, quiet, but convincing. "I said that *you* said I would go to grandmother's, and I meant all the time that *you* and I would go canoeing. You are in the lie, you see, just as much as I am. She, our mother, I mean, believes that you are going to grandmother's, which will not be true. When a lie is once told it's told, and when you're once in it you can't get out."

Louise had no answer, though she was not at all convinced.

"I will not go with you, anyway." She was quite decided.

Lincoln put the pencil in his pocket, closed the knife, and stood up.

"Do you want me to tell you why you aren't coming? You are afraid that you may be punished. You are afraid of a little whipping." The boy was quite dramatic. He stood before the girl with both hands thrust into his pockets. "You're a girl all over," he continued. "Richard and I asked you to come only as a great favor. We both think girls are a big bother, but we thought we'd try you once, and see. We'll never do it again. Canoes are no place for girls. I shall tell Richard that you were afraid to come, that you were a goody-goody, and couldn't leave 'mama', that you were afraid of a whipping, that you are a baby."

Louise turned from looking out of the window. It was too much for her.

"Stop!" she said, "I will go. I will show you."

In Lincoln's eyes there suddenly shone the same light that could shine in his father's eyes after he had won a case. Louise did not know that the boy had been working hard ever since he had entered the room for her consent; did not know that it meant a victory to him. Lincoln did not reveal his joy to his sister. He simply shrugged his shoulders. He was young to be so tactful.

"Well, perhaps I was a little mistaken," he said condescendingly. "I will see. Hurry and get your things on if you're going. It's time we were started."

Louise walked toward the door. "I will be ready in a minute," she said, and went out.

Finally the two stood ready in the hall. The mother had called to them from upstairs and they were awaiting her, Louise with downcast eyes and nervous mien, and Lincoln with steady, straight-forward gaze, and undisturbed air. There was a rustle of skirts on the landing above, and there appeared on the stairs the new mother. It was early in the afternoon and she had been lying down, and had slipped on a long, loose wrapper of light blue, with much yellow lace. She had caught up her mass of light hair in a bunch at the back of her neck, and long, wavy strands fell loosely about her face, a face strangely young and infantile for a mother's.

"I thought," she said with a little laugh as she came down toward the children, "I would come and say good-bye to you."

She put her arm about Louise and kissed the girl. Louise grew very red, and straightened her hat. The mother turned toward Lincoln, but she did not offer to kiss him. She had learned better in her short week. She laid her white hand on his shoulder, and faltered:

"Don't you think—hadn't you better—wouldn't it be wise to wear a coat?"

"Oh, if you say so," the boy said in an indifferent manner, and he moved away until the hand fell away from his shoulder. The mother's deep blue eyes clouded for a moment.

"I am very sorry, Lincoln, I would give anything if you could go canoeing, but I am so afraid of the water. If only your father were here, so that I might ask him. I know that both you and Louise are disappointed, but you understand, don't you?"

The boy did not look at the pleading blue eyes. He looked out of the door, and waited in silence.

"Of course," he said at length, "I understand, you think it your duty."

The mother sank down on the lowest stair. What a mature child this boy of thirteen years was, and what a composed, patronizing air he used, and how young she seemed beside him. And this girl, this girl with the immaculate frocks, the unruffled

braids of hair, the irreproachable manners, could she ever be petted and mothered? The new mother surveyed her two children. The children waited in silence.

"Is that all you want of us?" the boy finally asked.

The mother started. "Why, yes, I guess so," she said. "I—I hope you both will have a very nice time," she faltered.

The two children went out. The mother sat still on the lowest stair and watched them as they walked, side by side, down the long walk which led from the house to the street. She had thought that they would be like other children. She had hoped that there would be hair-ribbons to tie, dresses to button up, buttons to sew on, tears to wipe away, and little hearts to comfort. She rose and sighed, raised her hand wearily and brushed away a strand of hair. Her under lip trembled slightly, and her face was sad. Of these three, the girl, the boy and the mother, the woman was the pathetic figure—the one who needed comfort, the one who faltered when she spoke, who tried to please, who longed for the love of the children, and it was this that so troubled her. *She* wished to be the independent figure, the composed, the self-reliant. She wanted the true motherly poise, the poise that carried with it power and force, and yet compelled love; but she had not the poise. She feared these little children; she was not at ease with them. They obeyed her—ah, yes, but without complaint, calmly and sedately, as if they smiled inwardly at her commands. Why did they not cry and storm a little, that she might put her arms about them in a motherly way and give them a mother's comfort? Why did they not sometimes disobey, that she might gently reprimand? There seemed to be no way in which she might show her superiority. They were ever in the right, ever perfectly polite, and she could not complain.

As she stood in the hall a sudden wave of pity for herself swept over her. Her eyes filled with tears. She did not know how to adjust herself to this new life, how to attain the proper attitude. She brushed the tears swiftly away from her eyes, drew in her breath sharply, and pressed her lips. She was suddenly overcome with a feeling of guilt and shame. It seemed a sin that she should shed a tear here, now; she who had considered herself the happiest of women. Should she cry, she who had only been married three weeks? It seemed a tragedy.

She walked swiftly into the library, and sat down at a small

desk, savagely drew forth some note paper, dipped her pen in the ink, and wrote desperately. Soon there was a pause.

She sat with her pen in her hand and thought. Of what would she write? Would she pour out this new trouble to the one who had heard all the others? No, not that. She must keep this wholly and entirely to herself. Not even the husband must guess it. She must in some way overcome the serenity of this boy and girl. Oh, such a serenity! She could see now the calm, unmoved expression of Lincoln, when with a slight raise of the eyebrows he had said, "Very well, we will go to grandmother's instead." Such a thing as teasing and showing disappointment seemed entirely below his dignity.

She remembered with a little pang how she had bought for him, only two days ago, a new tie, a red one, made of silk. He had opened the bundle, and then added very courteously, but without enthusiasm, "Thank you very much, mother." She had heard him talking that evening in the library to his father.

"I never wear red, you know," he was saying. "It's too giddy."

"But you will this time, you understand. Otherwise it would hurt your mother's feelings," the father had said.

"Oh, if it would please her, I will." Lincoln used his not unusual patronizing air.

She pushed the note paper away from her and got up.

"I cannot write," she said, and went slowly upstairs. She wandered into Louise's room. Everything was the "pink of neatness". She sat down on the edge of one of the straight-backed bedroom chairs. She looked at the unruffled bed, the snowy shams, the down comforter folded neatly at the foot. She remembered the day last week that she had wandered into this room, and thrown herself upon the bed for her afternoon's nap. It was warm in her room, but in there was a fresh breeze. Late that afternoon Louise had said, as they all sat on the veranda:

"Some one has been in my room. They've ruffled the bed all up, and not fixed it."

The mother had blushed crimson. "I—I am afraid it was I," she confessed. "I forgot to fix it."

"You?" Louise had answered incredulously. It had seemed like a reprimand from a child to a woman.

Now the mother rose and opened the closet door. There she found every little dress hung each one in its place. On the

floor was a precise, systematic row of small shoes, slippers and boots, placed in pairs, side by side. She closed the closet door softly. There seemed to be no need of a mother's hand in this child's room. She went into her own room. There, luxurious chaos met her eye. There was a blue silk petticoat on the floor, left just exactly as she had stepped out of it. There was a dressing-sack over the back of a chair, and over the floor a pair of worsted bedroom slippers and a stray French-heeled shoe wandered at large. Out of the top drawer of the dressing-table peeped the edge of a lace handkerchief, and glimpses of light ribbons, blue, and pink, and white. On the bed lay a magazine or two, opened and face downwards.

The mother felt a great lump rise in her throat as she met the general disorder, so in contrast with the methodical neatness of the small Louise's room.

"I, after all, am the one to learn," she murmured. "I never thought to be so humiliated." She threw herself downwards on the bed and buried her face in the pillow. She would not let herself cry, and finally she fell asleep.

That evening she met her husband in the hall with a smile. It was a forced smile, but he did not observe that. She was dressed in white, and looked a little younger, a little more like a child than usual.

"Steven, I'm glad you've come," she said somewhat wearily. "The children haven't come home yet. They went to their grandmother's for the afternoon. They said that they would be here for dinner. I'm a little worried."

After he had greeted her, he said: "If they are at mother's they're all right. They often stay with her for dinner. It has begun to rain a little, and she has probably kept them, in hopes it may clear up. You mustn't worry, dear."

He drew her gently into the library. She seemed very young, very delicate, almost etherial to him. He was ten years her senior. He had had his share of trouble, and knew what sorrow was, while she had only met the happy side of life. He had hesitated about bringing her into his home, and loading upon her tender shoulders the responsibility of two children. But with the confidence of a child she had felt quite sure that all would be well; she had no doubts, no misgivings.

In the library she sat on the arm of his chair, as a child might.

"Lincoln," she said, "wanted to go canoeing this afternoon.

I didn't know what to say. I needed you to ask. But you weren't here, so I said no. Was that right?"

"That was quite right."

"I'm afraid," she continued, "that I'll never learn just when and how to say no." Her voice broke a little. "You know I never had to decide things before."

Her husband looked up anxiously into her face, and took both her hands in his.

"Margaret," he said, "the children did not trouble you, didn't complain when you said no, did they?" He spoke almost sternly.

Margaret laughed, and got up. She raised her hands to her hair and smiled down on him. "Now I have frightened you," she said. "No, indeed, the children were lovely. They are always very courteous."

Later, as they sat at dinner, she said, "It seems queer without the children, doesn't it?"

"Why, yes, rather, but mighty nice, too. Don't you like it, just you and I? It's rather cosy, don't you think?"

"Oh, yes, yes," she said. "But—I don't see why they don't come," she faltered.

"O, they'll be here in time," he said jovially. "Do you remember the first time you and I sat opposite each other, for dinner, at that little restaurant in town, you and I alone, and how embarrassed you were?"

"Yes, I remember." Margaret did not look at him. She looked out of the window against which the soft rain fell. "I remember," she said again, "but—but do you suppose—do you think the children can get home in this rain?"

Steven looked at Margaret very anxiously. "You mustn't worry," he said. "Has anything troubled you to-day,—has anything gone wrong, dear?" he added.

"O, no, no," she smiled, yet sadly. "Everything has gone beautifully."

"Are you happy?"

"Yes, yes, indeed."

"Perfectly?" Steven pursued, doubtfully.

"Entirely," she said, laughing now and trying to be merry. "Entirely. I have only one complaint," she added a little coquettishly, "and that is that you were introduced to me so late in life." She rang the bell for dessert and talked viva-

ciously about the little restaurant. Steven did not know that even while her eyes shone the brightest she was listening intently for a step on the porch.

After dinner she said carelessly, "Steven, would you mind going for the children? It is very dark and it is raining harder."

"Oh, they'll come home all right," he said easily. "Lincoln is a boy and not afraid of the dark." He lay back comfortably in the big arm chair. Margaret threw herself down in front of him.

"Oh, please, please, go," she pleaded, "for my sake, won't you go?" Steven sat up quickly.

"Why, Margaret, dear," he said anxiously, "I didn't understand. Of course I will go if you want me to. I didn't know you really felt so anxious, dear. You mustn't worry."

"Thank you for going," she said simply, "I hate to make you go out,—but—oh—but—thank you."

When he had put on his rain-coat, he came back into the library to say good-bye to Margaret.

"I'll be back in a little while with the children," he said. "Do you know," he added, "I've been contemplating sending Louise to boarding-school, and Lincoln too. What would you say?"

"Oh, Steven, you do not think I am a failure, do you? Give me another chance. Do you think I haven't succeeded with the children?"

"Dear Margaret, you do not understand," he said, bending down over her, "you are succeeding nobly, nobly. It isn't that, believe me, dear, it is only because I do not want you to have anything to worry you. I think you are a great success,—a perfect success."

"Thank you," she said feebly.

Margaret sat in the library for half an hour and waited, and then the front door opened and Louise came in alone. The mother met her in the hall.

"Where's your father?" she asked immediately.

"He is gone for Lincoln. Grandmother's cook brought me home."

"For Lincoln? What do you mean? Where is Lincoln?"

"He's gone canoeing."

The mother could not comprehend. "Canoeing", she said vaguely.

"Yes, canoeing. He didn't go to grandmother's at all. He lied."

"Lied?" The color left Margaret's cheeks, "You mean he disobeyed?" she asked very slowly.

"Yes." There was a pause.

"And you, Louise?"

"I was going with him. I planned to but I backed out. I thought it was mean to you."

"Hasn't Lincoln come back yet?"

"No, father's gone to hunt for him."

Margaret gasped. What did it mean? To hunt for him. Then he was lost. She sat down on one of the high-back chairs. Perhaps—perhaps he was drowned. She folded her hands tightly in her lap and fixed her eyes on the door. Louise was frightened at the expression on her face. She added, "Father said—for you—not to worry."

The mother did not answer, did not seem to hear. Louise hung up her things and went into the library. She went over and sat on the window-seat, away from the light, and looked out at the rain. She could hear it softly beating on the porch roof. The house was very still. She could hear the clock tick, tick, tick, and now and then, the birch log that burned quietly in the open grate, crack and fall away into ashes. She was frightened at the silence. The mother sat like a ghost, immovable in the hall. Thus they sat, the two of them, for a long while, silently, rigidly. It seemed a century to the anxious mother.

When she heard steps on the porch she rose and grasped the banister. The front door opened, and with a great wave of relief, she saw Steven and the boy enter. She rushed forward to clasp Lincoln to her thankful heart. She forgot his disobedience, his lie, his sedate manner, and his dislike for any sort of demonstration. She only knew that he was alive, and that she longed to hold him to her. But he moved away from her with a little frown.

"Dont," he said, "Don't, please. I had no umbrella, I'm wet," and he passed on by her.

"I hope you didn't worry," Steven said, gently holding her to him. "There was no danger. They went far up the lake and against the wind,—it took them a long while to paddle back. I found them just as they were landing. Lincoln," he said sternly, "take off your things and come into the library."

In the library Lincoln stood near the door with his hands clasped behind his back. He stood very straight and held his head erect. He kept his eyes on the round globe of the library lamp. The mother sat in a large chair before the fire, each arm lying wearily along the sides of the chair and her white hands hanging limp. She watched the boy with pleading eyes. The father was standing.

"Lincoln," he spoke sternly, more sternly than Margaret had ever heard him speak, "have you anything to say for yourself?"

"No, sir, I have not." The boy's tones were clear and sure.

"You have disobeyed your mother."

"Yes, sir."

"You have lied to her."

"Yes, sir."

"And you mean to tell me that you have nothing to say?"

Lincoln did not flinch. "No, sir, I have nothing to say. I expected a whipping when I started out. I'm ready."

Margaret leaned forward. "Oh, Lincoln, she entreated, "don't you see? Don't you understand what he wants? Lincoln, dear, aren't you sorry?" Her voice trembled.

The boy still gazed at the lighted globe. "Oh," he said.

"Apologize!" the father commanded. Lincoln turned toward the mother.

"Mother," he began. He faltered a minute, then gaining control of himself he finished without a quaver in his voice, "I beg your pardon."

"I beg your pardon." Was that all he had to say to her who loved him, who longed for his love? Is that what he said, after he had lied to her, refused her caresses? Never mind, she must not cry before this child, this child in whose eyes she had never seen a tear. Ah, she must not! But Margaret's struggle had come almost to an end. Her burden had become too heavy. This was the last straw. Great sobs shook her whole body. She rose quickly.

"Oh—oh—" she cried brokenly, "I believe—I believe—I believe you have no heart!" She fled from the room and upstairs. She left behind her only the mournful sound of that first pitiful sob. It had gone through Steven's heart like a knife. The boy and father stood opposite each other for an instant too stunned to stir, immovable, speechless. Then with a little start the father rushed toward the door. Lincoln sprang in front of him. The father pushed by him roughly.

"Get out of my way!" Lincoln clung to his father's coat.

"Let *me* go," the boy said huskily. "Let *me* go. It's *I* she wants. I did it. Let *me* go." The father hesitated a minute. "I did it. I ought to fix it," the boy pleaded, and without waiting for an answer he sprang away from his father and up the stairs, two steps at a time.

Lincoln burst into his mother's room without knocking. She had thrown herself on the bed, burying her face in the pillow. Lincoln had never seen a grown person cry, had never known they could. He was afraid of what he had done, conscious that he had committed some awful deed. He did not know what to do, what to say. He hesitated a moment, then closed the door behind him and stood silently within the dark room watching his mother fearfully. Only a sob broke the silence. Lincoln started. He was frightened. The sob was awful, horrible; had he caused it?

"Mother, mother," he suddenly cried, but she did not answer.

The boy rushed forward and touched her gently on the shoulder. "Mother," he said, "oh, won't you speak to me?" But it was the mother's turn now to be insensible to caresses. She seemed not to hear the pleading voice, seemed not to feel the little hand on her shoulder. She lay quite still, quite unresponsive. Lincoln suddenly dropped down by the bed.

"Oh, what have I done?" he whispered. Great tears swelled up in his eyes and child-like he cried; he was no more the self-contained boy, the indifferent, the unresponsive. He was now nothing but a little child with his face buried in a piece of his mother's skirt, wanting her comfort.

Something in the child's tears gave strength to the woman. "My poor little boy," she said finally, and laid her hand softly on his head. "My poor little boy."

That was all. But with that they had changed places suddenly. The woman now soothed, pitied, caressed, while the boy sobbed in her arms. He did not say he was sorry, he had no polite apology to offer. He did not try to say the proper thing. He only clung frantically to this new mother's embrace as if he would lose it, and cried as only a child can.

They sat together in the dark for a long while, the mother smiling and talking softly to him, as mothers do.

"Will—*you* whip me instead of father?"

"I?"

"Oh, yes, please, won't you?"

"I couldn't do that, Lincoln. It would not be right. Father must do that, dear." She used a quiet patronizing air, proper to mothers. She had suddenly learned the art of how to say no to a child.

"Come," she said later, "we will go down stairs now." Lincoln hesitated.

"I shall look as—as if I had been crying," he said, his other self coming to the front.

"Never mind, there are no outsiders."

They went down stairs slowly, the mother's head high and her step firm and sure, the boy clinging to her hand, abashed and ill at ease. At the library door they stopped a moment. Steven turned quickly.

"Margaret," he exclaimed, and came toward her. She reassured him with a smile.

"It's all right," she said, and something in her voice, her smile, her eyes, told him all was well. He breathed freely again. The tempest had left only an added serenity.

"Lincoln," he said, "you may go into my study. I'll be there directly." Steven had never spared the rod. The boy must be whipped.

Lincoln raised his head and passed out of the room. Margaret put her hand on Steven's arm. "Please do not wait," she said. "Go to him immediately and have it over with. Go now."

Afterwards Lincoln came silently back into the library and threw himself down without a word at Margaret's feet, before the fire, laying one arm over her knee. Steven wandered into the dining-room. The room was dark. He sat down in one of the chairs and rested his elbows on the polished top of the table and thought.

Was Margaret happy? Had he loaded her down with too much? What did that sob mean,—that crying? Had he brought her, who was so far above him, too suddenly down into the humdrum of life?

In the library, unobserved, Louise still sat in the window-seat, while the rain still beat on the window-pane beside her. She felt miserably alone and neglected. Amidst all the excitement no one had thought of her, no one had known, no one had asked where she was. She would like to run away—would like to die.

She wondered if they would be sorry then. Nobody loved her or cared for her. Did the new mother love Lincoln better? She watched them now as they sat before the fire. Lincoln's head rested gently against the mother's knee and the mother was stroking it. Why should he receive caresses? He had lied, while she—she had given it all up, had refused to disobey, and yet she was the one to be left out in the cold, to be forgotten. She would go upstairs into her own dark room, and sit up all night, and in the morning she would be very ill and would die; she would love to die. Perhaps, then, they would miss her. She got up suddenly, she coughed, but the mother did not seem to hear. She walked toward the door, turned on the threshold, but still the mother was watching the fire. The small Louise, overcome with pity for herself, and bound to make others pity her, sank in a heap on the floor.

"Oh!" she cried, "no one cares for me. No one loves me. I am going—I am going to run away."

Margaret was by her side in a minute.

"My little girl,—my poor Louise!"

"You don't—don't like me, you didn't know I was alive."

Margaret knelt down beside Louise. She put her motherly arms about the child.

"There, there, dear, do not talk so," she said. Louise's rigid little form relaxed in the mother's embrace.

"Mother loves you very dearly. She did not forget you. She is proud of such a truthful daughter." Thus it is that mothers talk, and Margaret knew how it was.

Later Steven looked in at the door. The children, sitting at Margaret's feet before the fire, did not see him, but Margaret glanced up and smiled. The children were about to start for bed.

"Couldn't we stay up ten minutes more?" Louise pleaded.

But the mother shook her head and walked with them to the door.

"Would you unbutton this, it's very hard?" Louise said. The mother, leaning down, unbuttoned the little dress. Lincoln waited.

"Say," he said, "Father told us if—if we were bad, he—he would send us to boarding-school. I—I don't want to go."

"Oh, must we? Do you—do you think we will have to?" Louise pleaded.

A great wave of pleasure spread over Margaret. She leaned down quickly and kissed them.

"I guess not," she said, trying to control her voice. "I'll see." She had learned so soon to say that favorite phrase of all mothers, "I'll see."

She stood in the doorway watching the children as they went upstairs. "Good-night," they called back from the first landing. She raised her hand and threw them a kiss. "Good-night," she called. When they had disappeared she turned toward Steven, who still stood in the opposite door. Her eyes shone, her cheeks burned, a strange new smile was upon her lips. She took two steps toward her husband, then threw both her arms out to him impulsively.

"Oh, Steven!" she cried.

Was she happy? He did not need to ask. He understood.

OLIVE CHAPIN HIGGINS.

A SOUTHERNER'S VIEW OF THE SERVANT QUESTION

Next to the weather and the fashions, I find that the most general subject among New England housewives is the old but ever-varying servant question. As a Southerner I listen with interest to their complaints of the self-importance of Bridget or the stupidity of Nora, and mentally compare these children of Erin with the dusky descendants of Ham, who have played so important a part in my own home life.

An entirely different attitude between mistress and servant prevails in the northern and southern sections of our country. In New England the few who employ domestic servants do so with the feeling that they are choosing the least of two evils, the other alternative being to work unaided. In the south, on the other hand, no housewife who can possibly afford a servant prefers to do the drudgery herself; and as "cooks" can be obtained for from three to ten dollars a month, none except the very poorest, "the po' white trash", as the negroes contemptuously term them, live without some kind of a domestic servant. There the servant is not a being whose existence in the home must be reluctantly endured, but an indispensable adjunct to the household.

A peculiarity noticed by a visitor from the north is the fact that her hostess usually carries a bunch of keys, and also that she excuses her absence after meals with the apology that she must "give out the servants' meals". The bunch of keys means, of course, a locked larder, and the act of apportioning the meals to the servants often prevents an empty one.

A new servant rarely fails to ask her mistress: "Please, mam, wud yo' care ifer tuk my dinner home, 'kes it eats so much better w'en I'm all done wimmer work?" If this request is granted, the result is that the dinner pail contains more than one negro could comfortably eat at a meal. If the mistress, made wise by experience, refuses the request, for a time everything may go well, but soon she will begin to notice that her servant leaves with a paper bundle under her arm, or perhaps with even a bucket or basket. An inquiry is sure to bring a plausible excuse — rubbers left from the day before, or some trifle which had been given her, but a glimpse into the bundle usually reveals a few biscuit, some cold sweet potatoes, or it may be a little sugar and tea.

But as a rule, negro servants do not take a great amount at a time, or anything of much value. Most of them would consider it an unpardonable sin to steal a five-dollar bill, but they take a few stray pennies or nickles without any qualms of conscience, and never feel at all repentant unless perchance they are detected. A favorite trick of theirs is to slyly hide the article they covet in some corner and await results. If it is called for, the would-be owner, after a long search, brings it out triumphantly, and is rewarded by her relieved mistress. But if after a sufficient length of time the article is not missed, it quietly changes hands.

It is often asked if all negroes are dishonest. This is a difficult question to answer, for the negro does not call his actions dishonest, and most of us dislike to give his misdemeanors so harsh a name. A friend of mine once discovered her servant in the very act of taking home a quantity of provisions, and accused her of stealing, to which the offender promptly replied: "I wants yer ter know, mam, I'se not stealin', I'se jus' natully takin'."

I am convinced now that this habit of "natully takin'" is common to the race, or at least to the uneducated ones among them. I was not of this opinion until a few months ago, when

an incident happened which confirmed me in a belief already nearly established.

I was keeping house at home, and found it necessary to "break in" a new girl. The "girl" was an old colored auntie of about fifty, one of the humble, old-fashioned kind, whom life with a drunken husband had made too timid to even express an opinion of her own. Ours was one of the improvident homes whose pantry was kept unlocked and the servant allowed free access to the house. The second day that she was there Aunt Elizabeth came to me, asking to have a lock and key put on the pantry door.

"Yer know, missy," she said, "if anyt'ing gwine ter be miss, de ole nigger's 'sponsible." I complied with her request, wondering if at last I had discovered a trusty negro.

For six months nothing was missed, during which time I told of my treasure to a few unbelieving friends, but one day I found that Aunt Elizabeth, like Achilles, had one vulnerable spot. The discovery was made in this way. My sister had in her closet a bottle of brandy, the contents of which mysteriously decreased each day. As Aunt Elizabeth was the only outsider to enter this room, suspicion naturally fell upon her.

In order to make sure of her surmise, my sister marked one day on the outside of the bottle the height to which the brandy came, and on examining the bottle after Aunt Elizabeth had been left alone in the room, she found that its contents were slightly diminished. To make conviction doubly sure, she put a very small quantity of ipecac in the bottle just before leaving on a short visit. Upon her return she was greeted by Aunt Elizabeth with:

"I'se been dat sick since yo' lef' dat I t'ought de good Lord gwine come fer dis yere po' ole nigger, su' 'nuff."

Since this experience I have never allowed myself to believe in the honesty of negroes, but my affection for the good old child-like servants remains the same.

A stranger, on first becoming acquainted with these facts, often asks: "Why don't you teach them that stealing is a sin? Surely, they should learn better from their churches, if nowhere else." To this we smile knowingly, for the story of the old colored mammy who "got religion at preaching" and stopped on her way home to rob her master's hen-yard, is a common one.

No, we have to admit it, the negro is not to be trusted as the

Irish servants of the north are trusted, but when it comes to the last analysis, we should expect nothing else. They have not yet outgrown the idea of forty years ago, which was so well expressed by an old negro slave :

"Course it ain't no sin fer me ter take dis yere watermilyon. Ain't it b'long ter marsa ? and ain't I b'long ter marsa, too ? Den what's the diff'runce ?"

Do we want to send them back to Africa ? Indeed, we do not. Not one Southerner in fifty would consent to such a plan, for it would mean white servants for the south, and a southern woman feels as uncomfortable as mistress of a servant of her own complexion as a man who is forced to hold an infant. Through association, the terms "servant" and "negro" have become to the Southerners almost synonymous, and convey the same feelings of inferiority and reproach ; but when a servant of their own color is presented to them, they are unable at a moment's notice to adapt themselves comfortably to an entirely different social order. White servants for the south would mean a social revolution there, and revolutions are never pleasant.

The best and worst results of the caste system are to be found in the south, worst because of political injustice, social exclusiveness and prejudice, but best because of the mutual affection which exists between employer and employé, resulting in indulgence and forbearance on the one side, and pride and interest on the other. This affection is the outcome of the dependence of the weaker on the stronger, and rarely exists without it. When equality takes the place of recognized inferiority on the part of the servants, sentiment is overthrown and a struggle for the greater advantage follows. What could be a better example of this than the Holyoke Servant Girls' Union, whose laws necessitate that every little additional service, every favor done in times of sickness or trouble, shall be scrupulously paid for at a prescribed rate ?

Contrast with this the loyal devotion of the negro servants of the south, many of whom would give their all to help the family to which they are attached.

We, of the south, would by no means exchange servants with the Northerners. We love the faithful beings who have trundled us on their knees in our own childhood, and have told us stories of Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox, who have watched us as

we grew older with pride and interest, and who even now love us more than they do their own children.

We love them, and this accounts for the different relations existing between employer and employé in the north and south. With the development of the new negro a change will doubtless take place, is even now taking place, but as long as the servants in the south are true to the old school, the affection between mistress and servant will remain the same.

LAURA JOSEPHINE WEBSTER.

A FABLE

A wise man wove a fable
In the ages long ago,
And twisted in marvel and wonder,
Whose meaning the knowing might know.

The oldest and quaintest of stories
From regions both near and far
Were his silver thread, and the golden
He spun from a golden star.

He wove on the loom called Fancy,
And a thousand tremulous dreams
Came fluttering down from high Heaven,
To wake into wonderful gleams.

And a little song of the night-time,
And an unborn thought of the day,
Hovered round in the gloaming, and fluttered
Right into the shuttle's way.

The fable was true as the starlight
Is true to its far away sphere,
For it glistened with marvel and wonder
Which no one can know but the seer.

It glistened with marvel and wonder,
But after the ages had flown
The wise man who wove was forgotten,
And the birth of the fable unknown.

The quaintest and oldest of stories,
And the star-threads, all shimmering red,
Were labelled dry facts, and the day-dreams
Declared naught but documents dead.

And the men of an age that was modern
 Read never the story aright,
 But they molded the gold into doctrine,
 And hid all the glimmer from sight.

They buried the mystical glory
 And the marvel the knowing might know,
 Yet 'twas only a wise man's fable
 In the ages of long ago.

BERTHA CHACE LOVELL.

THE CHARITY OF HEINRICH

Heinrich gripped the frozen railing tighter and drew a deep, quivering breath. His last unsold paper dropped unheeded to the pavement, and at once became a prey to the winter wind. In his present state of bliss he hardly felt the bitter cold and the wild gusts blowing on his unprotected little head, and yet ten minutes before, while on his way home, tired after the day's hard work, fighting his way through the blinding maze of snow-flakes, he had been in the most abject state of wretchedness. He had thought of the green meadows and laughing brooks in his German home, so far away, of the cosy villa they had had there, and of his pet little goat with the silver bell, and white star on its forehead. Only last Christmas eve they had sported together under the "Weinachtsbaum". Then had come the hurried departure, the long, dreary voyage across the ocean, and the fight to keep off poverty. Mütterchen worked so hard, and he did his mite by selling papers.

In the midst of these reflections he had become aware that the darkness before him, impenetrable as a surrounding wall, had given place to a flood of light, which revealed with sudden distinctness the deserted street with its burden of spectre-like snow-drifts.

Heinrich eagerly pressed forward, curious to know the cause of the transformation. He stood before a great brown-stone house, from whose high windows the brightness evidently poured forth. But the greatest splendor streamed from an unshaded side-window upon the smooth snow of the narrow garden; and Heinrich, an unconscious trespasser, skirted the garden fence, stationed himself before that window, and star-

at it through the forbidding railings. Through the unshielded panes he could see a large crystal ball, ablaze with light, suspended from the ceiling. He could hear sounds of merriment, but could see nothing below the blinding light. Then a strain of music caught his ear. Why, of all things, the German national march! His heart warmed towards those people. He must get a glimpse of them.

In another instant he had climbed to the top of the cold iron fence, and had entered, as it were, a new part of the world. The scene disclosed to him was in such contrast with the bleakness of the outside world, was so different from anything that he had ever seen before, that for the moment he could distinguish nothing. A huge sea of ever-varying color seemed slowly to rise and sink before his dazzled eyes. Gradually he saw that it was a large hall, brilliant with many electric lights that displayed its unusual festivity of holly and evergreens, and crowded, moreover, with gorgeously gowned women and black-coated men. With wide open eyes, popping from their sockets in amazement at all this magnificence, he watched one couple after another promenade past the window. Drawing quick, excited breaths, he feasted on the splendor and luxury of the entire scene. His æsthetic sense and imaginative powers, unnaturally suppressed for a year, sprang into being the more vigorously because of having lain dormant. One moment the splendidly bedecked figures were for him fairies from Wonderland, the next had transformed themselves into as many kings and queens.

The music had again started. Unconsciously Heinrich nodded his head in time to the rhythmic sway of the dancers and the melody. Cold and loneliness—all was indeed forgotten in this new-found delight.

A movement at the window beside him drew his attention from the dancers. A woman—almost concealed from the other guests by the heavy draperies, but fully revealed to Heinrich, stood there. He peered curiously at her. His heart beat strangely. She was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. Her eyes were dark and fiery, and her cheeks were very, very red, as red as old Kris Kringle's, whom he had seen exhibited that day in many show windows. With one hand she was nervously plucking a full-blown rose to pieces, carelessly letting the petals drop wherever the slight breeze wafted them.

One clung fancifully to her gown, and this she passionately brushed away.

Heinrich leaned far over the iron railing to take a closer look at her. The eyes, for all their brightness, had a tired, care-worn expression, and his little heart went out to her. He remembered having seen mütterchen look that way, but what cause could this radiant being, sparkling with jewels, possibly have to be sad? That was a matter for wiser and older brains than his.

Just then a tall man stepped beside her. She drew herself up rather proudly, and flung back her head, which she had allowed to drop a little. A few whispered words, and both had swept into the circle of dancers.

The newsboy strained his eyes after her, tried to distinguish her from the rest of the assemblage. None else had further attraction for him. Oh, if he might only be permitted to see her once again!

The music suddenly ceased, the musicians withdrew, and in a short time the dance-hall was empty. Heinrich could hear the clatter of dishes and the buzz of conversation floating from an adjoining room.

And then his heart gave a triumphant leap. Slowly, with head erect, walked his queen with the dark eyes and red cheeks into the deserted room. Her eyes, if possible, were more fiery, and her cheeks still redder. She paused in the center, right beneath the huge crystal chandelier, and with a quick gesture tore from her the scarlet roses which lay clustered at her bosom. Without casting one glance at the superb flowers at her feet, she approached a low couch near the window where Heinrich had first seen her. A long time she stood before it, her lithe young figure strained to its utmost height, then, without a moment's warning, fell on her knees, burying her face in its silken folds, before Heinrich's horrified eyes.

She, the beautiful, whom he had endowed with more than human power—crying! His heart bled for her. He must help her, and that at once, but first it was necessary to realize the cause of her grief. He had seen few people in tears in his little life. All had been so happy, until the past year! The lights in the hall had grown dimmer, and it was with difficulty that he discerned her dark form, still immovable, before the couch. In an adjoining room he happened to spy a waiter, walking

swiftly past, balancing a tray heaped with dainties. Yet so had his sympathies been played upon, that the sight aroused no pang in the hungry little fellow. But it gave him an idea which quickly developed to a certainty. He understood now why the personification of loveliness was shedding tears, alone in the deserted hall. Had he not that same winter, seen the dear mütterchen do the same thing, when she had not thought any one near? The time she had had hardly a morsel of food for three days? Those other wicked people had denied her admittance, while they feasted and made merry. Hunger. How he longed to kiss her, and comfort her, as he had done to mütterchen.

Well, at any rate, she should suffer no longer. He squeezed one numb hand into a shabby little pocket and drew out a dime, given him as a Christmas gift by some kindly gentleman. He had intended for mütterchen, but customers had been generous to her this last week, and she was in no such urgent need.

Casting a last lingering glance at the beautiful girl, he resolutely slipped from his perch. How bleak everything looked. He felt stiff and sore from his cramped position of the last half hour, yet he did not think of that. He must find a grocery shop and that quickly. He knew from experience what it meant to suffer hunger, when every moment seemed hours long. As he passed the entrance of the mansion, bent on his errand of mercy, a violent slamming of the storm-doors caused him to look up, and to see the figure of a man tramping down the frosty steps with angry strides. As the light fell on his face, Heinrich with a start recognized him as the person who had been her companion during the latter part of the evening. Here was a chance not to be missed. This grand gentleman would certainly have better means to assist her than he himself.

In a moment he had addressed him, but the man, deep in his own thoughts, hurriedly moved on. Heinrich timidly put a detaining hand on the stranger's coat-sleeve.

"She is so hungry," he said piteously.

"Hungry,—here." He tossed him a coin.

"O no, sir, not *me*, the lady, sir, who is so beautiful."

"Are you mad, fellow? Leave me, I say."

Heinrich caught his breath. One more appeal for aid he must make — for her sake.

"Ah, help her, sir—she is alone and crying."

The other paused, and the lad, making sure of this opportunity, eagerly, though with tremulous tones, besought him to follow to a certain window. The earnestness of the little fellow, mingled with a feeling of curiosity, induced the man to do as he was asked.

"There, is it not as I have said?" Heinrich pointed excitedly, fixing his bright eyes on his companion's face, which had grown very pale at the sight of the prostrate form and the heaving shoulders. For a moment neither spoke. The man stared in an incredulous manner at the sight disclosed to him, as if doubting his very senses.

Then, forgetful of any presence, he stretched out his arms toward her—and Heinrich heard him murmur, passionately—"I, I was in the wrong. I have made her suffer,—my old stubbornness and pride. Will she forgive me?" In an instant he had dashed away and up the steps, rung the bell violently, disappeared within, and Heinrich saw him no more.

With a satisfied feeling he turned away. The fair one need be hungry no longer. All would be well now. He certainly had done right, to have left things in the hands of the rich gentleman. And now he must hurry to mütterchen. She would be waiting up for him, the dear tender mütterchen, and would be happy to hear of all the wonderful people, and of the splendor he had witnessed. She would rejoice to know of the kindness he had done, for the Christ-child helps those who help others.

The wind, weary with useless strife, had calmed, and the thick white flakes fell softly upon him, as he hurried towards home, little dreaming of the cheer and happiness he was to meet with there, for on the Christmas eve during his absence his mother's prophecy had been fulfilled. The Christ-child had helped those whose thoughts had been for others.

Yet Heinrich's fireside was not the only scene of good-fortune and blessedness. On a low couch, in a dimly lighted ball room, sat a girl with dark tender eyes to whom a man was making explanations in the whispered accents of love. But the little German newsboy, to whom they owed this reconciliation, was far from the thoughts of both.

ELSA MAYER.

SKETCHES

A DREAM

Isles clustering in an azure sea,
Soft woods and cities fair,
And purple mountains shining far,
Clear skies and fragrant air.

White marble quarries, and the vines,
A green and silent plain,
A lonely pillar rising there,
A tomb or sacred fane.

A mellow tint, that gleaming lies
O'er all the pensive land,
A peerless sparkle on the waves,
A slumber on the strand.

So shines the picture of my dream
When lies my soul at peace —
Am I not gazing far away
Upon thy clime, fair Greece?

MARY FRANCES HARDY.

Narji was a little hunch-shouldered idol of red soapstone. He had a benevolent, dome-shaped forehead with a few interrogatory lines in it. His eyes, which had laugh wrinkles

Narji at their corners, were large and set deep under arching brows. His long ears, pouchy cheeks, broad nose and thick lips were not fashioned according to the Greek pattern of beauty. A generous beard swept down his breast to the waist of his flowing robes. His untiring right hand always grasped a staff wound with black vines, while in his left hand he held, pressed close to his body, a pomegranate. Imperishable vines and flowers grew beneath his feet.

Once Narji lived in the land of the down-beating sun, in a

little hut at the foot of a rubber tree. His owner, as long as his affairs prospered, treated him with great respect; but one day the man came home very angry because his mule had dropped dead on the way back from the big city. He threw Narji out of the doorway, in hopes that bad luck would go, too. Narji turned a somersault, and striking his head on the ground, lay flat in the dust.

The next day he was picked up by a man in a striped suit and mottled necktie. The man was possessed of a red face and an aggressive nose.

"Just the thing," he remarked cheerfully. "Will ship it off to-morrow with the rest of the batch. Know a good thing when I see it." This man always expressed himself with a business-like scarcity of "I's".

Daylight was suddenly obliterated for Narji, who bumped around in darkness for an hour. At last he was rudely lifted up and put down hard upon a table. He hugged his pomegranate closer and tried to look around, an attempt which is always a distinct failure when your head, neck and body are all of one straight piece; so Narji had to content himself with looking out of the corners of his eyes. Such an array of beings of his kind he had never seen before. Facing him was a hideous two-headed god, who sat stiffly on a green throne, regarding the new-comer with contempt. One god with a sugar-loaf head and massy black locks clustered below his bald crown looked hungrily at the pomegranate. Narji clutched it tighter.

The next morning every one was wrapped round and round in tight cloths and suffocated in straw. A long, dark night set in. It was by no means a restful one. First it was jolt, jolt, jolt, then rumble, rattle and roar. There followed a period of terrible tossing and turning, which made Narji feel uncomfortable. More rumble and roar, more jolting; finally there was a cracking and splitting and—daylight again.

Narji was in a London store on High Holburn, although he did not know it until the friendly little brass candle-stick with the butterfly handle told him so. She stood in front of him in the show-window, and had seen a good deal of the world that rushed by. The god with the mussy black locks and the scornful one were all that Narji could see out of the corner of his eyes, but he never paid any attention to them, for he always looked at the little candlestick.

One day an American girl came in. She wished to buy something "odd", she said, so after hesitating a while between Narji and the green-throned divinity, she chose the former. As he was being wrapped up he felt a strange ache in his soap-stone heart. He knew it was because he would never see the candle-stick again. Soon he heard faintly through the layers of wrapping paper the voice of the American girl. She said something that made him feel very happy—"I'll take the little candle-stick, too."

After another long, uncomfortable journey, the American girl took Narji to boarding school with her, and gave him a conspicuous position on her desk, with the candle-stick beside him. Sometimes his owner's head was bowed over an open book and her forehead puckered up into puzzled wrinkles. Sometimes she sat looking up at Narji while she chewed the end of a short, pointed stick. This always inspired her to action, for soon she made strange marks on the white paper before her. At night, often a small array of kimona-clad figures assembled in the room, and an array of good things to eat was spread out before the eyes of Narji. They never offered him any. They never noticed him except to say:

"Oh, Alice, where *did* you get that *weird* creature?"

As they had just applied this adjective to a pickle-jar a moment before, Narji did not feel complimented.

He saw strange things and many of them, but he always kept his knowledge to himself, continuing to be the silent guardian of the pomegranate and the blissful protector of the candle-stick.

MARGARET GANSEVOORT MAXON.

TWILIGHT

When darkness settles down,
And the fire's burning low,
When mother takes you in her arms,
And rocks you to and fro,
Ah, then's the time for seeing
What you can't see otherwise;
For that's the time for spookies,
And things with staring eyes.
The spookies dance and flicker
With the shadows on the wall,

While the others, leering, staring,
 Beckon from the hall.
 You wonder what they're doing,—
 They're waving to you yet,—
 And as you still are wondering
 They half begin—forget—
 They seem to grow yet blacker,
 To creep up on tiptoe,
 You wish they'd take you with them,
 And then—that's all—you know.

ELLA KELLOGG BURNHAM.

When young Seymour came to New York to find newspaper work, he realized what a mistake it was to be a beginner. But this fault could be remedied only by getting Canning—Six the first job. Therefore he worked on Wall Street quotations for a small financial journal that just barely kept its head above water, arranging alphabetic lists of the stock quotations of meaningless corporations. The pay was irregular, the work dull, and Seymour longed for the day when he should be a reporter on a big paper, after he had wiped off the stigma of a beginner.

Though the work seemed dull to Seymour, the financial world around him was fairly sizzling with excitement. There was an iron trust forming which had gradually swallowed up the American independents and was now trying to control the English interests that stood between the trust and the monopoly of the world's iron. But this made no change in the monotony of Seymour's work.

One evening, Dick Pierce, a friend of Seymour's, dropped in to tell his luck. He had become the private secretary of a diplomat and was to start for England in a few days. While they made merry over Dick's good fortune Seymour remarked that he hoped it might come his turn next.

"May, for all you know," said Dick. "S'pose you got a tip on something. Who knows but what I could give you a tip on this iron deal. My chief's hand in glove with Perkins of the trust. I might run on something, you know."

"You better believe I'd work it for all it was worth, if I got the chance. But there's not one in a thousand," answered Seymour.

Two weeks afterward, as he was toiling over "Atchison preferred, opening 57½," Seymour was handed a cable dispatch. It was from Dick Pierce, and said only, "Canning—six." Seymour stared, and as his mind suddenly recalled the parting conversation with Dick, he rushed to the editor and gave him the message, and told its source and probable bearing. "But what on earth does it mean?"

"Great Caesar!" ejaculated the editor, "so Canning's to sell, and as to-day is the fifth he sells to-morrow."

"Who's Canning, anyway?" asked Seymour, still completely mystified.

"He's the silent member in the English iron interests, big one, too. Jerusalem, young man! if you want a chance, buy iron to sell when this gets out. Grab your chance."

"I don't want that kind,—I don't want your old iron. You can use the tip that way. Now let me see if I can't find a job with it."

"That's square," called the editor, as he made for the telephone to order iron before the market closed.

Seymour visited the financial editor of the "Comment," the paper of his dreams, and showed him the cable with the necessary explanations. The effect was electrical. The financial man sprang up, and measured Seymour up and down. "Now, if this is straight why in heaven's name do you bring it to me? What are you after?"

"I am after a job. If this tip is straight, am I fixed?"

"So Canning's to sell to-morrow, and there's ten hours before we go to press to investigate. Ever done any newspaper work?"

"Yes," said Seymour, remembering the sweltering office and the stock lists.

"Well, I'll wire the England men, and if they can confirm this, I'll risk it." But the first answers denied the truth of the tip. The editor whistled but Seymour insisted that they should try again, and then they waited, intensely nervous. At nine o'clock came a London cable saying that Canning's lawyer had seen Perkins that afternoon but nothing further was known.

The city editor drew in his breath and the financial man waited for the decision. "It's risky; a mighty long shot, but I'll try it. If it's straight, I'll attend to your case, young man."

The next morning the "Comment" printed a two-column double-leaded account of the iron deal, all made up from two

short cable messages. It was a clean scoop, for no other paper had a word. Then the trust woke up and began to inquire how the "Comment" got the news and where the leakage was. Seymour said nothing, looked infinitely wise and thanked his creator that Dick's tip was straight. All joy was his, for he was now assistant police reporter in the Tenderloin, which in itself is not a lovely job. He had had the new position all but a week, when Dick came in to see him.

"Man alive! where did you light from?"

"The steamer. The chief sent me back to see a western senator. Why didn't you come and see me?"

"I didn't know when you were coming."

"Why, the Canning, from Liverpool, Pier six. I cabled you that."

MARY ROYCE ORMSBEE.

IN SUMMER

Fain would I see

The early, early morning's golden glow,
And where the tiniest beams of sunlight go
To wake the birds which chirrup soft and low,
In harmony.

Oh to be free

To wander in the forest's shady lanes
And through the fields of waving daisy chains,
Where butterflies in never ending trains
Flit merrily.

Now would I see

The shadows which the growing twilight brings,
And hear the song of rest that evening sings
To souls all weary with the work-day things.
These give to me.

KATHARINE DE LA VERGNE.

Mistress Hope had just finished tying her bonnet strings when the meeting-house bell began to toll. In fact, it began to toll every Sunday just as she was finishing that interesting operation. The bonnet strings were pink, and so were Mistress Hope's cheeks. Her hair was yellow, and little groups of prim ringlets stood out on either side of her face.

As she pulled out the pink loops of ribbon she anxiously watched the result in the little old-fashioned looking-glass before her. Perhaps the bow was too large. She could hear Mrs. Wilkins' harsh voice expounding the sins of vanity and extravagance. But then, she didn't go to meeting for Mrs. Wilkins' opinion, and she was sure that the Lord wouldn't object to one of his faithful followers indulging in a bow which wasn't quite the size of a pin-head. She tried to pat out a few wrinkles which refused to be patted out, then she sighed and started for the old meeting-house.

Though it was only just across the way, Mistress Hope always set out when the first bell rang, for she considered it almost sacrilegious to be late for meeting. Just as she was about to enter the quaint little building she realized that she had forgotten her Bible—the old family Bible which had come over in the Mayflower and which had missed Sunday meeting but a few times in all its hundred years. Now as she seemed to be even earlier than usual, perhaps she would have time to get it. So she demurely recrossed the street and went back into the prim little white house with its one great elm tree.

The Bible was not on the little stand which had supported it for the last twenty years. How careless, how inexcusably careless of her to have misplaced it! And she feared that it was all due to the preoccupation in the pink ribbon. She went to the glass with the firm intention of snipping off the two long loops which had caused her to fall into such deadly sin, but the reflection was too pleasing. It would be so extravagant to waste those two good ends. She hurried away down stairs. At the foot of the stairs the old Bible lay on the floor. Penitently she picked it up. Reverently she started to close it, when her eye chanced to fall on a date written on the fly leaf. Why! to-day must be her birthday. She thought of the twenty years that her mother had been gone. Mistress Hope also thought of the twenty-two long years that he had been gone. What! Had the bell stopped ringing? Would she be late to meeting? Such a thing had only happened twice in her whole life.

She hurried over to the little white meeting-house. She timidly opened the door. Yes, she was late. In her agitation she did not notice where Master Benjamin Cook was ushering her. Suddenly he stopped before a pew, unlocking the door, and

stood waiting for her to enter. She started to tell him that he must have made a mistake, that her pew was on the other side of the church, but the words died on her lips. Her cheeks put the ribbon's glow to shame, her little curls trembled with indignation, tears were very near her eyes, but her head went up, and right proudly Mistress Hope took her seat among the avowed spinsters of the community.

For the first time since she was ten she did not know the text nor one word of the tedious, long sermon that followed it. She heard nothing, but imagined titterings; she saw nothing, but imagined mocking fingers pointed at her. And this was her birthday! Twenty-two years ago he had sailed away, promising to be back in two years. These two had passed away, and he had not come back. And then another loved one had left her—her mother had died. Four years later Master Benjamin Cook had sought her hand in marriage.

She well remembered that day. Though he lived but six doors away, he had thought the occasion worthy of a carriage, consequently the village coach and four had deposited him, festive in a new cravat and gaiters, at her door. Pompously and assuredly had Master Benjamin Cook asked her to share this life with him. Upon her first firm refusal he had been incredulous. Anyone refuse him? Never! He must have been mistaken. Even more elaborately than before he again put the question to her. This time her answer had rung out clearly. There could be no mistaking its meaning. A dark purple flush slowly crept over his face, and his voice had trembled as it made angry, scathing remarks. But when he looked up he had found the room empty. He had never forgiven her, and now he had had his revenge.

Twenty-two years ago, and it seemed but half the time. Her love for her sailor and the conviction that he would return had kept her young. She had never fully realized that he might not come back, though. Master Benjamin had more than hinted at such a thing. Every day she had half expected to see him again, and had curled her hair and smoothed her wrinkles accordingly. Now the realization was complete and terrible.

Mechanically she walked home at the end of the service. She went to her room, tore off her bonnet, and eagerly scrutinized her face. Yes, there were many wrinkles, and the lines

of sorrow had been deepened by the morning's experience. Mistress Hope had never looked so old. She pulled back her curls, ruthlessly tight. Yes, she was old, and she was an old maid. The blow to her pride had been almost as great as had been the shattering of her hope.

For a whole month she did not stir out of her house. During that time her hair was drawn straight back into a tight little knob, as the old maids wore theirs, and her tall, slim figure was draped in ancient black garments. She suffered much. The dark circles under her eyes deepened. Her face began to look truly old. The pastor and several of the neighbors called, but they had all been turned away. Even the exhortation which came from the deacon "for the good of her soul and for the escape from hell-fire" failed to produce any effect.

It was toward the end of August, a beautiful day, and as Mistress Hope looked sadly out upon it she was filled with something of its spirit. Why had she been so discouraged by Master Benjamin's petty little revenge? Everything outside was so lovely. Perhaps he might come back to-day. She would not let him find her changed. With trembling fingers she removed her stiff black alpaca. Once more her hair assumed its little ringlets. She dressed herself in a fresh, sprigged gown, and put on her bonnet—the one with the pink ribbon. As she peered into the glass the change pleased and surprised her. She didn't look so very old, after all.

With her chin in the air, Mistress Hope walked along the village street. She was going to the store to buy some more pink ribbon. But the group of men on the porch daunted her at first. She was inclined to skip around the corner, but her habitual dignity and self-possession came to her aid. She summoned all her courage. The men looked at her quizzically. She bowed coldly, and passed into the store. But when she came out it was through a back door—a manœuvre which necessitated a round-about way home or the awful group on the porch. Since she hadn't been out for so long, she decided that she needed the walk, and so took the round-about way.

The fresh air did her good, and she walked along with a quickening gait and heightening color. She came across a little girl who was crying. Kindly she asked the cause of the grief. Won by her sweet face and gentle voice, the child confided in her. The child was going to be an old maid. She

knew that 'cause she hadn't any beau, 'cause she hadn't any white speck on the nail of the ring finger of her left hand. Some of the girls had three or four white specks in the right place, and that meant they had beaux, but she didn't have even one. Then she resumed her wailing. Mistress Hope comforted her as well as she could, and went on.

Covertly she looked around to see if anyone was near, and then Mistress Hope carefully surveyed the nail of the fourth finger of her left hand. Oh, joy! There was a speck—a small white spot. She drew a sigh of relief and decided to walk along the brook path which they had both been so fond of. The sky seemed so blue and the brook sang so fascinatingly that she went on until she just happened to come to the old rustic seat where they both had been accustomed to sit in the days gone by. She had walked so far that she ought to be tired, she reasoned. So she sat down.

So absorbed was she in her recollections that she did not hear a footstep coming nearer, but she did hear a well-known voice say "Hope" in the old way.

The next Sunday Mistress Hope attended church, but she did not sit in the Spinster's Section.

RUTH MCCALL.

NOVEMBER NIGHT IN THE CITY

A wind in the luminous darkness,
A shudder and throb through the elm,
A monotonous murmur of millions.
Like the throb of the sea at the helm.

A sky, filmy, draped, in the midnight,
A moon dimmed by delicate cloud,
A world beneath sleeping in silence
With darkness its covering shroud.

JESSIE CAROLINE BARCLAY.

THE DIFFERENCE

It 'pears to me it's mighty dark,
And how dat wind do shriek and mo'n!
Dose mo'nful pines and dat birch bark
Are hoodoos standin' all alone.

I wish ma' home was nearer here,
I wish de moon'd come out and shine.
Dat cloud witch-face do grin so queer,
Dere's goblin footsteps after mine.

Ma' mammy sent me to de store,
I guess as she'd feel mighty bad
Ef she never see'd her chile no more,—
I bet they'd cry,—jes' her and dad.

Oh, my! I hears de stranges' sound,
De white death-horse am on de road,
I dasen't dar to turn around
He's drawin' such a heavy load.

I'll cross ma' fingers, say ma' prayers,
For Bill say dat works mighty good
When witches chase him when he swears
To snatch him off to a big black wood.

"Whoa, Jake!" Oh Lord! what shall I do?
He says he's stopped to take me in.
Why, 'Rastus, is that really you?
Where in mercy has yer been?

Been gettin' wood to make a shed!
Foah sure I'es glad to get a lift,
Jes' see dat moon shine overhead
A-peekin' through dat purty rift.

Dose soft white clouds like angels' wings
And baby faces 'pear to come.
How soothin'-like dat church bell rings,
And sakes alive, we am at home!

LEOLA LOGAN SEXTON.

It was within a few seconds of two o'clock, and forty or more children sat perfectly rigid, almost breathless. It was a rule that the third grade could not be dis-

Bob's Composition missed until the room was so quiet that one could hear a pin drop. Miss Fisk had her hand on the bell, but before ringing it, she said, "All who have not handed in their papers, which were due this morning, will remain until the papers are finished." Then she rang the bell and row after row of good little children filed out and left some dozen unfortunates behind.

Bob was one of those left behind, and he glared fiercely at a crack, which ran zigzag down the blackboard, until the tears came to his eyes. "Was n't this the afternoon of the Princeton-Yale football game, and was n't Uncle Ned, a Princeton senior and chum of half the team, going to take him, and weren't the Tigers going to win or"—but at this point Miss Fisk's pleasantly cool calm voice interrupted his sorrowful meditation.

"Now, children," she said, "you know how sorry I am to detain you, but indeed this sort of thing has happened so often that some measures have to be taken. Ten days ago I assigned your subject, the Cat, and I told you that you could treat it in any way you chose. I also asked you to criticise your own papers. The criticism need not be more than a sentence, but I want to see what you think of your own work. It is now five minutes after two and as your papers must at least have two hundred and fifty words you must begin at once and write rapidly if you are to have any play-time this afternoon."

Bob glared at Marietta Müller's flaxen pigtails until the two tears caused by staring at the crack in the blackboard rolled down his cheeks, and he heaved a mighty sigh. His guardian angel must have pitied him and whispered something in his ear, for a ray of hope gleamed in his tear-dimmed eyes. Feverishly he clutched his pen and dashed it far down in the inkwell and began to write, "Mary was a little girl and she had a beautiful big yellow cat and one day after breakfast she carried a bowl of milk out into the back yard for the cat, but it was no where's around so Mary called kitty kitty kitty kitty kitty kitty kitty kitty kitty." Bob continued to scrawl kitty until he had written it two hundred times, then he added, "and the cat came back."

This part of the task over, he leaned heavily on his desk and

clenched his hands until the knuckles ached, while he tried to think of a criticism. He started to write several sentences beginning, "this is a —", but could get no further. A queer choking feeling came in his throat, the clock was ticking the minutes away so fast, and would Uncle Ned wait? He simply couldn't miss that game. He closed his eyes and breathed a prayer. "Dear Lord, I want to go to that game and see our team beat them Elis. Please help me with a caticriticism, amen." With the murmured amen Bob remembered a bit of doggerel his sister Mary had written in his autograph book. With feverish haste he wrote as he recited to himself,

"If the world were submerged,
To this paper I'd fly,
For if all else were wet
Sure this would be dry."

Then proudly, triumphantly, signed his name, marched up and laid it on Miss Fisk's desk and then fairly rushed from the room, while little Marietta's china-blue eyes grew as large as saucers and the little flaxen pigtails bobbed wildly as she hoarsely sobbed, "Der knabe is so clever while me der goot Gott have made so stupid das here I, which am in such a haste home to go das müttchen zu helfen must here stay and because only I nichts zu sagen about a little kätschen can find."

ELIZABETH ROBINSON JACKSON.

When you went home on your first vacation your uncle said Smith College was a college of mannerisms, and that made you pretty mad. And when your aunt said college **Mannerisms** life was unnatural, you wondered why. Then you were a Freshman; now you are a Junior, and you remember lots of things.

The Freshman Next Door told you what a "crush" was. A "crush" was a person whom you could give flowers to, and whom you could tell your best friend how much you adored. Every Freshman must have one. She also told you about a "pill". A "pill" was the opposite of a popular girl. There was a very nice girl, a junior, who called you "my dear", so you told the Freshman next door you had a "crush". Soon you noticed that most everyone called you "my dear", even if they were angry with you; so you called everyone "my

dear" too, everyone but your Room-mate. She never said "my dear" to you, yet somehow you liked her best of all. She had no "crush".

Then you went home for Christmas. Then it was when your uncle asked you how you liked college, and you said "you were crazy *about* it", that he said it was a college of mannerisms. Then it was when you told your aunt about your "crush", that she said that the life was unnatural. Then it was that you addressed a young man as "my dear", and were so mortified when you remembered he was not a girl.

When you went back after Christmas, you learned what a T. L. was. A T. L. was a fish for a compliment. When the Freshman Next Door told you that she had a T. L. for you, of course you wanted to know it, so you tried to think of something nice some one had said of her. It was not easy. At last, you said that your Room-mate thought she was pretty, and received her flattering remark in turn, which made you feel very conscious and silly. But you were not happy. Your conscience troubled you. The T. L. you had told the Freshman Next Door had had a "but" on the end. You felt you had not done right not to tell the "but", so you said, "but she said your nose was too big." That was how you learned about "slams". "Slams" are disagreeable remarks about one, repeated when a person is not in a good humor. The Freshman Next Door did not take the "but" kindly. She told you your "crush" had said you were the silly, typical Freshman. So that was why you despised "crushes" from that day forward. And that was why, when you told your next T. L., your conscience did not prompt you to add the "but" or "if only".

Next year the style changed. You no longer said "you were crazy *about* it"; you must now say, "you were all agog about it", or "you were keen *for* it". Your Room-mate did not often say she was agog about anything, but she was not up-to-date. People called her "a sweet, quiet girl", but still you liked her best of all. When you went to Norway the next summer and looked at the midnight sun, you did not feel like saying "you were all agog about it", so you did not say anything. Then it was that you learned the golden value of silence.

Next year "a sweet, quiet girl" was President of your class. She was your Room-mate. Then it was you decided that she

was the opposite of yourself—a popular girl. And you added to the definition of the Freshman Next Door for “pill”, “A ‘pill’ is a person who makes college life unnatural by her mannerisms.”

RUTH ROBINSON BLODGETT.

MY GARDEN

Ah look, the spring has come back to my garden.
The sun has kissed its frozen crust again,
And it has melted, so that tenderest blossoms
Come peeping through, nor strive for life in vain.

In place of hardy weeds, and everlastings,
And winter's harsh brown growth all dried and still,
My garden yields bright colors, sweetest fragrance,
The violet, passion-flower, and daffodil.

And where in yonder bush the leafless winter
Revealed an empty, cold, forsaken nest,
A stirring in the foliage, fluttering, twittering,
Betrays the haunt of many a bluebird guest.

But stop! for as I look up at my window
What means that landscape in Jack Frost's own art!
It means that I have dreamed? Ah no, for look you,
'Tis spring within the garden of my heart.

ELLEN TERESE RICHARDSON.

EDITORIAL

There is nothing more interesting than to get a group of people of different temperaments talking about ideals. Castiglione discovered this when he sketched in the first scene of *Il Cortegiano* the gay little court of Urbino amusing itself by the discussion of the ideal courtier. It is now hundreds of years since the Lady Emelia played mistress of ceremonies, since Sir Fredericke expounded and all the other characters listened and commented, but the side-lights on life found in this book hold as true to-day as before the long flight of the Time Spirit.

In a crowd of college girls discussing their ideal woman may be found the same differentiations of character as in the Italian court. There is always a Sir Julian, who claims to be "Neyther like the Count and Sir Fridericke, whiche with their eloquence have shaped such a Courtier as never was nor, I believe, ever shall be." But such scepticism only adds zest, and the discussion goes merrily forward. When the type of the ideal woman is in question, no two of the company are of the same mind. The advocate of the ærial, fragile person who used to flourish in novels cordially despises the athletic, vivacious or queenly type. Even the attributes of sympathy, unselfishness, sincerity and strength are insisted upon with unequal stress by different people. There is but one thing that appears in almost all the characters held up as ideal—that vague, undefined thing called poise.

When we first come to college we are told that what we have to seek for is a perfect balance of our mental, physical and spiritual natures, and that when we have attained this we will have poise. We have very hazy ideas as to what the outward visible sign of this inward balance will be. Some even decline to seek for it, on the same ground as the girl who refused to be cured of lisping, with "Men thay it'h my chiefeth charm." It is per-

fectly true that people without the slightest pretensions to poise are frequently more fascinating than those who have it. A baby's chubby-legged toddle is delighted in, while the lithe, graceful, perfectly assured walk of the older person may pass unnoticed, but charm of toddling in character as well as in walking can be outgrown.

Mental, physical and spiritual balance presupposes a certain upright attitude toward other people. The "clinging vine", the prostrately humble attitude, both show lack of poise.

College women have a reputation for being more self-possessed, more conscious of understanding themselves and their relation to the rest of the world, than other women, but the college girl is only in the toddling state. It takes far more than four years for some people to come to this adjustment, and some others, either wilfully or carelessly, never attain it. The "I don't dare speak to her, she's an upper-class girl", that springs so naturally from freshman lips, is for a while smiled at indulgently. By some it is considered "cute", but after all it is a species of character toddling, and becomes absurd the moment it is outgrown. The epidemics of baby talk and fads that pass over the college are other examples of lack of balance. There is but one way by which we can educate ourselves out of mental attitudes which we ourselves recognize as undignified, silly, and that is through our ideals. It does not have to be a secluded, meditative process, the little court of Urbino has proved that. Probably there was hardly a lord or lady in that court who could claim more than two or three of the virtues laid down for the ideal courtier, and yet the mere thinking on the subject makes the ideal courtier and the ideal woman more possible to be turned into reality.

EDITOR'S TABLE

BOOK REVIEWS

The Master-Feeling. Nina Almirall ('01). This is essentially a first book. It has all the marks of a first effort in artistic expression. While it is true that there are first books and first books as even there are masterpieces and masterpieces, there is a certain confidential air that all first books, published or unpublished, have in common. And Miss Almirall has hospitably opened her workshop in this story. She shows the joy she has in fabling, the interest she has in life and the miscellaneous character of her reading. Her plot is not constructed with much conviction nor are her characters drawn with precision. They represent what their author wistfully hopes may be rather than what she has observed and studied in real life. The story has the touches of exaggeration that only the youthful workman in literature permits himself if his work is to outlive his creative interest in it. There is too much conversation of a desultory kind. There is too much purpose of an obvious kind. When this has been said, the worst has been said. Miss Almirall has constructive energy, a certain kind of staying power that promises well for her later work in those years when experience and its disillusioning revelations make so many of us all dumb. Miss Almirall's heart is set on the right things, her pen gives up its ink readily, and better workmanship is to be looked for from her.

MARY A. JORDAN.

Why Love Grows Cold. Ellen Burns Sherman ('91). Some books, like some persons, prosper if at all in spite of first impressions. Miss Sherman's volume of essays labors under the disadvantage of a title that make the academic reader wince. It suffers also from careless printing and from some superficial peculiarities of the author's style. It is a pity that some better

form than that of seemingly desultory essays making their appeal to the reader within the traditional twenty-minute limit of "American" attention could not have been found for the expression of Miss Sherman's kindly insight, genial humor and broad sympathy. The unity of the author's view of life is almost certain to be dissipated in the taking up and laying aside of the separate essays with their separate titles and varied suggestions. To get the book at its best, and, consequently, as alone it really is, it should be read continuously that the deep abiding courage of the writer's mind and heart may be given a chance to make itself felt. Then the force of allusions to the literature of the past will appear as something more valuable than wide reading, and artistic preferences will be seen to be the recognition of real kinships instead of whim. It is true that "style" is a dangerous thing for the preacher of a plain gospel to plain folks. Miss Sherman has an individual style with which the reader must come to terms or give up the profitable reading of what she has written. The weakness of this style is its emphasis of the enigmatic. The strength of her style is its tonic force in keeping a just balance amid the shifting values of the mind's commerce.

MARY A. JORDAN.

THEATRICAL NOTES

At the Academy of Music, December 4 and 5, Mr. Ben Greet and his company again presented *Everyman* to a Northampton audience. The performances were not largely attended but the fact was due rather to the appreciation of the production of last year than to any lack of interest in the play or the players. It was generally felt that no more conventional presentation could equal in impressiveness that seen in the City Hall, and it seemed better to retain the older memory than to change it for a newer and less vivid. There have been a few changes in the company, for the better in most cases. For Miss Matthison and her acting there is no sufficient word. Every one who has seen her in any rôle must appreciate her originality and force.

A. S. M.

At the Academy of Music, December 5,

"Twelfth Night, Or what you will,
A comedie by William Shakespeare.
First acted Jan. 6th, 1601."

To see this comedie presented approximately in the same way that it was that first night of January 6th, 1601, is of great interest in one way or another to every one to-day. As an historical picture of those "high and far-off times" it is interesting; as a point in the development of stage-management it has its interest; but more than all, it is of value to the theatre-goer inasmuch as, paradoxical as it may sound, it is a novelty. The first exclamation on having beheld a successful presentation of this nature is likely to be, "What a relief to be able to see this play as it is, without being distracted by elaborate change of scenery and curtains!" Possibly the emphasis is placed upon this phase of the performance without due consideration of the importance of the cast in interpreting the play. Probably few would be willing to say, on further reflection, that either elaborateness or simplicity of stage setting would detract from the performance of Mr. Greet's company. Nor would it be fair to lay the blame of an inferior production upon its setting unless that setting were intrinsically bad. Wherefore it seems that in any save extreme cases, scenery should not be a detraction. Although one very modern poet deprecates it as being a hindrance to the most forceful method of bringing out the literary quality of the drama, the fact remains that the stage has three dimensions at least. Why should it be restricted to one or two forms of art instead of being, as it alone can be, the common meeting place of all? The monopoly of painting is pictures; of music, its specific compositions, and of literature, books; but of the stage, they and all the rest may share alike, and it is an uncourteous act for one guest to try to drive the rest from their places when their host, the stage-manager, has been trying for ages to establish in his domain, peace, harmony and an intercourse of delight among all. Let us hope that all the work of the worthy host has not been in vain, and that the ungracious guest after his little display of arrogance will once more become reconciled to his associates, forgive their shortcomings and strive with the rest for the perfection of each and the final perfect unity of all.

In the performance of December 6 especially good work was done by Mr. Kennedy as Orsino, by Malvolio and by the clown. As for Miss Matthison, one grows tired of the unqualified praise which one must accord her. The trouble is that she is beyond any amateur criticism.

EXCHANGES

THE VOICE OF THE NORTH

The grey deer leaps from the thicket at the crack of the frost-racked beech
 And the howl of the starved wolf answers the hoot-owl's hollow screech.
 The stars draw nearer and sparkle, and beneath, the north-light shakes,
 And the Voice of the Northland echoes, wild Voice of the woods and lakes,
 Wild Voice of the woods and lakes
 Where the whooping wind through the open rakes
 And the rumbling hills resound as the straining ice-field breaks.

—*The Yale Courant.*

"FARTHEST NORTH"

We have almost forgotten the day
 In the cold of this endless night
 Where the gleaming ice-floe stretches away
 Under the northern-light.

Much has been lost and little won,
 But we've reached the farthest north
 And done what no man has done.

Death has stalked into our camp,
 Hunger and famine and woe ;
 Silent we sit by the blubber lamp
 And the dead lie out in the snow.

Much has been lost and little won,
 But we've reached the farthest north
 And done what no man has done.

—*The Harvard Monthly.*

THE LOTOS-LANDS

Oh, Lotos-lands, how still and fair ye lie !
 The languorous breezes through the summer sky
 Stir, but bend not, the yellow blossoms there :
 Your peace enthralls my soul when I pass by.

Oh, Lotos-lands, you are so desolate !
 Men have not strength to curse the cruel fate
 That bids them eat the lotos-apple pale,
 And with that fruitage all their longing sate.

Oh, Lotos-lands, ye fill my heart with dread !
 Men who are with the fruit of lotos fed,
 If pain they feel not, also know not joy—
 To memory's bitter-sweet our souls were bred.

—*The Columbia Literary Monthly.*

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

The great god Pleasure grins with wide-hung jaws,
His tired, laughter-loving eyes aslant with mirth,
The eyes that blink at broken men and laws,
That never shut on writhing death or birth.
Insatiate the hands that press his sides,
They grasp and drop, and grasp and drop again
Men's lives, their wealth, their loves. Only the tides
Of laughter shake to pain
His fleshly self, and then those greedy hands,
Clapt to his ribs give us short shrift
To pray their mercy, ere like iron bands
They catch and hold us, helpless as sea drift.
Then as he drags us on with baneful glee
He plans his next great howling hit, farce-tragedy.

CORNELIA BROWNELL GOULD '00.

"Now, Grandfather, do please stop reading that horrid Tribune and listen to me." Little Miss Betty's Cupid's-bow mouth drooped sadly at the corners, both dimples had vanished, and she looked
The Wooing of Grandmother the picture of woe.

"It's a very small dance," she coaxed.
"And this isn't like the city, you know, and even Grandmother hasn't any fault to find with Jack, and I shall be eighteen next week. But Grandmother says that Mother mightn't like it because I'm not out yet; so I'm to ask you."

The dimples came into full view again, and little Miss Betty smiled radiantly, with dancing brown eyes and a flash of white teeth.

"Now please to say yes," she finished with a hug.

Grandfather folded his Tribune resignedly, pulled Miss Betty into the low chair beside his, and frowned across the table at Grandmother, who was peacefully knitting a rainbow shawl.

"Is that the way she treats you, Betty?" he said. "Won't let you go to a little dance with Jack Wales? Have you ever asked her, Betty, what *she* did when she was seventeen?"

Grandmother lifted her placid old face in protest from the gay stripe she was finishing. "Now, Richard, why will you do so? You are putting wrong ideas into the child's head. You should be ashamed of yourself."

Grandfather assumed an air of mock seriousness. "Do I understand you to insinuate, Millicent, my dear," he said solemnly, "do I understand you

to suggest that you did wrong when you were seventeen and I was three-and-twenty? Surely, you wouldn't say that, Millicent?"

The corners of Grandmother's mouth quivered into a faint, reluctant smile. "But the times have changed, Richard. The times have changed greatly. At seventeen I was a woman grown."

"And did your Grandmother think so?" suggested Grandfather softly. Then he turned to Miss Betty, who was waiting in polite silence for enlightenment.

"Are you going to let her off?" he asked.

"If you please, Grandmother dear," begged Miss Betty, "What did you do when you were seventeen?"

"Nothing, dear—not a thing," Grandmother responded placidly, holding up the fluffy shawl in front of her and measuring it with a critical eye. "It was all Richard's doing. You must ask him."

Grandfather chuckled. "You'd have thought so, Betty; you'd have thought it was all my doing, if you'd seen her in those days. She had more dimples than you, I mind me, and little gold ringlets that shook when she moved, and big blue eyes, and the tiniest little waist. Ah, you should have seen her, Betty! And always four or five of us ready to pick up her handkerchief, and turn her spinet music, and make the dimples show and the little curls bob. Yes, it was all my doing, I don't doubt."

"Richard!" Grandmother's tone was gently reproachful. "As if a girl could help the color of her hair or the size of her waist!" And she glanced at the dainty portrait over the fireplace, and then quickly back at her knitting work, in the hope that Betty had not seen.

But—"Was it painted then?" asked the watchful Betty.

"No, not till after I was married; I was more slender as a girl," came Grandmother's demure answer.

"Well, as I was saying," began Grandfather once more, "the trouble was, you could never get her alone. There were generally four or five moths around her, and always two—"

"Richard," cut in Grandmother, "you exaggerate. Of course I had callers now and then, like any other girl."

"And always two," pursued Grandfather imperturbably. "I was one, and the other was Jim Rogers. Do you remember Jim, Millicent, my dear?"

When "Millicent, my dear" smiled, she looked more than ever as Trumbull had painted her. She smiled now. "Ah, yes indeed," she said musingly, "though it's forty odd years since I saw him. Poor James!"

Grandfather laughed. "You did lead him a life," he said. "And now, Betty, for the story. One afternoon I came to call on your Grandmother, with a very particular reason for wanting to see her alone. I was on my horse, of course—we always went calling on horseback in those days."

"Yes," cut in Grandmother, flushing prettily, "and you wore your new ruffled shirt from London. I can see you now, Richard, as you cantered up the lane."

"Yes," broke in Grandfather, "I cantered three miles in the sun, and found Jim Rogers's horse hitched to the post."

"Oh!" cried Betty breathlessly. "What did you do? Was there a duel?"

"No, Betty; we didn't fight duels in Cambridge in those days. No, I—well, you ask your Grandmother what I did. She was sitting by the window."

"Richard," said Grandmother severely, "I did not see. I told you at the time that I did not see. From the way you laughed afterwards I guessed that you loosed James's horse, but all I saw was a horse galloping down the road."

"Exactly," said Grandfather. "That was just what I saw, and when I came in and found Jim with you,—a complete surprise, of course,—I asked him if he didn't sometimes ride a brown filly, and if it could be she I had seen running like mad towards Boston. She wasn't much of a mare, but she ran well that day."

There was a little pause. "And then—?" suggested Miss Betty politely.

"And then," Grandfather took her up, "I asked pretty Millicent Preston to be my wife, and she said yes, Betty, if you'll believe me; and when Jim got back from Boston way on that sweating brown mare, we made him give us his blessing. Poor Jim! But we can't all get what we want."

"No," chimed in Grandmother significantly, "we can't, and if I'd guessed the trick you played, Richard, I declare I should have said no."

"Then how lucky you didn't guess," murmured little Miss Betty, with an arm around the brave lover's neck. "And to think that you were just my age! How I wish such things happened nowadays!"

Her eyes sparkled suddenly as she came back to the present with a bound. "And I may go to my dance?" she said.

EDITH KELLOGG DUNTON '97.

Of course they were all women. Who but women would join a class which met "for the purpose of studying the methods, aims and results of Ruskin's teachings"; a class that was part of a Uni-

The Ruskin Class versity Extension movement, which had moved as far as the little town of Putnam, a class which held from four until six, and finally, which met in the darkest corner of the Town Hall, a spot known as the Lecture Room. This was lighted with gas, and wainscoted in black walnut, without air or daylight save through a narrow transom—altogether a grewsome place in which to study *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*. It was furnished, furthermore, with an unprepossessing floor covering, uncompromising chairs, and a disused clothes-press, which had a habit of creaking dismally and unexpectedly, much to the disturbance of æsthetic moods. In the middle of the room stood a superannuated dining-table, whose large dark polished top suggested that it had known brighter days and had reflected merrier things than a gas jet. But all such frivolities were now of the past; in the days of the Ruskin class the table was set out with note-books instead of plates, ink-bottles for glasses, and fountainpens and pencils in place of knives and forks. At the head of the table presided the instructor. Before her was a mound of large, fat books, generous slices from which she dealt out in lecture form to the class, who, insatiate, ever passed their plates in recurring courses for more. Never was a feast of reason a more literal imitation and mockery of a banquet.

Of the guests who sat at this jovial board, the place of honor was held, as has been said, by the instructor, Miss Myers. She was a little, hard-working woman from the neighboring college of South Greece, who came unfailingly, her "Boston bag" bulging with note-books. Her earnestness needed no further attestation than her presence. No flippant-minded person would have considered the game of the pittance offered by the Extensionists worth the candle of the weekly journey by the local train, which carried the virtue of accommodation to the point of a vice.

At her right sat the School Teacher, weary but eager-eyed, a young woman who would have been pretty were she once thoroughly rested—if such a thing were conceivable. The reason why, after a long day in the schoolroom, she felt impelled to spend the two remaining hours of daylight in the Lecture Room, probably no one but a pedagogue could explain. Possibly it was that she found pleasure in being instructed, in the same mood that an actor might enjoy watching the stage from the front, or a clergyman find refreshment in regarding the pulpit from the point of view of the pew. At all events there she was, the rôle of leader dropped and that of follower assumed with hasty sincerity.

Next sat a good house-mother, Mrs. Ames, endeared to all by her beaming good nature. Many times that winter, when Stones of Venice had left the class discouraged pilgrims, had she cheered them with matter-of-fact crullers while feet were warmed at a comfort-giving and hideous register, and her hearty laugh over Ruskin's fulminations against railroads, the while he availed himself of their presence, was the closest approach to a breath of fresh air that the room knew.

Beyond her was Miss Briggs, a maiden lady, who lodged near the Town Hall, and who, having nothing to do from morning till night, conceived herself to be so busy that she was invariably tardy. Miss Briggs painted—in water-colors on smooth paper with a pointed brush. Having heard that Turner was the artist and Ruskin his apostle, she had once made a pilgrimage to see a few of the Turner paintings, but she had returned undisconcerted to the study of Ruskin and to the paper-doll order of painting. For, as she reasoned, if Ruskin had admired such rude beginnings as were shown in Turner's untidy daubs, how much greater satisfaction would he have taken in her neat productions.

Opposite the acknowledged artist of the group sat a pretty, fluffy little woman, lately wed, who came to the class in lieu of other social day-time gatherings to which her more sophisticated home had been accustomed, but of which Putnam was as yet blissfully ignorant. She carried little white-bound volumes, and took notes on ivory tablets, pinching a silver pencil between her plump, ringed fingers; and such was the force of her pretty formalities and her fresh frocks, that it infused the spirit of an afternoon tea into a room where the hour was apparently midnight and ink the only beverage.

Her neighbor was a girl bent over her note-book. The crude light showed how broad and fair was her brow, how straight the delicate line of parting in her smooth, dark hair. Her eyes were calm and grave, and the corners of her mouth drooped slightly, not with petulance, but with the seriousness

which is the birthright of the New England girl. In Martha Potter's case this seriousness had not been lessened by a college course. She had regarded those four care-free years as "an opportunity and a privilege", and had striven that each moment should be strung with diamonds and pearls. Yet her earnestness was of the diffident sort, which would have hesitated to tamper with the welfare of the souls of others, even if the state of her own had not demanded constant attention. Ever since her graduation she had been given to tormenting herself lest what improvement she had made should be lost. With all the enthusiasm of a pugilist she devoted herself to keeping in good intellectual trim. Anything that savored of the laborious and the didactic attracted her docilely, arduously industrious temper. In the old schoolroom habit of scribbling down notes she was quietly happy; and at the prospect of reading before the next meeting *Fors Clavigera*, not as an indulgence, but as a piece of prescribed work, her eyes were full of a mild anticipation.

It was without any thrills of romantic joyousness that Martha realised that John Perry was waiting in the hall-way, and that when he heard the welcome sound of snapping ink-wells he would be at the door to take her books and walk home with her. Her love for John and his for her were among the sacred, solemn things which life held. They were all the more solemn, because John was not given to solemnity, because he was wont to read over her note-book with jeers, to beg her to invite to her house classmates with pretty faces rather than with noble missions, and to exclaim "Bother opportunities!" when on the way home from weekly prayer-meeting her meditations were inclined to grow introspective to the point of boredom. To Martha's mind, John was a man—that was the conclusion of the whole matter. Of course he was the best of men, but by the same dispensation which had created him masculine, he was freed from the responsibilities which beset the feminine pathway. She regarded him wonderingly but unreproachfully, even as the female bird might watch the exuberance of her mate.

At the last meeting of the term, which expired, as the practical-minded member of the class remarked, in time for spring house-cleaning, there was an especially long session. John leaned back on the hard bench in the hall-way, his dog's nose pushed under his arm, listened to the fragments of æsthetic lore which floated out by way of the transom, and wished that the sign of "No Smoking Allowed" were in German. For, as he had pointed out to Martha, German was to him an unknown tongue. He cheered himself with the remembrance of her prompt offer to instruct him, to which he had responded with such a roar of laughter that the querulous old janitor had come hobbling down the stairs, alarmed by the unaccustomed sound. How adorable Martha's bewilderment had been! But then, any act of Martha's was accepted by John with mingled philosophy and admiration. Even that on this sweet spring evening she should be one of the women dallying in the gas-lighted Lecture Room, was to him no more inexplicable, no more blame-worthy, than that to keep the same tryst she should have braved both December blizzards and March freshets. Now the air was full of the fragrance of damp earth, sprouting green things, swelling tree-buds, and the sound of

bird-twitters. Only a block away from the Town Hall were gravel paths, accepted immemorially as sidewalks, where wayside weeds were pricking through the damp earth. Beneath the whitewashed boards of the Creek bridge the busy water was hurrying away that last trace of winter, the ragged white line of snow-capped earth still clinging to the water's edge. And yet, thought John, Martha was in the band of devotees who had journeyed to that dark chilly little cell, the only spot in the town where nature was completely foiled. But, although he marvelled, he did not criticise.

The teacher was buckling her well-worn bag, and the class, with notebooks full of written sheets instead of blank paper as a tangible result of the course, realized that they had "done" Ruskin, and that the moment for parting was come. At this point Mrs. Ames, with beaming face, rose to say, "Now, before you get to putting on your rubbers, let me put in a word. I want all the Ruskin class to come to my house next Friday night, and we'll have a real sociable time. After working so hard the whole winter, it seems to me that we ought to pleasure ourselves a mite. I want you all to come early, and we'll talk over all we've been studying."

Mrs. Ames's hospitality was not of the order which serves pale tea in triangular cups with flat souvenir spoons, and thin rolled sandwiches tied with a red ribbon that leaves a pink streak on the bread. With a spontaneity which was a credit to the class, they availed themselves as one woman of this opportunity to form a synopsis of the term's work.

Miss Myers then hurried off that the train might not be kept waiting on her account, but Mrs. Ames, unheeding John's impatient tattoo on the door, again detained the class. "Miss Myers is a real smart girl, isn't she?" she inquired. "And she's worked pretty hard too. I used to know her mother. And I think it would be nice if we gave something to show our appreciation, don't you?"

Each member, after her fashion, signified her assent.

"But now, what shall it be?"

"Oh, Mrs. Ames, we'll leave that to you," said the fluffy little woman.

"Bless your heart, I shouldn't know what to give a college teacher, unless a square meal. Some of you choose."

"No, Mrs. Ames," said Martha, with the authority of conviction, "it's your idea and you ought to choose. Maybe Miss Briggs, who is herself an artist," she went on with all the seriousness with which she accepted the assertions of others, "would work with you." Martha had a hazy idea that it was a rule of parliamentary order to refer to pleasant little commissions of this kind as work. At all events, her suggestion in the matter of the gift was unanimously accepted, and that its presentation should be at Mrs. Ames's party.

From the steps sounded the resentful barking of John's fox terrier, a cheerful little brute, whom hunger alone reduced to gravity. Martha hurried out.

"Oh, come on, quick," John greeted her, "there's a grand sunset going on that you've been missing, and I'm hungry as a bear."

"I've made you late to supper," said Martha, conscience-stricken.

"Well, that's easily remedied by your asking the pup and me to go home with you. And see the flowers I picked for you while you were improving

your mind." He held out a bunch of arbutus, redolent of woodland purity. "Such pink and white, good little flowers, just like you," he added, and laughed as Martha, the color rising in her cheeks, called him a silly boy. Silent with happiness, they walked through the silent streets arched with softly swaying elms. The fragrance of freshly turned garden beds lay on the breeze, bringing to the man an unquestioning sense of peace with all the world, and to the woman a vague distrust of loveliness whose enjoyment was the heritage of the indolent in this Puritanic village.

The next Friday night the members of the class gathered, each in garments so strongly imbued with the wearer's personality that they would have acquitted themselves with credit had the owners happened to be absent. With all the stiffness that assails even old friends at a formal gathering, making them as awkwardly uncommunicative as if freshly introduced, they sat about Mrs. Ames's parlor.

As Mr. Ames had discreetly found "business at the store", the party was composed only of members of the class. Soon the wheels of conversation, which had at first stuck and creaked, ran more smoothly. Miss Myers proved herself but yet a woman by recounting the woes which the college matron was undergoing with the college chamber-maids. Then a recipe for chocolate cake was discussed and a new scheme for inducing hens to lay, considered. Then, common bonds other than Ruskin, having been tentatively tested and found firm and strong, the affairs of the village were laid as bare as if the white clapboarded walls lay prostrate on the lawns. There was no topic left undiscussed, Martha realised with sadness, except Art.

When supper was announced, the ladies trooped into the dining-room with right good will. But Martha was yet grave as she helped herself to the delicious cake from the dish that purported to be a Leghorn hat, ate the delicate ice on the plate that would fain be a leaf, and sipped the clear coffee from a cup encircled by a blue china ribbon. Mrs. Ames did not agree with Ruskin that "the structure should be what it pretends to be". To her mind a thing was pretty in so far as it, of one stuff, represented itself to be of another. And she had the courage of her convictions.

So long did the ladies dally, warmed by Mrs. Ames's geniality and served by her generous hand, that John Perry called at the door to escort Martha to her home before the time was ripe for the presentation of the gift. Assuring Mrs. Ames that he was afraid to come in, he stayed in the hall and there basely peered through a crack in the door. Therefore he saw the self-consciousness which covered as with a garment each member of the class except Miss Myers, when Mrs. Ames, more beaming than ever, rose to make her speech.

"Now, Miss Myers," said she, "these ladies have asked me to tell you how much we've enjoyed having you with us this year, telling us all about Art, and travelling way from South Greece through the blizzard for those lessons on The Queen of the Air. So we wanted to give you a little present. And Miss Briggs and I thought a picture would be appropriate, and here it is."

John abruptly buried his head in his overcoat when, produced from behind the sideboard, he saw the appropriate gift. Alas, that we have all seen such. It is a big tinted photograph, with gilt filigrees at the corners. It presents a fat-faced damsel, her plump arms wreathed about her much-curled head.

Over her night-dress she wears a pink scarf and a blue cloak. She leans against a background which might be either a cliff or a clothes horse. Sometimes when the picture is not called "Innocence" it is known as "Waiting", but most frequently it is tagged with the mystic phrase, "Art Study".

Perhaps Miss Myers possessed tact among her other means of livelihood, perhaps she herself had not left far behind the "Art Study" period; perhaps she realized that the friendliness which prompted the gift was a more precious possession than an Old Master. At all events, her acceptance was all that could have been desired.

It was with cheery good-nights that the party broke up, and the women, either with the escorts who had called for them, or offering each other mutual protection in the deserted streets, scurried off and disappeared round corners.

The great white disk of the moon hung behind a black tracery of elm branches. The lace work of the shadow lay on the walk, transforming it into a magic path. The darkened houses retreated into mystery, and in the freedom of midnight a certain lushness of beauty, suppressed in the day hours, hung heavy on the air. The prosaic town became almost oppressive in its enchantment.

Once out of hearing of the Ames house, John gave way to his pent-up glee and laughed until he leaned against a tree for support.

"Oh," cried Martha, grieved and indignant, "how can you laugh? It is all so pitiable. The whole winter's work, and *that* for a result!"

He nodded, at first speechless. "That's the joke," he gasped.

"I'm sure there's nothing funny in it," she reproached him. "And you ought not to regard such good, good people as ridiculous. It's wrong."

As he caught the hint of a sob in the voice, he forgot that there was anything in the world but an earnest upturned face, the eyes shining with tears in the moonlight. So together they passed down the elm-clasped vista, together as they would pass through life, with problems to solve beside which the Ruskin class would become the trifle which indeed it was.

GRACE LATHROP COLLIN '96

A new Smith College Club was organized last spring, one that has begun already to exert an influence, by interesting girls in Smith. Mrs. Grace Green Clark '83, of Pasadena, sent out an invitation to the Smith women, resident and visiting in Southern California, to meet at her home February 20, and fifteen were able to respond in person. It proved a most delightful reunion, especially to those who have been unable to go east for several years.

The earlier students told of college life as it was in its pristine simplicity, when the President took the girls on sleigh rides, for fear they might study too hard, and not have enough relaxation. Two recent poems of Anne Branch '97 were read, and Zephine Humphrey read one of her stories, "The Calling of the Apostle Paul."

A club was formally organized, to be called "The Smith College Club of Southern California", with Mrs. Clark as president, Mrs. Minnie Barton Foote '88, vice-president, and Rejoyce Collins '98, secretary and treasurer. It hopes to number among its members all of the twenty-five or thirty Smith

women, whether graduates or not, living in Southern California. Those who were present at the first reunion were Frances Lewis '81, Grace Green Clark '82, Ella C. Clark '84, Minnie Barton Foote '88, Cornelia Church '88, Zephine Humphrey '96, of Dorset, Vermont, Ethelwyn Foote '97, Elizabeth Hay '98, of Chicago, Rejoyce Collins '98, Emily Stanton '99, Blanche Bissell '02, of Detroit, Ruth Clizbie Merriam, ex-'84, of Springfield, Massachusetts, Teresa Cloud ex-'99, Marion Towne ex-'99, Minneapolis, and Clara Carter ex-'04.

The next meeting was a picnic on September 11, at Long Beach, when five young girls, who are preparing for Smith, were the guests of honor. It was decided to have an annual luncheon at Pasadena, between Christmas and New Year, so that any tourist Smithites who are in the vicinity may join with the club.

There are six or eight young girls from Los Angeles and Pasadena who will enter Smith in the next two years, and the Club has been the means of persuading some of these to select Smith, and hopes to do so with many others.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's Office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows :

'02. Sara F. Richards,	.	.	.	December	1
'82. Nina E. Brown,	.	.	.	"	12
'08. Maude Furbush,	.	.	.	"	19
'03. Alice Butterfield,	.	.	.	"	19
'02. Helen Esther Kelley,	.	.	.	"	19-23
'01. Anna Thorne,	.	.	.	"	19-21
'01. Laura Rogers,	.	.	.	"	22

Contributions to this department are desired by the last of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Josephine Sanderson, Hubbard House.

'96. Mrs. William W. Harts (Martha Hale) has returned from Manila, and her address is 2574 Union Street, San Francisco, California.

'00. Helen Stout Griswold was called home during the summer from the Philippines and Japan, because of the serious illness of her father, who died early in November. Her present address is 21 South Hawk Street, Albany, New York.

Mary S. Whitcomb and her fiancé, Mr. Alden H. Clark, have been appointed by the A. B. C. F. M. to the Marathi Mission in India, and expect to leave this country next fall. Her address is Crafts Road, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts.

Mary C. Wilder has announced her engagement to Mr. Everett E. Kent of Newton, Massachusetts.

'02. Caroline Gleason was married September 9, to Mr. Thomas S. Larkin. Her present address is 214 North 3rd Street, Olean, New York.

- '02. Helen E. Kelley has announced her engagement to Mr. Chauncey H. Marsh of East Orange, New Jersey.
Margaret V. Lusch has announced her engagement to Mr. Charles D. Allen of Brooklyn, New York.
- '03. Marguerite Prescott Olmsted's present address is 86 Mariner Street, The Marlborough, Buffalo, New York.

BIRTHS

- ex-94. Mrs. Merrill (Kitty Earl Lyall), a son, Oliver Boutwell, Jr., born November 18.
- '96. Mrs. Howard Clarke (Clara Whitmore Bates), a son, Norman Rhodes, born December 1.
- '02. Mrs. Grosthwaite (Helena Porteous), a daughter, Helena, born in September.

ABOUT COLLEGE

If you take a walk out into the world—the changeless world, not the world of people—and watch the mountains, and the dark, straight trees, and the meeting line of sky and earth, you are, perhaps,

Lecture by Miss Davies filled with a sense of beauty which permeates, beauty of sky adding to beauty of earth. And if you are reflective, you will perhaps contrast with it a walk through a world of people, where it seems as though it were not beauty but ugliness which permeates—not health but disease which is contagious. Thus, through the analogy of nature, you have been prepared for an understanding of the basal principle of so-called philanthropy.

The principle of permeation—that the good of the higher classes of society must permeate the lower, and the disease of the lower contaminating the higher, must be removed, if society itself is to develop towards its ideal—was given by Miss Davies, Head-worker of the Philadelphia Branch of the College Settlement Association, as the guiding principle of college settlements. Miss Davies' lecture was held in Chemistry Hall on Monday evening, November 23, under the auspices of the Smith College Branch of the College Settlement Association. The lecture began with a sketch of the underlying principle of Settlement work. Its immediate guide being found in the relation of member to member in society, its basis for work is found in the uplifting of the home—in a fuller development of the power of control within the household. For this principle of discipline a Settlement must stand as a concrete example. Its direct object must be to work from and through the things which the people now desire to a desire for something better,—a desire keen enough to bring with it an impulse toward its attainment. The Settlement thus serves as a guide in the awakening of desire and the aiding of attainment in the bettering of social conditions.

The stereopticon views shown by Miss Davies brought the actual forms of work, of which these principles are the basis, vividly before the audience. The boy, whose sullen expression seems to indicate pride in mischief and shame in virtue, and yet withal a certain submission to the fact that if you handle him in the right way he is quite willing to be "square"; the boy whose reputation has been somewhat blackened by several appearances in the courts, and whose general attitude, combined with the mill-stones of heredity and environment, has written on his face the lines of a criminal; the "little mothers", burdened literally and figuratively with home cares; and the care-free, light-hearted little girl, whose bright cheer makes her the favorite in her circle of society—these are all living problems in which the theories of philanthropy must work themselves out.

The lecture combined in an unusual and delightful way a close connection of detail and principle and a vivid presentation of the conditions to which the principles must apply. As a possible sphere of work for college women, the Settlement appeals especially to such an audience.

On Wednesday evening, December 16, the Dewey and Hatfield Houses combined in giving "A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus and his love Thisbe"

from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and

Dewey-Hatfield House Play "The Land of Heart's Desire," by W.

B. Yeats. The committee and actors are to be most heartily congratulated on their success, which was due both to careful training and to an artistic conception of what was to be done. The casts were as follows:—

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

Quince, a carpenter,.....	Florence Johnson
Snug, a joiner,.....	Susie Whittlesey
Bottom, a weaver,.....	Mary Bancroft
Flute, a bellows-mender,.....	Katherine Peck
Snout, a tinker,....	Mary Wham
Starvling, a tailor,.....	Mary Boyd

THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE.

Maurteen Bruin,.....	Edith Kingsbury
Shawn Bruin,.....	Helen Putnam
Father Hart (the Priest of Kilmacowen),....	Genevieve Waters
Bridget Bruin (Maurteen Bruin's wife),.....	Katherine Forest
Maire Bruin (Shawn Bruin's wife),....	Eloise Beers
A Faery Child,.....	Annie King

The delightfully funny scene of Pyramus and Thisbe was well done. Although it took the characters a few minutes to get under way they entered into their parts with spirit and were individual. Mary Bancroft gave the illusion of being a man better than any one, better for instance than Katherine Peck, although she had the difficult task of seeming to be a man taking a woman's part. Snout, the tinker, was best in his speech as the wall. It was wise to give the scene in the Shakespearean way, with simple setting and without a curtain.

It is a daring thing to attempt to give anything so different from the usual college plays as "The Land of Heart's Desire," and yet it was this play that was remarkably well done. The scenery was a background for the actors and did not force itself upon us as something apart, yet it did much towards creating the atmosphere. The grouping, too, showed thought; the actors were not afraid to turn their backs, and their movements on the stage were very easy and natural. The suggestion made by Mr. Yeats in regard to subordinating all the characters to those speaking, was carried out. The very great value of silence was felt when Maire went to the door, then to the cupboard and then to the door again. The pause is very effective and too often slighted.

The voices of all were well modulated, although Maurteen Bruin's voice and Shawn Bruin's voice were pitched too high. The voices of Maire and of the faery child were beautiful, the faery's particularly so when it seemed to die away into the distance. The quality in Maire's voice made one feel the spirit of longing and of mystery which could only be expressed by the voice. Never for an instant was she any one but Maire.

The faery child was fascinating both in appearance and in acting. As she came in and clung to Maurteen, peeking around at the others, she was particularly elfish. Her dancing was graceful and spontaneous. Bridget did not always make the most of her chances; she might have been more irritable and we would have realized more fully that Maire really suffered. The group around the priest was not frightened enough when the faery was weaving her spell. It was through Helen Putnam's expression that one felt her power, but at the close, where Maire dies, her acting was ineffective.

The success of this rendering has shown that we are not limited to comedies in our choice of plays and that an artistic interpretation of a serious type of dramatic work is possible.

In writing a brief account of the excavations made last spring for the American Exploration Society at Gournia, Crete, let me begin by telling the readers of the *Monthly* that these experiences were shared

Faculty Notes by a friend, who stands in almost as close a relation to Smith College as any alumna. I mean Miss Moffat, who left her interesting work at the Home-Culture Club in Northampton for a year's rest in Europe and was persuaded to try an outing in the Eastern Mediterranean, where with pencil and brush she made a valuable record of the pottery found by us this year.

Miss Moffat and I met at Athens March 7, and were joined by Mr. Richard B. Seager, a young recruit well-equipped for the service of archaeology. A week later our party sailed for Crete. Never had I seen the island so beautiful as when it appeared above the horizon in sunset light, lifting a long line of snow-covered mountains high above the sea. The winter had been an unusually severe one and I was crossing earlier than in the seasons of 1900 and 1901.

Having had perfect weather for our voyage, we were not prepared for the depths of mud and torrents of rain that awaited us in Candia. The British archaeologists, already at their post, told us they had had fifty consecutive days of rain, and no one who has not lived in a truly mediaeval town like Candia can imagine what discomfort such a rainy season brings. Within forty-eight hours of our landing we moved from the small hotel to a clean bare house where we were as comfortable as the penetrating dampness would allow. Rents are so low in Candia that it is more economical to take a house even for a short time than to pay hotel rates, and the dignity of the expedition rather requires town headquarters where we can return in a small way the courtesies of other archaeologists.

In the museum there was plenty of work to be done during rainy hours. We opened up the boxes and baskets of stuff from the excavations of 1901, assorted the fragments of pottery and bronze, and put together a number of valuable objects.

At the end of a week, after a veritable tempest that sent the waves lashing against the Venetian sea-wall and fortress as if determined to break down these centuries-old bulwarks of the town, suddenly the sky cleared and spring took complete possession of the land. We at once took horse, rode south across the island, visited Aghios Deka (once Gortyna, second capital of Crete in classic times) and the ancient quarries near by, which used to be called "the Labyrinth", and then studied the Italian excavations at Phaestos and Aghia Triadha, prehistoric sites in the plain south of Mt. Ida. In three days we rode 100 miles over some of the roughest roads and paths in Europe. On our return to Candia we rested a day and then set out for our own site which lies on the north shore of the isthmus of Hierapetra, about 50 miles east of Candia.

A small Greek steamer now visits weekly the northern ports of Crete and stops at Aghios Nikolaos on the gulf of Mirabello from which place one can reach in a few hours by land or sea our excavations at Gournia and our home at Pachyamnos, "Deepsand Harbor", $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile east of the excavations. In my absence a house had been put up for us at "Deepsand" and here our whole party was soon established under conditions far more favorable to health and happiness than those Blanche Wheeler and I endured in 1901. The household this year included besides Miss Moffat, Mr. Seager and myself, our right-hand man Aristides Pappadias, and his mother, two overseers, a muleteer, and a new man who was to take the place of Aristides when the latter should be recalled to his position in the National Bank at Athens after the two months' vacation granted him in the interests of archaeology.

We found the excavations in excellent order under the watchful guardianship of an old peasant, employed by the Cretan government. They had suffered nothing in the two years; in fact, nature had clothed the dump-heaps with such myriads of flowers, and the crannies of the old walls were so filled with bright poppies and daisies that our little town on the hill had a far more cheerful look than when we left it.

We began work at the south end of the palace, cleared an outer and inner court, a well-preserved hall, two stairways, etc., making the plan of the ground floor of the small palace complete and finding it to resemble in many ways the contemporary palaces at Knossos and Phaestos. It has nothing in common with the classical Greek house. The plan is roughly a square, measuring about 130 x 130 feet. The land slopes down toward the west, where there is a set of store-rooms below the level of the central hall, while on the east side only the bare rock remains between the hall and the outer wall, showing that all rooms in this part of the palace were on a second floor level and have been completely destroyed by wind and rain.

The entrance is from the south, and here are broad steps on which people could sit, warming themselves in the sun and watching what went on before them in the open court, which may have served the town as market-place. Ascending the steps, which are arranged at right angles to each other as in other palaces of the time, we enter over a large threshold, follow a corridor paved with flagstones, cross the central court and reach the main hall through a portico composed of square and round columns, alternating. The hall is square. In one corner is a recess, having a column in front and seats

on the other three sides, reserved, I fancy, for the lord of the manor. A private stairway led to the more important rooms on the second story of which, alas! nothing remained save the débris of stone-flooring and burned beams that choked the hall below.

On the eastern slope of the low acropolis we uncovered a new quarter of town, a block of houses bounded by paved streets. The new street which connects the valley road with the top of the hill rises by twenty steps like the streets of Naples. The houses are built flush with the road and close together. They are of about equal size and although small are well built, on quite the modern plan of cellar, ground floor and upper floor. It must not be supposed that these three stories remain, but there is ample evidence of their former existence.

Excavations are subject to the same Law of Diminishing Returns as agriculture. The first year, everything found is important; if not actually unique, "protophanes", it is yet a factor in determining the age and the degree of civilization of the site which is being excavated. But the second year it is inevitable that many objects should be duplicates of the first year's finds, yielding no new data. This season, however, was not without its new discoveries.

We found our first tablet, inscribed with the prehistoric characters made familiar to archaeologists in the last four years by the excavations at Knossos and Aghia Triadha. These characters are still illegible but we may any day turn up a bilingual with Egyptian hieroglyphs as the counter-script; and if that happens, a wholly new and very important chapter of European history will be read. At present our single tablet establishes the fact that the provincials of Gournia were not all illiterates, and is an important clue for dating.

Other evidence for dating is given by the pottery and in this class of finds we were especially lucky this year. A "stirrup-jug" decorated with two sprawling cuttle-fish, and a set of light drinking-horns bearing plant and semi-conventional designs, take high rank among the prehistoric pottery thus far discovered in the Aegean. This pottery, by the way, is very poorly represented in the museums of Western Europe and America because the excavations yielding it have almost all been made since the laws of Greece and Crete forbidding the export of antiquities were passed. Persons seeing it for the first time are often struck by a resemblance to the Japanese. It is absolutely unlike classical Greek pottery. I may mention the fact that the "stirrup-jug" was put together by Aristides out of 86 fragments, a task requiring delicacy of hand, precision and great patience.

The general character of the pottery, judged by the absence of certain shapes and designs as well as by the presence of others and the style of the script on the tablet, show that the settlement at Gournia was contemporaneous with the Palace Period at Knossos to which Mr. Arthur Evans, the Oxford scholar who is excavating Knossos, gives a provisional date "not later than 1600 B. C.". This is 350 years earlier than the date I gave our town in 1901, but discretion at that time led me to claim an age less than I really supposed the town to have, for in archaeology one is glad to be made older but disgraced if found to be younger than is at first proclaimed. Mr. Evans

visited Gournia twice this season and now agrees in this dating although it is contrary to an opinion he expressed two years ago before he had seen this place and studied the pottery.

As to name, we think that the existence of these "Minoan" ruins at Gournia may have been the reason why Cretans of the classical period gave the name "Minoa" to a town which is mentioned by Strabo as lying in this neighborhood, and this would give us a certain right to call our settlement "Minoa", but the point is not yet proved.

Forty houses have been cleared in addition to the palace, and Gournia as it stands to-day is beyond comparison the most complete and best preserved town of its period above ground. It refutes a statement made by Professor Percy Gardner of Oxford in his "New Chapters of Greek History" published in the nineties. He writes on page 97, "There is a broad line dividing mythical from political Hellas, which seems to coincide with the great break made in the continuity of Hellas by the Dorian invasion. On the more recent side of that line, we see vigorous communities choosing their own governments. . . . On the older side we see the castles of magnificent princes standing among the huts of their dependents." This is quoted by Mr. Warde Fowler in his "City-State of the Greeks and Romans" as a true picture of pre-Hellenic life. Gournia tells a very different story. Instead of huts clustered about a castle we see a well-built bourgeois town and every evidence of settled civic conditions.

Before closing this account, which I fear has already gone beyond the limits of a proper article for the *Monthly*, let me say that in the ranks of our hundred workmen the same faithfulness, efficiency and good-nature prevailed as in former seasons. They with us were gratified by the visits paid their township by foreigners. Dr. Dörpfeld, genial director of the German Archaeological Institute at Athens, brought 45 German professors and a welcome minority of Americans, including Professor Seymour of Yale, to see Gournia. We had guests from the universities of Oxford and Cambridge and the British Museum. Professor Richardson and three students of the American School at Athens came to us. Mr. Houston, a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania, brought his yacht to anchor in Deepsand Harbor. Dr. Tsountas, who knows more than any other Greek about the Mycenaean and pre-Mycenaean periods, gave us the benefit of his advice. Altogether we were not cut off from the world so completely as in other years.

Our digging ended June 6. The transport of antiquities to Candia, the task of photographing, listing and placing them in the museum, filled three weeks more, and on July 2, I sailed from Candia to Greece, joining Caroline Steele, Smith '92, for a vacation trip to Delphi and Constantinople.

HARRIET A. BOYD '92.

Hull House, Chicago, November 29, 1903.

During the fall term the attendance at the class prayer-meetings was small, and it was felt that for some reason they were not meeting the needs for which they exist. It was decided to refer

The Class Prayer-Meetings the question to the classes in their class prayer-meetings. The discussions which took place showed that the meetings bring the class together in a unique and

helpful way, and that their existence brings a strength to the ideals of a class, which ought to be as real and vital as the ideals of an individual. It was felt however, that if the meetings were to mean the most to the classes there must be changes:—there must be willingness to lead; the leader must choose her own subject; and the time of meeting must be changed. A vote was taken in each of the classes, as to whether, with these changes, the class prayer-meetings should be held as usual, once a week. The class of 1905 voted to discontinue them. The classes of 1904, 1906, and 1907 voted, by large majorities for their continuance.

Acting on this decision the Cabinet of the Association have decided to put the organization of the class prayer-meetings into the hands of the classes, to be carried on by committees appointed by the presidents of the classes, the chairmen to be responsible to the chairman of the Religious Service Committee. The committees are:

1904—Margaret Hotchkiss, chairman: Sophia Burnham, Adele Keys.

1906—Charlotte Gardner, chairman; Anna Wilson, Margaret Bridges.

1907—Jeannette Welch, chairman; Hortense Mayer, Emily Kimball.

It is hoped that in this way the class services may meet the needs of the individual classes.

The lecture by Mr. Thomas Osborn in the S. C. A. C. W. Room on Thursday afternoon, December 17, was one of particular interest. The subject was the George Junior Republic, of whose board of trustees Mr. Osborn is the president.

Lecture by Mr. Osborn This institution as a charitable organization, and also as a sociological experiment has aroused great interest throughout the country. It is unique in character—a veritable Junior Republic—for the children and by the children, its constitution and government being founded upon the constitution and government of the United States, with a president, a supreme court, a jury system and even a tariff. It has its own monetary system, and its citizens are wage-earners, buying and selling in the coin of the Republic, their motto being "Nothing without Labor".

The above points Mr. Osborn brought out, also giving a short account of the history of the Republic and its gradual development and establishment by Mr. George in Freeville, N. Y.

After Mr. Osborn's address the Hon. Joseph O'Connor spoke—a citizen of the Republic, its judge and president-elect—a boy of about sixteen, whose account of the Republic with stories of its members was very amusing.

Mr. Osborn will probably speak here again during the college year and it would well repay those who did not hear him to attend his next lecture, for not only is the subject interesting but the stories connected with the children's lives add greatly to its presentation.

HOPE N. WALKER '04

On Wednesday afternoon, December 16, the Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin clubs held their annual Christmas concert in Assembly Hall. The note of the flute was an innovation, and made the performances of the Mandolin Club especially pleasing.

In order to pay for the lighting and cleaning of the Students' Building, the Council has decided to charge each of the clubs and societies a small rent yearly for their rooms. On account of the cost of the lights, the Council requests that all rehearsals for house-plays except the dress rehearsal be given in the afternoon. A piano has been rented for the Students' Building, and this is to be used by the different houses for their plays and dances by payment of a small sum.

Several offers of money and pieces of furniture have been received from alumnae classes for the reading rooms. These offers together with the sum of seventy-five dollars made by the two plays given on December 9, will furnish the reading rooms. The Council room, the small room at the head of the stairs, is also to be furnished.

A change has been made in the rule regarding the entertainments to be given during the year. It is to stand the same in regard to the plays—four campus houses to have plays each year. But owing to the large proportion of off-campus houses, the Council has decided to give three of the eight dances allowed by the Social Regulation Committee to combinations of off-campus houses. This arrangement will omit two campus houses each year, but these houses are to give a reception or some sort of entertainment, other than a dance or play, in the Students' Building.

RUTH JOHNSON,
Secretary of Council.

In order to raise money to furnish the council room, two plays were held in the Students' Building Wednesday evening, December 9. The plays were "From the West," written by Olive Chapin Higgins 1904, and "Monsieur Bouquet."

Mr. Hamilton W. Mable spoke at Vespers, Sunday, December 20.

The Smith College Department of Music gave its third concert of the season 1903-1904 in Assembly Hall, December 17. It was one of the most enjoyable of the many excellent musical performances held at the college.

CALENDAR

- Jan.** 12, Recital by the Music Department.
13, Dance : The houses of Mrs. Sessions, Mrs. Barrows,
and Miss Cable.
16, Alpha Society.
20, Washburn-Tenney House Dance.
23, Phi Kappa Psi Society.
25, Mid-Year Examinations begin.
- Feb.** 3, Holiday.
Recital by Harold Bauer.
4, Second Semester begins.
5, Open meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society. Lec-
ture by Dr. van Dyke.
6, Alpha Society.
10, Hubbard House Dance.
13, Phi Kappa Psi Society.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

EDITORS:

CANDACE THURBER, FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS, OLIVE CHAPIN HIGGINS, ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT, MARY ABBY VAN KLEECK.	ESTHER JOSEPHINE SANDERSON, MARGARET ELMENDORF DURYEE, LUCIE SMITH LONDON, ABBY SHUTE MERCHANT.
TREASURER, BROOKE VAN DYKE.	BUSINESS MANAGER, ABBY SHUTE MERCHANT.

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GERMAN FOLK-LORE—A FANTASY

In a modest little cottage of a German village Hans Gottlieb was sitting on his cobbler's bench before the fire, busily putting the last touches to his holiday order of shoes. Outside, the snow and darkness were ushering in the Christmas Eve; in the bare room the children had been eagerly preparing a welcome for the festival. All was quiet now; the sleepy feet had climbed up the ladder to their dreams in the garret; and the house-wife was baking the seven kinds of meat that a man must partake of on the festive day if he wishes to be prosperous. "Tap! tap! tap!" rang the hammer on the last, and the fire leapt and the merry shadows danced all over the room.

The cuckoo-clock was just calling nine when muffled steps were heard in the snow, and the upper half of the door sprang open with a blast of sleet and cold. Framed in the darkness of the door stood a dapper little man, his face red from battling with the storm. "What! working so late!" he exclaimed. "Had I not desired my new boots for the morrow, I had never ventured out on a night like this."

"Sit ye down at the fire, neighbor," was the reply, "and ye shall have them in a minute."

This the little man was nothing loth to do. Pompously setting a pair of learned spectacles upon his nose, he took his seat by the fireplace and talked,—about himself, about his travels, about his vast store of knowledge, and especially about the stupidity of others. “Look there!” he finished, pointing an accusing finger at the window, where a bundle of hay and a plate of food were set.

“’Tis for the Christ-child and his horse,—the children put it there but now,” answered the old man mildly.

“And that thing?”

“Surely, you know the Christmas tree, neighbor, with its candles burning like stars to lead the child hither, and its gilded nuts and toys!”

“Oh!” snorted the incensed little man, “Foolishness, I tell you! Superstitious! Old wives’ tales! I can’t walk a step in this ridiculous village without folly pretending to instruct me, and fables held up for facts. When the wind sweeps through the branches, and the thunder rolls,—why, ’tis a giant or spirit, harming mankind in his anger. The earth quakes, and you tell me ’tis the heroes, struggling as prisoners within. On a summer day ye fill the woods with sprites; the drifting clouds above the green forest are the white arms of nymphs, and butterflies and water-falls must needs be elves and nixies to suit your pleasure. Simpletons! Ye never go to cities and never see clever folk, but stay at home and let the gossips fool ye. They change the world, they disguise it, they make a new one to suit themselves. Did you ever see a prince come out of a fox? Did you ever hear a chicken talk? Have the fairies or witches ever sat in your kitchen? Yet you’ve told the children such rubbish often,—aha, I have caught you there, cobbler! Don’t tell me! aha!”

During this long tirade the old man sat quietly on his settle, hammering and listening, a wise, patient smile on his face. Now his kind and quiet voice broke in on the high staccato.

“I’m not a travelled man, like you, neighbor, and I’ve never read a book, but I’ve thought on these things often while the shoes are in my hand. We people of the village love these stories. Our mothers have told them to us. We have hushed our children to sleep with them. We have lived with them in woods and cottage always. I like to think that they’re comrades to us,—the trees, the stars, the animals and the flowers,—that

they help us and we them. I like to think of the dwarfs in the mountains, and the fairies dancing in the river. Maybe 'tisn't real, maybe 'tis. But 'tis what belongs to me and I'll hold it fast."

The old cobbler finished the shoes and opened the door. "You would take much from me. You would give me nothing back," he said, and carefully shielded the hay for the Christ-child from the wind. "No, say no more! Good-night!"

For a long time the cobbler sat before the fire, thinking of his neighbor's words, and the pitying, scornful smile with which he had left him. The crystal ball that hung in the window,—the sign of a shoemaker,—quivered and swung as the wind rocked the house, but he heard it not. Ah, how he loved the dear old stories, the familiar faces of fairies and animals! It was long since he had heard of their doings and their haunts. He gazed down into the embers and fell to thinking.

Crack! the logs fell apart with a sputter of sparks and a glowing bit of wood sailed into the room and above the crystal ball. Oh! wonder! Before the very eyes of the astounded man it glimmered and grew into—a flashing goblin that hovered before him, chanting in a weird voice, like the murmur of distant winds and underground streams,—

"I am a spirit of the night,
And in the mystic firelight
I will show you the world disguised to-night."

At these words a red glow flooded the crystal ball. The glass seemed to melt away, the globe grew larger, until the cobbler was gazing into the heart of a vast mountain chain; and by some magic gift heard and saw the fairy adventures he loved so much take place before his eyes.

Out of a cavern in the hills strides the mighty spirit of the mountains, wearied of his underground dominions and come to wander in the upper air. The giant seems hugely surprised to find the trees cut and houses built upon his property. It is his first encounter with mankind. He at once sets about making the acquaintance of the valley people and amusing himself with their oddities.

One afternoon he chances upon a group of pretty damsels sporting in the woods, in their midst the princess of the land. Quickly changing himself into a raven, he perches on the nearest tree. Then the raven disappears, and a handsome youth

stands in his place, concealed behind the bushes. His fascinated gaze is on the lovely princess, and he burns with love and vows to win her hand. Next day the damsels return to the forest to find their favorite spot metamorphosed. Gone are the rude stones and brawling streams! Before their delighted gaze rises an alabaster grotto, where the brook pours its white cascades into a golden basin. Delicious strawberries and fragrant bunches of violets await them in the cool shade of a jasmine hedge. With cries of astonishment the girls run about and long to bathe in the shallow pool where the blue sky lies mirrored. But alas! hardly does the lovely princess slip over the rim of the basin when the treacherous waters rise up and close over her before her comrades can clutch her golden hair. Though her favorite maiden plunges in, to share the fate of her mistress, she is unable to sink, but floats, like a delicate lily, on the water.

While the maidens are left lamenting, the princess is carried to a magic palace, where a handsome youth guides her through fragrant gardens into a hall of golden pillars and silver floors, where hundreds of birds fill the air with song. At first, she delights in the marvels, but soon she seems to droop, a wistful loneliness falls upon her. Perceiving this, the clever spirit procures a basket of turnips, and teaches the lovely Emma to transform them into any one she pleases with a single touch of her wand. In a twinkling the turnips have disappeared and the palace resounds with the shouts of the favorite damsels. All goes well for a time; dance and song alternate in the happy palace. But soon the princess sees how day by day her companions grow pale and worn,—she alone blooms like a rose among them. One morning, wrinkled hags, tottering on canes and coughing piteously advance to meet her. In her terror and anger she strikes them with her wand and they drop to the ground, turnips again, withered and faded.

But it is winter now, and no turnips grow in the land. The princess must wait till spring for her companions. On a morning in May she robes herself in bridal white and meets her magician lover in the garden. "Go, count the turnips in the field," she commands, "if you accomplish that correctly you shall have my hand." Wild with joy, the spirit flies to his task. In a twinkling Emma has out a fat turnip, transforms him with one touch into a horse, and flees home to her lover and her

kingdom, leaving the infuriated mountain-lord to hurl idle thunderbolts after her, rush through the fields of air and swear enmity to the false tribe of man.

Picture after picture passes through the crystal globe, showing the pranks and adventures of Rübezahl, or Turnip-counter, as the valley people named him. Here wicked misers are threading the forest, deceived with glimpses of gold, and lured by a blue light ever flickering before them to their death in a mountain chasm. There hangs a dog who ventured too far into the hills, cut into a thousand pieces, and each piece nailed onto the separate branch of a tree. Sometimes the spirit helps the poor peasants,—changing their fire-faggots into gold, fattening their cattle on the mountain grass, giving them a wonderful spring-wurzel, whose touch cures all sicknesses.

Conceited people had better never venture into Rübezahl's land, for it is his especial delight to torture them. A doctor comes upon a peasant seeking herbs for his rheumatism. "Ignoramus!" cries he, "take my pills, and you will be cured forever." With learned talk he expatiates on their wonderful powers, and forces the countryman to take bitter doses of pills. Instantly the earth yawns underneath their feet, and no peasant, but a ferocious giant, stands before him, half-naked, grinning, his red beard sweeping the ground. "Miserable earthworm!" he roars, and with remorseless hand forces the whole knapsack of medicine into the doctor's mouth. The wretch's jaws are held with an iron grasp, and though he wriggles and squirms, he must swallow all the loathsome pills and burning draughts. Then, with a mighty kick, the spirit sends him rolling down the mountain.

A tailor is picnicing with his apprentices. Suddenly there appears a terrible monster, all in red, and riding on a goat. The tailor once cheated Rübezahl. He and his companions are fastened to the goat as if by magic. They rise high up and whizz through the air, screaming, and clinging to the beast. After many rushing rides, they drop to the market-place, and are forced to go backwards to their house, amid the jeers of the town.

Many benefits the mountain-lord confers upon the needy. Plum-trees spring up in one night, bearing at once the most delicious fruit. Bridegrooms find their pockets filled with gold, poor children have delicate repasts spread for them in the fields.

But when a bold and wicked sceptic comes into the mountains and cries, mockingly, "Rübezahl! maiden-thief!" lo, the earth cracks, two mighty arms shoot up, the wretch is torn in half, and each piece hurled in different directions, far into the valley; the earth closes, and mocking laughter rolls and echoes along the cliffs.

The crystal ball turned, and showed a different part of the country,—the land of elves and dwarfs and water-sprites. There they hold their revels in silvery beds of streams, where the fish swim above their heads, and walls of crystal shield them from harm. There they dance in moonlit woods,—red and black little men,—with toadstools to light the way. Sometimes they do the farmer's work when he is fast asleep, or spin fine flax for the damsels. Sometimes they take care of little children—see—the seven dwarfs leading tired Snow-white to the cottage in the wood.

The red glow died out of the crystal ball, the goblin sank back upon the hearth and faded into a handful of gray ashes, and the cobbler still sat deep in thought before the dead fire.

Months had passed since Hans had seen the wonderful pictures; and day after day he looked longingly into the crystal globe,—only to see the ordinary reflections. One warm afternoon he sat at work near the window. The fragrance of the linden trees drifted into the sunny shop, and the rollicking song of the passing apprentices.

"Winter 's dead and here comes May,
Who could stay at home to-day?
Like the clouds a-drifting free
Wander into the world with me.
Yo yu hi! yo yu hee!
Wander into the world with me!"

Suddenly a yellow linden-blossom was wafted into the room and floated down the sunbeams toward the crystal ball. Hans put down his shoe and with a throb of joy saw the flower turn into a tiny fairy.

"I, a sprite of the bright sunlight,
To-day will show you the world at play",

she sang, and touched the shining ball. Instantly gay colors glowed in its depths, and it turned and twisted like a pretty soap-bubble.

The cobbler was in his element now, recognizing old friends and acquaintances with excited laughter. There comes a fisherman along the shore and called aloud :

"A man of the sea, come listen to me.
For Alice my wife, the plague of my life,
Has sent me to ask a boon of thee."

How the waves, black before, grow green and yellow, lash themselves in anger against the rocks. Up comes the flounder. "What does she want now?" "To be pope," cries the timid husband, in despair,—and a pope she becomes. But little does she dream, as she sits on high, with emperors kissing her slippers, and a thousand candles burning, that her rags and her wretched little hut will soon shelter her again.

Then Silly John comes bounding along, fooled by all the clever folk he meets, making a series of ridiculous exchanges, until he reaches home, as happy with his empty pockets as if he still possessed the lump of gold. Dear old John! how affectionately the cobbler watches his merry mistakes. He sees him enter his mother's cottage with a blessing for him and all such good-natured fellows whose stupidity lies mostly in their simple-hearted trustfulness. "I am always glad," chuckled the cobbler, "when the simpleton gets the princess, and the sly brothers are shut out in the cold."

Further along in the woods, a boastful little tailor is matching his clever wits against the strength of the stolid giants. "Can you squeeze water out of a stone?" they challenge him. "Huh! that's not hard!" cries the little man, who takes a piece of cheese and squirts the milk into their astonished faces. "Seven at one blow! seven at one blow!" he shouts, and pursues his adventurous way.

In the heart of the forests wicked witches are luring princes to their huts, and presto! with one touch of the wand the poor young men are turned to stone or have fearful tasks set them. Then it is often the animals that come to the aid of the unfortunates. Must Goldfeather gather together a thousand pearls that lie strewed in the moss-covered ground? Along comes an ant, whose life he once saved, and with five thousand comrades, soon completes the task. Is the golden key of the castle to be brought from the bottom of the pond? "Quack! quack!" and a duck, grateful for past favors, is off in a twinkling for it. A love-struck youth is led into the presence of three sleeping dam-

sels, and told to point out the princess who had eaten honey before falling into slumber. Through the open window comes a swarm of bees, and solves the problem by alighting on the lips to which the honey still clings. "Dear little comrade-animals," thought the cobbler, "I have always loved you!"

The ball turned again, and here by the well sits the beautiful step-daughter, just back from her visit to Mother Holle and covered all over with shining gold. Suddenly a dreadful shape appears, black with pitch, screaming and stamping. It is the lazy daughter,—she who would not pull the bread out of the oven when it called to her that it was burning; nor shake the apple tree; nor make the feathers fly from the bed so that mortals might have snow. Over yonder in that high tower an old witch has confined the beautiful Lettice, and every day she uses the maiden's golden hair as a staircase to reach the lofty window. Oh, Lettice! shake down your golden hair quickly today, for a prince will climb up, and after many mishaps, he will set you free. Over the hill speed Goldmaria and a prince, flying from a wicked hag. Alas! she seems about to overtake them, but as she rushes on, a pond spreads before her and a duck paddles around on it. Clever duck! He will not be beguiled to the shore. So the witch determines to drink up the pond, but in the attempt, she bursts.

The cobbler was so radiant with excitement that he did not notice that the day was at an end. Suddenly the beam of light darted away from the crystal ball,—the rainbow pictures faded into grayness, and the sun set behind the village gables.

The wind shrieked around the cobbler's cottage and shook the thatched eaves with fury. Upstairs the children cried under their feather-beds. This was Devil's Night, when wicked spirits roamed abroad and crouched on cross-roads and cemeteries, awaiting their victims. The fat housewife brought a large bowl of corn and peas, and threw the vegetables in showers against the doors and windows. Then no evil could crawl in through the keyhole or pinch them in their beds or carry them away. It was near midnight when Hans rose to put on the shutters. He stood a moment gazing at the the moon, in which he could plainly see the wicked wood-cutter, condemned to stand there always, his faggots on his back, because he had chopped wood on a Sunday. Suddenly the upper half of the door flew open,

the gale rushed in, blowing out the candles, and bearing into the room a white thistledown. It was hardly surprising to the shoemaker that, as it floated into the moonbeam's wake, it changed into a tiny sheeted spectre.

"An evil ghost am I.
Wicked worlds you shall spy
While the moon rides high,"

it moaned, and hovered over the crystal ball.

Therein the cobbler saw a subterranean cave, where stands Death, his icy arm on a young man. Thousands of candles burn in innumerable rows, some new, some almost half consumed. "You are my godchild," whispers the skeleton, "and I made you a famous physician. When I stood at the foot of the sick person's bed you gave him that little herb and he recovered. When I stood at the head you knew that he was doomed. Alas, for you! You have been dazzled by gold. When the king was sick I stood at his head, but you turned him around, —and he recovered. Woe to you. See there!" The youth looks, and sees that all these candles are lives of human beings, and that his own is sputtering in the socket. Wild with terror he snatches a new candle and tries to put it on his own. In the attempt, the flickering flame blows out and the doctor drops dead to the ground.

The ball turned in a blur of light, and left the cobbler gazing into the dim underground vault of a convent. A monk is stealing along behind the pillars, wishing to reach the corpses and wrench from them the secret of life and death. Oh, horror! horror! the imperishable bodies of the brothers sit erect in their lidless coffins, their stoney eyes glaring with lifeless rigidity, their stiffened fingers locked on their breasts. Three old corpses sit at a rotten table, their backs bent as if in intense pain, beckoning the intruder to approach. "Pax vobis," mutters the terrified man. "Hic non pax," comes in hollow piteous tones from the ancient monks. "Who are ye?" shrieks the mortal, gazing at the hearts in their breasts, which are surrounded by eternal flame. "We know not, oh we know not, alas for us! Woe! woe! woe!" "How long will ye suffer?" "For ever and ever, for ever and ever!" dies along the vault, and the hollow wall echoes "ever!"

Again the crystal turned. Here comes a princess, flying from rock to rock, with a giant in full pursuit, his horse jumping ten

miles every minute. Onward she gallops, until suddenly she is brought to a stop,—a thousand feet below a yawning chasm,—a thousand feet away the other side. With a cry of despair she plunges her yard-long spurs into the horse and jumps—reaching the other side in safety but with fearful force. Her horse's hoofs were buried four feet deep in the rock, and her golden crown, which weighs a hundred pounds, falls down into the chasm.

Skeletons and witches and blue lights dance in the ball. Black dogs and cats howl round in a fiery chain. White maidens and red imps terrify lonely travellers, and rocks resound with groans and shrieks. Beds start off in mad gallops through the house and halves of dead men tumble down the chimney.

The moonbeams were straggling in a weird, uncertain whiteness through the window. Suddenly an early cock crowed, the spectre faded away into thin air, and with shrieks and groans still ringing in his ears, Hans crept shivering to his bed.

ELEANOR ADLER.

A SOUTHERN NIGHT

SCENE:—*A garden in Naples; moonlight; a marble statue gleams dimly against the dark trees; amid the shrubbery a hidden fountain, whose waters are heard falling in the pauses of the song. Beyond the garden the rear wall of the palace, a single light at a window opening upon a balcony, from which winding steps lead to the garden.*

PIETRO, *entering.*

Ah me ! was it only yesternight
 She leaned from the window there,
 And threw me for my singing
 A rose still warm from her hair ?
 So fair, so small, so slender
 It lay upon my breast,
 But its thorns have pierced my deepest heart,
 And robbed my soul of rest.

Looking to the window.

A light within !—My rose of Naples wakes !
 Come then, my mandolin, sound sweeter strains,
 As fits her purity and loveliness,
 And weave my burning passion in your song.

Sings.

Open your casement, lady,
 Quenching the taper's light,
 Shame with your perfect beauty
 The glory of the night.
 The quiet court in the moonlight,
 Lies wrapped in dreams of you,—
 Open the casement, fair one.
 And make the vision true.

Pauses, watches the window, then sings again.

The myrtle shadows are dreaming
 Of the shadowy dusks of your hair ;
 The roses dream of your wonderful face,—
 Than theirs it is far more fair ;
 The stars in heaven dream of your eyes,—
 Oh kindest stars, most true !
 And I—I stand 'neath your window
 Dreaming of you, of you !

Dreaming you came, madonna,
 Saw the thorns that broke my rest,
 Placed your two dear hands for healing
 Like balm on my wounded breast.
 Dreaming your eyes were lifted
 To mine, my Queen of the South,—
 Dreaming,—ah, only dreaming,—
 Of the vintage of your mouth !

The light in the window flickers and goes out.

Madonna, my madonna,
 How can I make thee mine ?
 Had I but half the boldness
 Of this twining eglantine
 I too would climb to thee, finding
 The half hath not been told
 Of thy purity and beauty,—
 But ah, I am not bold !

He turns away as if in despair, and walks to the further side of the garden.
MARIA steps upon the balcony, pauses, then comes down the stair unseen by
PIETRO.

MARIA. Best be bold !

PIETRO. Hark ! did I hear — nay ! 'twas the red-capped sailors
 Who sang so sweet far out upon the bay.

MARIA. Best be bold !
 Time's swift-winged—
 Age is cold.
 While Youth and Love
 Together hold,
 Best be bold.

Seeing her, PIETRO runs and kisses the hem of her robe.

Nay, not adoration,—rather this.

Giving him her hand, which he kisses, she raises him to her side.

PIETRO. Ah, lovely, gracious dreams, stay ever thus !
 Enfold me in thy wond'rous mysteries
 And seal mine eyes forever from the day !
 For oh, I would give life and hope of heaven
 To be thus ever dreaming of my love,
 Forever dreaming, dreaming, she were mine !.

MARIA, *falteringly, with bent head.* Dreaming ?
 Dreaming you came — madonna ?
 Saw the thorns that broke my rest ?
 Placed your—two—hands—for healing—
 Like balm on my wounded breast.

Placing her hands over his heart.

“ Dreaming your eyes were lifted
 To mine, my—Queen of the South ?
 Dreaming—ah, only *dreaming* ?
 Of — ”

PIETRO. Of the vintage of your mouth !
 Oh Love, my Heart's Desirè !
 Is it really you at last ?
 Ah, God ! her love makes little
 The anguish of the past !
 I am faint and near to falling
 Before the present bliss—
 Future and past are meeting
 In this long, sweet, passionate kiss !

CLARA WINIFRED NEWCOMB

ROMANS XIII

Everybody said it was such a queer thing when Jonadab Mifflin fell in love with Theodora Evans. Not that she wasn't a good enough girl, but she was altogether too gay and flighty for a minister's wife. None realized this fact more than Theodora herself, and she told Jonadab so every time he asked her

to marry him, which was often. Theodora was not very popular in the village. They did not know her well. She had just come home from a four years' course in a fashionable boarding-school, and she had that species of aloofness, which, while it attracted the young men of Martinville, succeeded in freezing out anyone who came near her.

She had too many manners for most of them, and she knew too much. There was not a young man in Martinville who would not have been glad to "keep company" with Theodora Evans, but at the first word any one of them addressed to her, his courage died in his heart. So during the first year after Theodora came home from the boarding-school, she remained swainless among the maidens of Martinville. But as soon as the Presbyterian Church called Jonadab Mifflin, and he took up his abode in Martinville, it became evident that Theodora was no longer to be undisturbed. The new parson fell in love with her the first Sunday that he saw her in her father's pew in church, and, though he vainly fancied no one else knew, it was at once only too evident to the congregation.

The parsonage was next to the church, but Jonadab Mifflin did not live there. He lived with a widowed aunt, whose home was next the Evanses. So the parsonage stayed unoccupied, to the great dissatisfaction of the people of Martinville. Some of the hardiest men ventured to speak to Theodora on the subject.

"It's a shame for that good parsonage to lie idle all this time," one of them said. "I do wish Pastor Mifflin would get married and come and live there. He'd ought to have a nice home, and goodness knows his aunt doesn't give him one."

"Yes, I do wish he would get married," replied Theodora calmly. "I hear he likes some girl over in Ware." But all her calmness did not deceive the people of Martinville.

"She's a hard-hearted sinner," was the general verdict, and there were dozens of girls in Martinville who sighed vainly after Pastor Mifflin, while he walked home from prayer-meeting with Theodora.

"There are three reasons why I won't marry you," she said firmly, at the sixth time of asking. "The first is, I don't love you. The second is, I never would marry a minister, anyway. I shouldn't make a good minister's wife, and you know that as well as I, for I've told you enough times. I never could be dignified enough to sit quietly way up there in front in the minis-

ter's pew, and I never could lead a Woman's Prayer Meeting in the world. Why, I should be scared to death, and I'd feel like a regular hypocrite getting up and exhorting them to be good when I was as wicked as could be, myself. I—"

"And the third reason, Theodora?" asked the minister calmly. He had heard the first two reasons so often that he had grown tired of them.

"The third reason," said Theodora, hesitating a moment, "I'd rather not tell you."

The minister fell silent. Theodora cast a sidewise look at him from under her chiffon hat, and the good looks of the man were suddenly distinctly apparent to her. So, to hide this, she laughed.

"You mustn't take it too seriously," she said quickly; "you ought to get used to it by this time." Then she laughed again, and the minister, stung to the quick, turned suddenly and left her.

Theodora's father, a paralytic, who was unable to leave his chair, greeted her kindly as she came in. He was a more educated man than the Martinville standard demanded, and there existed between the two, a feeling which was more like friend to friend, than father and daughter.

"Well," he cried, as he caught sight of her half-serious face, "I suspect the minister has been asking you to marry him, again."

"He has!" replied Theodora, with her ever ready laughter. "Oh, daddy, it was very funny this time. Funnier than all the other times."

"He's a very determined young man," mused her father. "I shouldn't wonder if he got you, after all."

"I gave him two reasons why I wouldn't marry him," said Theodora, sitting down on the floor at her father's feet, and taking off her fluffy hat. "But I didn't tell him the third. I was afraid it might hurt him, for it's not anything he can help."

"And what is it?"

"I—it's his name! Jonadab Mifflin! I never could stand it, and I never can. Fancy 'Mrs. Jonadab Mifflin' on my visiting cards. His last name's bad enough—I always want to call him Mr. Muffin—but his Christian name is worse. I shouldn't call it a Christian name at all. Why—"

"If you really loved him," began her father.

"But I don't!" she cried, springing up and throwing her hat on the couch, "and I never, never shall!"

The next Sunday was long known in Martinville as one of the two memorable Sundays in the pastorate of Jonadab Mifflin. He preached this day his famous sermon on "Love," and he chose for his text the latter part of Romans XIII, 9-10. "And if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Love worketh no ill to his neighbor, therefore love is the fulfilling of the law."

He preached a most powerful sermon, and all the time his burning eyes were fixed on Theodora Evans, as she sat alone in her father's pew, smoothing down the ruffles of her pink organdy dress. She held her head a little tipped sideways, and she listened attentively and deferentially to Jonadab Mifflin as he laid bare his innermost thoughts on love. But her face never changed from its expression of sweet, calm superiority, even when she at last grew conscious that everybody in the church was looking at her.

"It's a shame," said Mrs. Watson to her unmarried daughter, as they left the church, "it's a burning shame for Theodory Evans to treat the parson so. Anybody could see with half an eye that that sermon was preached right at her, and I call it a sin for her to treat him so that he's forced to preach right out in meeting to her. I should think this would bring her round if anything would. Why, there ain't another girl in the church that could 'a held out against it, if he'd preached that way to her."

Her daughter blushed furiously, and nervously patted the damp red curls on her forehead. Behind her quiet, plain exterior, dwelt a heart which had been stirred to its depths by Jonadab Mifflin's pathetic sermon. When he had given out the text, he had read it over twice, then he had said,

"I am going to ask as many of you as are interested in this sermon, to do something for me. I'm going to ask you to learn the text. It's not a very long one, and it's not a very hard one, but it's one well worth remembering. Won't you please, after you go home, take your Bible and sit down and learn the text? I shan't ask you to learn my text very often—perhaps never again, but this time—this time, please learn the text."

And all the way home, poor Mary Watson kept repeating to

herself over and over, "And if there be any other commandment—and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying—"

After church Theodora Evans hurried out and sped up the street, without shaking hands with her pastor. To the eyes of the congregation it would rather seem as if Theodora had hurried away to avoid her pastor. It seemed so to him, at any rate and when he saw her go, he ceased shaking hands with his little flock, and seizing his hat from his peg in the vestry, sped up the street. He was a tall young man, and he had been prominent in athletics in the Theological Seminary, and his long legs very quickly overtook Theodora, though she hurried so that she was out of breath when he stepped up beside her. For an instant she said nothing. Then as soon as she caught her breath, she began the attack.

"You needn't tell me you preached that sermon for my especial benefit," she remarked tartly, "for it's only too evident. How you could ever bring yourself to do it, I don't see. If you really do care for me, I should think you'd realize how it would make me feel to have everybody in that church whispering and nudging each other and making game of me because you couldn't keep your thoughts about me to yourself. You—"

"Why, Theodora," said Jonadab Mifflin, "I never said a single thing about you."

"No, but you looked it," returned Theodora, with a blush against which she vainly struggled. "I don't believe there's a person in that church but who knew you preached that sermon straight at me to try to persuade me to marry you."

"Why, Theodora," said the minister again, "I didn't preach that sermon to you any more than any of the other sermons I've preached ever since I've known you."

Till that moment he had not been aware that anybody else save himself knew that he had been directing every word to Theodora. He had so long been in the habit of preaching every sermon he uttered, for her and her alone, that he did not realize any difference in his attitude to-day.

At his last words, Theodora blushed again.

"Well, I wish you'd stop it," she said shortly, "it puts me in a very awkward position." She did not end so bravely as she started, and Jonadab Mifflin, walking beside her, seeing only the soft curve of her cheek as she looked away into the blossom-

ing fields, took heart of grace and said, with more confidence than he had shown for some time.

"But there's one thing, Theodora—I—the text—you remember I asked all interested, to learn it. Theodora, will you learn the text?"

"No, I will not," said Theodora, curtly. "I'm not interested and I will not learn the text." She mowed down a daisy with her parasol as she spoke.

His face went suddenly white, and his mouth grew into a set firmness that Theodora had never seen there before.

"Very well, Theodora," he said, and his voice was so grave and stern that Theodora started. "I shall not ask you again to learn the text. I have not asked you to do many things for me, since I have been your pastor, not so many things as I have asked the other members of my congregation, but everything I have asked you to do, you have refused to do. I shall never ask you to do anything for me again. Good afternoon, Theodora. Please remember me to your father. I hope to get in to see him this week."

He turned on his heel and walked swiftly back, meeting on his way all the straggling members of his congregation. Theodora stood a minute where he had left her, stupefied from mere astonishment, then suddenly she laughed her inconsequential little laugh and started again toward home. Her father saw her coming, and called her in to him.

"Something's happened," he said, looking up at her pale face. "What is it?"

"Nothing," returned Theodora with a forced gaiety, "only the minister has asked me once more and I refused him for good and all." Her father sighed.

"There's something else," he ventured, "but you needn't tell me about it if you don't care to."

"Thank you," said Theodora, "I won't."

She went up to her room, and sat down by a window. It was one that looked out on the minister's yard, and suddenly catching sight of him on his porch, she gave a petulant exclamation and went over to the other window. She did not take her hat off, but she sat there, white and still, with wide, unwinking eyes that saw nothing.

"He asked me to learn the text, and I said I would not learn

it. I didn't want to learn it. I wonder if it's a very hard text, he said it wasn't, though. But my memory's very poor. He—"

She reached over and took from a low table the little old Bible that had been hers ever since she was a baby. Somehow whether by chance or otherwise, the Bible opened at Romans. Theodora idly flirted over the leaves; suddenly familiar words caught her eye.

"And if there be any other commandment—"

Theodora shut the book with a snap, but she kept her finger in the place.

"Really, I don't think it would be so hard to learn. How handsome he looked when he gave out the text. What a handsome fellow he is, anyway! I wonder—" The Bible opened again.

"'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself—' Makes it very awkward for me, having him my next door neighbor. If he were any other sort of a man, it would be very unpleasant for me. 'Love worketh no ill . . . is the fulfilling of the law.' I wonder if other people think him good-looking. And he's as good as he looks—I've heard. 'And another commandment I give unto you—' How easy it is to learn, so familiar and all—'thy neighbor—worketh no ill—' Why—why, I've nearly learned it. I don't want to learn it! Another minute and I should have done it." She flung the Bible on the bed and sprang up.

"I wouldn't have learned it for the world!" she cried, so loud that her father downstairs heard her.

On the next Sunday came that second of the two memorable sermons. It was a sermon on the creation, and Pastor Mifflin prefaced his remarks by a word or so of explanation.

"I should not have voluntarily chosen to preach on this subject," he said, with hesitation, "and I should not have done so now, had it not been that one of the members of my congregation has asked me to deliver a sermon on the creation, and embody in it my own views and beliefs in regard to the creation."

Deacon Bradley, at whose request the sermon had come forth, squirmed a trifle uneasily in his seat, expecting some personal reference. But none came, for after this brief explanation, Parson Mifflin plunged immediately into his subject. He did not once look at Theodora, during the sermon, and his obviously studied disregard of her annoyed her as much as had his steady

gaze the week before. She listened attentively, and she agreed perfectly with what he was saying, and she rather wondered why he had hesitated to preach the sermon.

But it affected the other members of his congregation far differently. He told them that he believed that the creation was not accomplished in seven natural days, but seven periods, and that it didn't make a grain of difference what the Bible said about it. They opened their eyes wide and gaped at him. When he had ended and given the benediction the congregation filed silently out, passing Jonadab Mifflin with averted faces, avoiding his outstretched hand as if he were a leper. Theodora was one of the few who shook hands with him.

The next Wednesday evening was the prayer-meeting, and Theodora went, as she was wont to do. Somehow she could not seem to pay close attention on this evening; she listened as one in a dream, as the minister gave out the hymns, prayed, and finally began to speak. As in a dream she heard him saying something about having been asked to give more fully the views he had outlined on the previous Sunday, and she thought dully that he was a trifle more excited and vehement than usual. She heard him saying something about the creation story and she wondered why he should speak on the same subject so often. He finally ceased, and sat down and there fell a terrible silence, a silence so long that Theodora grew aware of it, and came suddenly to herself. She glanced furtively at the faces of those around her—they all sat silent and rigid, and forbidding, like spectators at a prisoner's trial. Suddenly Deacon Bradley arose. Theodora could not take in much of what he said, her thoughts had floated away again, but all at once she heard these words:

"If our minister holds views so totally different from the usual views of the Christian religion, he'd better quit being a minister and turn his hand to something else. He ain't fit to be a minister of the gospel."

Theodora started. Every drop of blood in her body tingled. Somehow she got to the open air and found herself running like mad up the street to her own home.

"Meeting's out early," said her father.

"Yes," returned Theodora, "and it's a burning shame." Her father stared at her in surprise.

The next Saturday Theodora had word of a special meeting of all the church, to be held that evening. She wondered what

it could be about, as she started off at seven o'clock. The minister's aunt was standing by her gate, and she spoke acidly to Theodora as the girl passed.

"If anyone asks about the minister," she said, "you can tell 'em he's ill."

"Seriously ill?" asked Theodora.

"Just a cold. He don't feel like gettin' out, though."

It was a very large church meeting, and every one was unusually serious. Theodora paid great attention as the opening prayer was made and then she set her teeth hard as Deacon Bradley arose. She had begun almost to hate that man. He spoke vigorously, but not to any particular point, then Theodora suddenly became aware that he was proposing to send to the minister a committee who should request him to resign.

"The annual meeting of the church," finished Deacon Bradley, "is to-morrow night, and the pastor's resignation can then be acted upon. I'm sure there ain't a soul in this church who wants to have for a pastor a man who sets aside the Scriptures as if they was of no account whatever."

And all, save Theodora, murmured assent. The committee was chosen, and sent to wait upon the absent pastor, and the meeting adjourned. As Theodora passed the minister's on her way home she caught a glimpse of his aunt at the back door.

"How is the minister, now?" asked Theodora as she went up to the house.

"Very ill," replied Mrs. Foster. "The doctor's just been here and says he has pneumony. That there church committee has upset him terrible."

"Did — did he resign?" asked Theodora, tremulously.

"Yes, he did. He was so sick he hardly knew what he was about, poor boy. Say, Theodora, couldn't you send him a message of some kind? It might cheer him up a bit. He sets great store by you."

"No," said Theodora, firmly, "I couldn't, but I'll send him some jelly."

Mrs. Foster sniffed and went into the house.

There was a stir of interest and half fearful anticipation when Deacon Bradley as chairman rose, and after calling the meeting to order requested the clerk to proceed with the business of the hour. Theodora, with flushed cheeks and parted lips, listened, while the clerk read out the resignation of Jonadab Mifflin as

astor of the church. There was a kind of quick gasp from everybody as he ended. Now that they were face to face with it, the thing seemed more formidable than before. Somebody finally made a motion to accept the resignation and somebody seconded it, and then Deacon Bradley called for discussion of the motion, "if there is any need for any discussion," he added, with a sarcastic smile. There was a little silence, and then everybody was startled to see Theodora Evans rise to her feet. She was quite calm and collected, and her voice rang out clear and true. She forgot that she had ever told Jonadab Mifflin that it would scare her to death to speak in meeting. She forgot everything except what she was saying, and people looked at her as at one inspired.

"I don't believe you know what you are doing," she said, "or 'you'd never do this terrible thing. What difference does it make whether your minister believes that the world was made in seven days or in seventy? It doesn't make him any less a Christian. It's what he *does*, rather than what he believes, and as long as he believes in the Lord Jesus Christ and tries to live like him, and *does* live like him,—for you know he does,—I think he's as good a Christian as anyone here. He's been a good minister to you, — he's done more for you than any other minister you ever had, and in ways you'd not expect a minister to help you. Who was it nursed Johnny Carr through the scarlet fever last spring? Who was it paid the money to keep old Mrs. Trimble from going to the poorhouse? Who was it paid the money to send Jack Allen to a school in the city, and furnished food and money for Jack's mother while Jack was away? I didn't know who did these things at the time, but I've found out since that it was your minister. He's always done whatever you asked him. Why, it was at the request of some of your members that he preached that very sermon for which you blame him. And it's little enough you've done for him. I'm speaking for myself, too, for I've never appreciated his goodness, and I've never done a single thing for him. I didn't even learn that text he asked us to, the other Sunday, but I say it's little enough we've done for him, and if you send him away you'll regret it all your lives. I—" She paused suddenly, and became conscious that everyone in the room was listening in deathly silence. "I didn't mean to say so much," she said, "but I couldn't bear to think of your doing this awful thing

while he is lying there so ill and helpless. I believe if you accept his resignation, that it will kill him. I tell you if you vote to send that man away, you'll be murderers, every one of you!" She sat down, with very red cheeks, startled at her own temerity. For a second there was silence, then Judge Lamson leaped to his feet.

"Brother Moderator," he cried, "I withdraw my motion — I —"

But he was interrupted, for the whole congregation, suddenly finding their tongues, shouted and clapped furiously, even if it was in the church.

Just before the meeting broke up, Theodora rose once more to her feet, very self-conscious and frightened now.

"I'm so glad you've done this," she faltered, "I can't tell you how glad. But if any one of you tells the minister about — about my speaking out in meeting so, I'll never speak to a single one of you again!"

She sped home before the rest of the people came streaming up the road, but just after the committee sent to report to the minister had reached the house. She met Mrs. Foster in the kitchen, and that lady seized her in her arms and clasped her violently.

"He's better!" she cried, "and it's just because they wouldn't take his resignation. Oh, he's better, he's better! Thank God!"

Theodora, without a word, stole out of the door.

"Ain't you got a message for him?" pleaded Mrs. Foster. "Most all the girls have left messages for him, and jellies and flowers. Ain't you going to leave him a message?"

"No," said Theodora, with such timidity that it seemed impossible that this was the girl whose voice had rung out in meeting not so very long before. "No, I don't think I'll leave any message."

She went over to her house, then pausing an instant at the door, she turned, and ran back again. Mrs. Foster was still in the kitchen.

"You can tell him, if you want to," said Theodora, "that I am — that I am trying — to learn the text."

RUTH POTTER MAXSON.

GIOVINEZZA PERDUTA

Certain men meeting me
Said, entreating me :—
[It was down on the low still road
Where the river goes by :
There was shade broad and good,
But I saw sun-shapes fly.
And I — and I
Being vagrant, forsooth,
And in first flush of youth
Laughed, they entreating me :—
Soberly meeting me.]
“ Good sir, we pray :
Has one passed you to-day ? ”—
I, having seen three
Cross the footway of me,
Laughed out with “ One ?
Then is there but one !
Should I know where run
All earth’s rivers to one ? ”
“ But no, surely no.”
They were sober and slow,
And old : somewhat gray :
And their caps had no tilt
And their voices no lilt.
So I answered them straight.
“ Was it she, who of late
Drove by in state ?
The harness-trappings jingle
As she gallops down the dingle ?
Up the hill and out of sight :—
Crack of whip, leap of light ;
I heard the footman swear aloud,
But her old face was still and proud ?
Is it she whom you seek ?
Good sirs, speak ! ”
And I leaned against the rail
At the bridge there in the dale
With the quick brown river listening
Lithe and like an Indian ; glistening—
“ Was it she ? Good sirs, speak ! ”
“ No,” they shook their two bald polls :

I noticed how a river rolls
 Unruddered twigs of flowery things
 And how a red-winged blackbird sings:—
 "No— who else went by to-day?"

I, sharp with delay—
 "Was it he who loitered, lame
 As a ninety-wintered dame:
 Yet whistled out a bird-built note
 From a clear, keen, joyful throat?
 He leaned upon a staff, indeed,
 But to that I gave no heed,
 For his face was of the sun.
 Surely, now, he was the one."

And I raised my feet to go,
 But they held my arm. "Ah, no!
 Tell us,—who else went this way?"

I, very keen to use my day,
 Pulled my ragged sleeve away.
 Yet their eyes besought me so!

"Surely now, you'll answer no!
 It was but a little maid
 Who ran by me in the shade,
 Yet the sun was on her hair:—
 I called and told her she was fair,
 And she turned, and laughed, and ran;
 And left me— more or less—a man!
 It's not she that you would find."

"No, not she.—Oh, you were blind
 Else you had seen him ride this way!
 He came here every sun-shot day,
 When we dwelt here,—long ago?
 Verily, not long ago!

Yet, now that we have come again
 From that far pilgrimage we made
 His blank-eyed windows give us pain:—
 And where he is, no soul has said.

You must have known him, had you seen
 The dust behind him fleck the green!
 Fast he rode: the hoof-sounds went
 Like flashes of a firmament.
 And he was tall enough, and young
 And a song was on his tongue.
 Besides, a token that he bears
 Is the gay green cloak he wears
 With silver threads that crawl and creep.
 Ah, you must have lain asleep?"

Their eyes had almost made me weep
 Had I not been so young and hard

And eager for myself. I barred
My tears' gate quickly. "No," I said,
"I have not seen him, sirs. Instead
I saw the small wild berries shake
Their red reflections in the lake
Where the river spreads and stills.
And I heard among the hills —"
"Your pardon, sir,—we too have heard
The song of many a pretty bird,
But he—he was a friend indeed
And shall be now. You gave no heed."
And their eyes besought me so.
But once more I answered, "No,
I've not marked a man like this.
Good morrow, sirs. Go not amiss,
Perchance you'll find him at the mill
That bits the river down the hill,—
Fair weather, sirs!" And forth I ran,—
Hard-hearted mockery of a man!—
And left them leaning on the rail
Of the bridge that binds the dale.

Forth I ran. The daisies caught
Errant steps of feet and thought.
The crushed wild strawberries sent their sweet
Of taste-like fragrance from my feet;
And I saw where mountains met
Far as sea's horizon's set
The perfect curve of earth. Just then
There came behind me, noon-entranced,
A limping sound of hoofs. Again
I stopped, and down the roadway glanced.
Then turned aside, and hid my face
Behind a birch tree for a space.
And when I looked, the thing was gone.
Save a dull dust-puff wandering on
And up the steep road, and away.
I was not pleased so with my day.

Down in the daisied grass I lay;
Above, the high white clouds stirred by.
Yet I—yet I—

Did not smile. I knew him then
Who was sought of those gray men.

This it was:—A man as old
As a tale that has been told:
Shoulder-bent: vague nodding head:
Eyes as of a soul long dead
That looks forth and does not see.

Sun is too bright for such as he,—
 And as he rode a shameful cross
 Betwixt a skeleton and horse ;
 All the saddle hung in rags,
 Ropes and frayed out tinsel-tags.
 But the sun-bleached cloak he wore
 Showed green and silver long before :
 And something told me in my heart
 "He is no beggar, all apart
 From the youth they thought to find."
 And horror froze my sunny mind.
 And I thought : " Might one be kind
 And comfort him ? He could not tell
 The gold of Heaven from fire of Hell.
 For his soul has gone astray :
 Too far for comfort — far away."

So I, lying in the grass
 Where the shadows pass and pass,
 Sighed and frowned in all that sun :
 Knowing "Yes, he was the one."

A berry's ruddy globe I plucked :
 The hot sweet juices slowly sucked,
 And, little satisfied, I went
 Down the roadway, more content
 When I forgot those questioning men
 And that dead-eyed old sorrow. Then
 I saw them lingering at the mill
 Down by the stopping of the hill.

I seemed to shut my heart. Forsooth !
 How civil-cruel were the truth
 At certain times ! It was not youth
 Nor hard-souled heedlessness that I
 Called out " Good joy again ! " My cry
 Scarce moved them, though they looked at me.
 " Good-day, sir. " (" No, it is not he. ")
 " You have not seen him, sirs, at all ? "
 " Ah, no ! " — It seemed as if a wall
 Of sudden mist before my eyes
 Arose as honest sorrows rise,
 And I turned and ran away
 To let them wander out their day.

I did not shout, and tell " I know
 Your friend, but he is thus, and so. —
 You have lived fair lives, I see,
 Though you are gray of head as he.
 Did you not come nigh to him
 Before his very sky grew dim

With some heavy, thick-spun thing?

I warrant you, you shall be dead
Before you hear him sing,
For he is gone where youth is fled ;
Youth 's left a shell of a thing.
— Good sirs, forgive me that I hold
My silences. When I am old
Perhaps I'll tell you all I know.
Your friend? I saw him. Thus, and so."

With such a thought, I ran away
Through the hill roads to my day.
Met a maid ; laughed with a man ;
Slept in shade, and ate, and ran,
And thanked God that I was young
And a song was on my tongue.

Still, I have wondered, many nights
When slow stars set up their lights
In the distant darkened sky,
If they found him ; far or nigh,
On the hills of shade and sun,
He, their love, the youthful one.

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS.

SKETCHES

IN APRIL DAYS

The bank is blue with violets
A-dancing in the breeze,
The fields are bright with gay sunlight,
And gemmed with budding trees,
Sweet April smiles on all our ways,
Deep wood and dappled lea —
Ah, Sweetheart of the April days,
Have you no smile for me?

The brooding skies grow darkly gray,
The gentle raindrops fall
And brim the cup each flower holds up,
And hush the robin's call.
Nature's dear face grows dim — ah, Sweet,
E'en April weeps to see!
My heart lies broken at your feet —
Have you no tears for me?

MARY WILHELMINA HASTINGS.

Elijah Heminway went out into that portion of his property on which his house did not rest and which was therefore by courtesy referred to as the garden. He

Elijah Heminway's seated himself on a rusty iron bench,
Love of Nature fixed his attention on an equally rusty iron dog, half buried in dead leaves, and made a conscientious effort to enjoy nature. He told himself that the leaves were full of meaning, symbols of a summer that was past, signs of a — er — his attention wandered. It seemed to him that he ought to pay a man to rake them together and burn them. He started violently as the full force of this idea struck him. Heresy! Nero had burned Rome, he thought whimsically, because it was of no value to him personally; he, Elijah Heminway, for a similar reason should not order the leaves destroyed, for literature was not without records of peo-

ple who admired and cherished these autumnal treasures. Literature—his mind caught at the word and reverted to it. How represented? How expressed? By books, of course, and it was to get away from books alluring, all-absorbing, that he had come out to sit in his garden on this November morning. He must not consider them, or think of them. Periodically at intervals of a year or so it seemed to Elijah Heminway that he gave himself too exclusively to study, that his whole life “smelt of the lamp”, and when this idea came to him he told himself vaguely that he must put aside the scholar’s attitude and get in touch with nature.

Last April, by reference to his calendar he had discovered that it was spring. So he made a note of the fact that he must go out and walk in the woods. However he became interested in some legal research work and lost the memorandum under a pile of papers and pamphlets on his desk. This morning he had come across it and had compromised by going out for a time in his garden. This does not mean that from April to November Elijah Heminway had not been out of his house. On the contrary, every evening about five he walked to the post-office, a distance of half a mile, after the newspapers, certain scientific periodicals and legal reports for which he subscribed. Occasionally he received a letter from a half-sister of his who was married and lived in the northern part of the state, and occasionally he mailed a reply, enclosing a check. On these walks to the post-office he exchanged courteous if absent-minded bows with such of his fellow-townsmen as he met, and for the rest of the way gave himself up to the contemplation of any problems which he was considering. On returning home he sometimes said to himself, “The air is good for me.” But the atmosphere was the only part of the outside world to which he gave any thought on these occasions. The scenery he had been familiar with since boyhood. He never considered it, one way or the other. This morning however was different. Nature had conscientiously to be gotten in touch with. Elijah thought, absently, still looking at the animal, that the iron dog had been a mistaken effort. Then he smiled quizzically.

“The work of man, of course,—my mind like parliament was prorogued—er—dismissed for the holidays, suspended for a time,” he said half aloud, his voice high-pitched and dry like the crackling of dead twigs. His eyes wandered aimlessly and

he tried to forget the interesting case of Perkins versus Robinson, in which he had been absorbed before he came out into the garden, and did so temporarily, when his attention was caught by the brick fence which surrounded his house and which needed repairs. He rose and shook himself slightly.

"Not nature, Elijah," he said to himself, "*homo, hominem*". And he gazed at the ashen skies above him long and earnestly, trying to focus his attention on them, his mind working as if it were a stop-watch, going rapidly on its way one minute, then stopped short at a given point by a force external. He attempted to think of an appropriate quotation and vaguely remembered something about "*sea and sky intermingling*". But there was no sea, and the leaden skies suggested a change in the barometric height to Elijah — nothing more. Suddenly his meditations were interrupted by a voice.

"Good morning, Mr. Heminway," it said.

Elijah rose, startled, but he bowed courteously, not succeeding in hiding a mild amazement as he gazed at the owner of the voice. She was a young and pretty girl who sat very straight on a placid white horse outside his gate. It seemed to Elijah that she must have been there all along, for he had not heard her horse come down the road, so absorbed had he been. Perhaps it was because Nature had seemed so singularly unresponsive and all of one tone that morning that Elijah now regarded the young woman who addressed him with rather more interest than he usually displayed towards any person not contained in the covers of a book. He was even vaguely conscious, though he hardly defined the feeling, that she made a pleasant piece of color against the dull gray of the sky, and that the white horse was distinctly more pleasing in outline than the iron dog. He thought she must be some neighbor giving him a friendly greeting, and he could hardly hide a gasp of surprise when she slipped her foot from the stirrup, slid to the ground, threw her reins over his own gate-post and entered his garden, holding up her habit daintily, and with her riding whip flicking at the dead leaves.

"Mr. Heminway," she said, "I'm glad to find you in your garden. I—I've used it sometimes when you haven't known it, and I wanted to tell you"—she paused and laughed nervously—"it's a very pretty garden," she finished lamely.

Elijah was distinctly uneasy. Long retirement and seclusion had apparently rendered him incapable of understanding ordi-

nary conversation. Used his garden! What could she mean? His narrow shoulders jerked apprehensively.

"Pray," he said, in an agitated voice, "be seated," and he waved uncertainly toward the iron bench.

"Thank you," answered the girl, and at once sat down, sweeping her dark blue habit to one side with a great rustling of leaves. "Won't you, too?" she asked.

"Oh," said Elijah, "I'm sure—that is, I'm much obliged." And he gingerly occupied the edge of the other end of the bench.

There was a pause. Elijah abstractedly observed the white horse, a steed who held his head in a manner which suggested those persons whose chins enter a room some seconds before they themselves appear. To Elijah, however, the horse was merely a convenient object to fixate, so he did so.

The girl looked at Elijah.

"I don't believe you remember," she said, finally, "but my name is Lydia White."

"Oh," Elijah replied, with the air of one who sees a faint light dawning, "I—if I'm not mistaken, I went to the university with your father."

"Yes, you did," affirmed the girl, "and you've seen me also, sometimes. But I guess you don't remember."

Elijah coughed.

"To the point in hand,—" he began, legally.

"Oh, never mind," said Lydia White, "it doesn't matter. I just reminded you since it was because you knew my father, and me too just a little, that I took the liberty to use your garden."

"I am glad," said Elijah slowly, "that you have found it—er—convenient. But how could you utilize it?" he paused, contrite. "Pardon me," he said quickly, "I did not mean to ask. It has been a long time since I've asked any one a question about a matter not concerning me personally."

"But it's your garden, and besides, I want to tell you," said Lydia. Yet in spite of expressing her desire to do so, she hesitated before speaking. "I used it for a post-office," she stated, finally, with naïve simplicity, as if this had been the sole purpose for gardens since the days of Eden.

Elijah looked at her with an expression which he wore sometimes when, while reading Greek, he came upon an unusual word, and had no dictionary at hand.

"And the iron dog," continued Lydia, rising and going over to that peculiarly unnatural combination of the animal and mineral kingdoms, and placing her hand on its head, "was the post-office box. You see how"—and she put three fingers of one hand into the dog's mouth, which was open, disclosing iron fangs. Then she pulled off one of her gloves and took from it two long narrow notes, one white and one blue. "You see they'd fit in it," she said, and came back carrying them in her hand, and sat down again by Elijah, who smiled at her, kindly, yet questioningly.

"But," he said, "the real post-office is nearer your home than my garden."

"Oh, of course," assented Lydia, "you see I write them every morning to some one I see every evening, and this is such a little town I couldn't put them into the regular post-office. Everybody'd know."

"Ah!" said Elijah, "you see this person every evening, yet you write every morning. Pardon me, but I don't quite understand."

"It is often that way,"—explained Lydia shyly, but with the air of one who instructs a child at kindergarten,—“when one cares a lot."

"I see," remarked Elijah dryly, "and also when one is very young, perhaps."

"I'm seventeen," asserted Lydia proudly,—“and—I didn't have to tell you." Her chin trembled a little and the corners of her mouth quivered. Elijah was terror-stricken. If she should weep here in his garden what would he do,—he, who had come out to enjoy the calm beauties of nature, a pleasure which, if interrupted, now particularly appealed to him. She did not weep, however, but laughed a little, instead.

"I told you," she said, "because I wanted to ask your advice. Everyone says you know more than anybody else in the whole town. I've always liked you ever since I was a little bit of a girl and bumped into you on the street. You patted my head hard and said, 'good child, good child,' though I guess you scarcely knew you did it. I'd run away from home at the time, and I was lonesome and very grateful to you. It's always pleasant to be thought good when one's acting worse, I suppose." She paused, a little breathless.

Elijah was distinctly disturbed; he twisted about uneasily on

the bench, his thin face drawn and perplexed. It seemed correct that he should say something.

"I've always liked young people," he said with a polite but unconvincing manner,—then, compelled by honesty,—“when I thought of them at all,” he added.

"I know, it's because you've been so absorbed in your studies," said Lydia sympathetically, "you haven't thought of people much. And it's about your studies I want to ask you. I'm deciding a question this morning, and it suddenly occurred to me that you could be of more help to me than anybody else. I can't make up my mind, and to me it's very important."

Elijah had studied law, and knew it well in theory, but he had never practiced it. He now felt something approaching to the thrill of a young lawyer, given his first case. Here was a real problem to be solved apparently. A look of interest was gradually succeeding the expression of courteous distress which he had had before, during the interview.

"I had always intended," said Lydia slowly, "to go to the state university, and I was going after Christmas this year. You know people can enter in the middle of year. But now I can't decide."

"Higher education for women in general has long been a question, the consideration of which —" began Elijah.

"But this isn't in general, it's in particular," interrupted the girl eagerly. "Of course, generally speaking, it's a fine thing, and that's why I was going as long as I was only a general case, but now I'm a particular one, somebody doesn't want me to go."

Elijah wondered if all lawyers found their clients as difficult to follow as he did this one. "Your parents—" he suggested.

"I have several brothers and sisters. My father and mother would want me to do as I wish, I'm sure. It's the person I write the letters to, you know—every morning—who would rather I wouldn't go, and I have two notes to him here. The white one says I am going, and—to wait for me if he wants to—but the blue note says I prefer to do as he wishes—now. I don't know yet which one I'll leave, the white or the blue. It was a foolish thing to do, I know—to write both notes."

Elijah did not deny this. "You are very young," he asserted once more, apologetically.

"But you," said Lydia, "know about these things. You know science, and law, and everything. Would I be happier

to go to the university, and learn all these things? Have you found books the best things in the world, and does, after all, this other not count for much when you know a great, great deal?"

Elijah was struck dumb with amazement. It seemed that he was not to be lawyer, but judge, and seemingly between books, which he had forced himself to leave this morning, and this other something of which the girl spoke. He recalled with a pang of remorse his beloved library, and the hours, the years he had spent happily in it. To decide against that!

He turned suddenly to Lydia. "Do you care for this man?" he asked, and his voice had a sympathetic note in it. He was still thinking of his library.

The girl did not answer Elijah, but she looked steadily at him, and though he had never seen that particular expression in a woman's eyes before, he understood it now.

"My dear Miss White," he said,—and it was the most affectionate form of address which he had used verbally for many years,— "I have always heard that this other is the greatest thing in the world."

"So have I," said the girl, "but do you, who must know, believe it?" Something in her eager tone plead with Elijah to say that he did.

"Yes," he said quickly, remembering the look in her eyes.

Lydia went over by the gate, and put her arms around the white horse who had stood there patiently all this time, and hugged him. "I'm glad," she exclaimed, but Elijah was not certain whom she was addressing. Then she came back where he was sitting.

"And after all," she said, "when you've studied a great deal, haven't you only learned how much more there is to know?"

"Yes," he answered again, "that is true." But he felt somewhat hypocritical in not mentioning the satisfaction he had gotten from learning that. Then he changed the subject suddenly. It was his turn to question.

"Miss White," he asked, "on a morning like this, do you feel in touch with nature?"

Lydia looked down at some torn pieces of white paper which she had in her hand. "Yes," she said, simply, "with everything," and she laughed.

Elijah looked at her with admiration. "Excellent. I :

pleased that you do. A study of nature—trees, leaves, birds, er—animals,”— he glanced at the fat white horse,— “a study of all these will not only prove of value to you, but it may lead you sometimes to the interesting consideration of other problems.”

Lydia however was not listening to him. Far down the road was visible a dark speck advancing rapidly. “I’ve been here so much longer than usual that it’s now time for the mail to be delivered,” she said. “I guess I’ll stay if you don’t mind, and we’ll read it together.” She glanced down at the blue note.

“We, you and I?” asked Elijah, and they both laughed. “Vox, et præterea nihil,” he added. “A threat, nothing more.” He looked at Lydia a moment.

“I can never,” she said, “thank you enough”— but she was watching the black speck grow larger as it approached down the road.

“My dear Miss White,” said Elijah for the second time that morning, and then, after a little pause, he turned and went into his house.

Later on, another man was talking earnestly to Lydia in the garden.

“And so,” he said, “you asked Elijah Heminway about it, and if he had told you differently would you have left the white note?” His voice was tenderly anxious.

Lydia suddenly found her riding crop an object of interest. “I believe,” she answered, “in any case whatever you would have found the blue,” a reply which rendered the rest of the conversation strictly confidential.

Indoors, in his library, where a wood-fire burned brightly and made the room very comfortable after the garden, Elijah was standing before his largest book-case, looking at it, yet for once not seeing it.

“Perhaps,” he said, half-aloud, with a certain whimsical wistfulness, “I’ll go to see my sister later on,” and he turned to look into the depths of the glowing fire, wondering, vaguely uneasy, yet not knowing why. And as the gay little forks of flame shot up the chimney, he thought of Lydia White.

Then after a time he turned back to the bookcase and gently ran his hand along a shelf of large leather-bound volumes, his touch almost a caress. He took one from its place and with a

not discontented sigh sank down in his chair before the fire.
But he did not at once begin to read, although the book contained the interesting case of Perkins versus Robinson.

LUCIE SMITH LONDON.

THE DIFFERENCE

Once 'pon a time when I was sick
I had just lots of things
And played that I was greater
Than all and all the kings.

And mother always bowed to me,
And father stood salute,
And uncle gave me candy
And a really soldier-suit.

The doctor said I almost died,
I fell from out the tree,
They gave me anything I wished
And were so good to me.

But now it's just the same again,
I've just been sent to bed,
I guess that they've forgotten
That I was almost dead.

LAURA CASEY GEDDES.

It was early, and Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy reigned supreme on the club-house veranda. Jimmy looked sheepish—Mrs. J. looked cross.

Her First Love "Oh, I say," Jimmy was arguing helplessly, "Don't you think it a bit rough on a fellow to rub it in so? Of course I am sorry for you, Dol, but it is bad enough just to know I have been caught in a horse deal."

"That is just it. After all your experience and all your boasting, to get me an animal that no one can mount, let alone stay on. It is just too much."

"Come now, Dol,—really—"

"Hello," broke in a cheery voice, with just a tinge of an Irish accent, "how sober you two children look! Why Jimmy, my boy, you look positively cross—and you a married man of only a year!"

"Oh, Jan," said Jimmy with relief, and even Mrs. J. looked up with a smile of welcome. "Come, Dol," continued Jimmy, "we'll tell Jan all about it—and I'll warrant even she has been taught some time even if she is the best judge in the valley."

"Yes, tell me all about it," said the tall slender girl, dropping into a chair beside them. This was one of Jan's charms—her ready sympathy for everybody, in their fun or in their troubles.

When the story was told she threw back her head and laughed, that infectious, rippling laugh of hers, and her blue eyes danced with their merry irresistible twinkle.

"How delicious—and you can't ride him—and you can't sell him?" And then catching sight of Jimmy's hurt expression and growing suddenly serious: "But of course it is not Jimmy's fault, Dol. Everybody makes mistakes sometimes and this is Jimmy's first, why, his is a record!"

"Oh well," pouted Mrs. Jimmy, "It seems to me that he might have avoided the mistake when he was buying a horse for me and when he has spent every cent and can't get another."

"Well, since I spent it all on the Duke and the Duke was for you, I don't think you should complain."

"The Duke?" said Jan, "is it the Duke that is so obstreperous? Why, I saw him at the Horse Show. He is the most perfect creature I ever saw—except Laddie," she added, with a look of pride. "Faith, how I would like to see the Duke again. Send for him Jimmy, and have him saddled, please."

Ten minutes later the Duke was with some difficulty led up to the veranda by a hot, red-faced groom.

"Oh, he is a beauty," and Jan in her enthusiasm went up to the superb animal, patting with admiration his beautifully curved neck. There was a sudden rear, a shake of the horse's head, the groom lost the bridle, and suddenly, in the midst of the whirl and scattered earth, the Duke was across the road and on his back was Jan.

"Jove," ejaculated Jimmy, his eyes wide with admiration.

"Holy Moses," murmured the groom, and then forgetting that he was a groom, and that the three o'clock trap had just arrived, filled with people, in his enthusiasm he gave Jimmy such a clap that the astonished Jimmy with difficulty kept his footing.

Down the road tore the Duke, and the group which had gathered breathlessly watched until horse and rider had whirled around the corner and were out of sight.

Then Jimmy came to his senses. "What shall we do? Jan has done mad enough things before, but she'll be killed this time, sure. Hello!" he shouted, catching sight of Billy B. mounted—it was difficult to think of Billy B. unmounted—"run, man—after Jan—toward the brook. She is on the Duke and will be thrown."

"Oh, I'd trust Jan with any animal." Billy B. laughed back, but his brown, boyish face grew grave, nevertheless, as he dashed off at a gallop, for he was very fond of Jan.

It took some minutes even for Billy B.,—and on Danny at that, and cross-lots, to overtake the Duke. But when he did the grave look gave way to one of confidence and frank admiration. Even the Duke was manageable under Jan's wonderful power. As Billy swung beside the girl, she flashed him her usual look of welcome and together, without a word, they rode cross-country, taking fences, and jumping brooks, exulting in the stiff October wind, and the easy motion of their perfect mounts.

How they loved it, these two! There was never any need of talking between them. They would ride for hours, almost without a word, riding for the mere joy of it.

"Ho, ho, and now you are stuck," laughed Billy B., two hours later as they turned into the club driveway. The Duke had suddenly reared and refused to go further.

"Indeed, and I'm not so sure," returned the girl with her usual confidence.

"But, my dear Jan," persisted Billy, "they say he can't be made to go past this spot. I'll tell you, Jan, we'll put the time-limit at a half hour—and well, two dozen American Beauties if you win. Withdrawn to one side and watch in hand, Billy B. followed the struggle.

"There, there, old fellow," coaxed the girl, riding slowly up to the spot, only to be baffled by the Duke's sudden rear and whirl in the opposite direction. Four times she coaxed with the same result. Then she tried the crop—to no avail, the same rear, the same whirl. But at each failure the girl's face only became the more determined, she hit the harder, bent over, urged, commanded. As before the Duke reared, but instead of the usual whirl, he suddenly jumped as if taking a six rail fence, and landed on the other side of the dreaded spot.

"Twenty-nine minutes to the second," called out Billy B. as

Jan rode triumphantly toward the veranda, where the usual habitués of the club had gathered. They went forward to meet her, but she rode on to the stables. It had been such a play to the gallery—she hated their applause—and besides she must make her peace with Laddie.

"Well, Laddie, and have you missed me this afternoon?" she said, putting her arms around the horse's neck. "Yes, I know, dear, it was not very nice of me, but you see it was this way. I had a chance to ride the Duke—have you met the Duke? And well—you see you are so good to me, Laddie, that I don't get all the bumps now days that I need. I thought it would be good to keep me in training—but he didn't throw me after all. I won, oh! I won, Laddie." The horse shook his head in that coaxing way which meant he wanted her to go for a run.

"No, no, dear, not to-day—I think—oh I don't quite understand, Laddie, but I think I am a bit too tired." She kissed him good-bye and went out to find Billy B. who had insisted upon taking her home behind his new tandem pair.

"Oh Jimmy," called Mrs. J. in great excitement, "Who do you suppose is at the club—guess."

"Let me think," and Jimmy looked very serious. "Dear me, I can't imagine, unless—" and a sudden light flashed over his face. "Could it be Billy B.?"

"Oh, you goose," and Mrs. J. was indignant. "Can't you ever be serious? Now really, Jimmy,—of course Billy B. is here—but I mean who *unusual*?" And then quite overflowing with the news she announced triumphantly "Jan!"

"Well, well, so Jan has come back to us at last—Jove, how she could ride. Do you remember her on the Duke? It doesn't seem possible—it must be five years ago, and that is the last time she was here. How she did drop the old crowd all of a sudden. They say we weren't high-toned enough after she got so thick with those big bugs in the city. Well, she has made a big success, in a social way. Perhaps it is true—perhaps she is too mighty for us. But, Dol, somehow I can't believe it—Jan was the best fellow in all the world."

"Look, Jimmy," gasped Mrs. J. pulling his arm excitedly, "there she is, and that must be the man she is engaged to—only forty years old, and the greatest catch, *on dit*. O Jimmy, isn't she beautiful?"

Yes, she was very beautiful—tall and slender with the same supple grace, the same easy swing. Yes, it was the old Jan come back, and yet was she quite the same? She was older, of course, and there was a new dignity in her motions, but was that all? Did her cheeks glow quite as they used to, did her Irish blue eyes dance quite as merrily as in the old days, was she quite the same old buoyant Jan? Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy watched and wondered until the man at her side raised his hat and went toward the veranda. At the same moment she, catching sight of her old friends, came swiftly toward them, both hands outstretched.

"Oh, how good to see you," and in her enthusiasm she shook hands all over again with each in turn. "Do tell me all the news—I want to know about everybody, and every thing—all that has happened in the last five years."

But before either had a chance to speak, suddenly a queer expression came over her face, and without a word she ran quickly toward a horse which had just been brought up to the veranda by a groom.

"Jove, she is sudden! But Dol, look--that is the horse she was so fond of, the one that was sold down South. His owner is here now, one of the guests." It was Laddie, and after all these years!

"Laddie, oh Laddie, Laddie," sobbed the girl, her arms about his neck, her head against his. Then looking into his eyes, "Don't, oh, please don't, Laddie—you can't understand, of course you can't understand, dear, but don't look that way. You remember that day—five years ago—I said good-night to you. I was a little tired, do you remember? After that I was ill for a long time, and when I got up the first thing I did was to look for you, and Laddie—" her voice broke. "Oh Laddie they had sold you. They told me I could never ride any more. For a long time I tried to find you, and then I tried to forget, but I couldn't. See, here is your picture in my watch. I always wear it. Oh, wasn't it glorious, Laddie—the hunts, the cross-country rides? But that is all over now, dear. I haven't been out here in all these years. I just couldn't bear to look on and not be in it. So I tried to make my life over. I have become very wise, Laddie. I know all about politics, and reform, and I have traveled and met famous people, but, Laddie, it's not like the old irresponsible crowd. I don't think they can forgive

me. They think I have put on airs. They don't know that why I have not been out here before is because I was trying to forget and trying to make my life all over." Laddie shook his head in the old persuasive way. "No, no, dear, don't ask me, I can't, oh, Laddie, dear, I must not ride—and yet—and yet—" With a spring she was in the saddle, and gathering up the reins, she was off at a gallop down the road.

And Billy B. chancing to come around the turn, recognized the familiar figure and wheeled beside her.

"Why, dear old Jan!" And she flashed him the old smile of welcome, and they started off in the same old way just as if five days instead of five years had elapsed since their last ride.

The news had spread that Jan had come back—that Laddie, too, had suddenly reappeared, being owned by one of the South-erners who had come up for the hunt, and that, moreover, Billy B. and Jan were off on a cross-country ride, quite like old times at the club. Yes, the news had spread and many had gathered on the veranda to see them come in. At last they came, Jan in the lead, her hat gone, her hair flying, the old color in her cheeks, the old sparkle in her eyes—yes, this was the real Jan at last—the buoyant, spirited Jan of the old days.

And all the fluttering crowd saw her and instantly forgave her long absence—she was back, she was the same.

But among all that gay group, there was one tall serious man who looked somehow out of place. His face alone grew grave as he saw her, and with long strides and set face he pushed his way through the crowd. Billy B. drew suddenly back. He had forgotten the other man—forgotten that all was changed, and that after all Jan was not the same old Jan but quite of another world than his. In that mad glorious ride Billy B. had forgotten everything.

The other man strode up to Jan. Suddenly the color died out of her cheeks—she almost fell into his arms. He laid her quietly on the grass and knelt down beside her.

"Oh don't," pleaded Jan, "Don't look so, dear. Of course it was very wrong, but I do care, dear—you can't understand—how the old feeling got into me—oh, I really do care—only—you see—" She turned her eyes wearily toward the horse. "You see Laddie was—was my first love."

HELEN ROGERS.

A ROUNDED EDUCATION

O, Constance, if you only cared,
Or gave the slightest sign
That you loved me, perhaps I'd dare
To send a valentine.

But I am 'most afraid to say
I'll love you till you die,
For you would scornfully remark,
"O, don't be silly, Si!"

Also, you've been to college since
We used to play in school,
And I am sure you'd think my verse
The merest silly drule.

You talk of Marlowe's mighty line,
And Lyly's "Euphues,"
And say you simply love to spend
Whole hours over these.

You think Romance has quite died out
Since Lovelace passed away,
And men have lost the stamp they had
In Charlotte Brontë's day.

And yet you feel you haven't time
For love, "it's such a strife."
You spend your days in guessing what
Your purpose is in life.

Forget those missions, every one.
If you could only see
The very best of mission work
Is looking after me!

Your college is a narrow place,
It only trains a part.
O, Constance, give to me the right
To educate your heart.

ESTHER JOSEPHINE SANDERSON.

EDITORIAL

Among the arts and sciences practiced at college by no means the least is the noble art of congratulating. This is not down in the curriculum as a course—three hours through the year. It has no place in the schedule, and yet no one can come to college without taking it. It is more compulsory than Bible and the junior philosophy requirement. It is more to be dreaded than freshman mathematics. Woe unto those who approach friends who have newly acquired collegiate honors with tears of joy beyond measure, for they shall be called “boot-lickers.” Woe unto those who offer the lukewarm and perfunctory handshake, for to them shall be ascribed inward jealousy, and woe unto those who refuse to express unfelt altruistic pleasure by any handshake at all, for they shall be branded as disagreeable misanthropes false to the spirit of the college. These are not the only Scylla and Charybdis into which the unwary congratulator may fall. There are whirlpools of interclass etiquette whose ways are too deep and mysterious to be here dealt with, for the term “fusser” is apt to be hurled at any one who administers more than the most guarded cordiality to a member of another class.

In spite of all the dangers which have to be passed there are some people who succeed in walking a middle course. These are the girls who possess the ability to “rejoice” convincingly “with those who do rejoice.” No one for an instant suspects them of jealousy, boot-licking or indifference, and yet they may have said a simple “I’m glad,” as opposed to voluminous gurgles of joy from other quarters. In what does this power to rejoice convincingly consist? What talisman have they to help them to the one narrow course which in the fairy tale leads through the Plain of Ill-luck where on the near side the feet of men stick fast and on the far side every blade of grass rises and holds them fast on its points?

The talisman guessed by most people is sincerity backed by interest in everybody, but there are others who claim that it is an understanding of the stage principle of reserve force. As to which are right we will not presume to judge.

Does the congratulatee take in and enjoy extravagant protestations of affection? The natural conceit of human kind helps her to believe a lot of it. I have heard one person emerging from the strangling embrace of a casual acquaintance ruefully gasp, "I—I never knew you were fond of me before." It is fortunate that the idea that hysterics are necessary to the perfect expression of happiness is not shared by all or there would be nothing left of our first fives at the end of the day save shreds and tatters.

Would it be possible to restrict this course in congratulating to best friends? Not so. College is a place where all are best friends, or one is a snob. Would any one change this order of things? Shades of democracy forbid! Besides, although there are those who affect to think otherwise this course in congratulating may be made one of the most useful things in college. We have mental discipline galore, and here is an opportunity for a kind of emotional discipline not offered by the Elocution Department. Go to William Gillette, oh ye maidens! The stage has been a great teacher in all ages, and reserve force is his long suit. Study the handshake of restrained emotion, and cease forever the gasps, gurgles and convulsive embraces which fill the hall outside of chapel on the mornings of society elections! Be cheered by the fact that there are those who have gone before you who have been able to enter into the joy of their friends without insincerity and without demonstration. In short, there are those who, if this course were provided with a course card, have shown themselves worthy to have a high grade placed in that mysterious upper right hand corner which only the eye of the office may see.

EDITOR'S TABLE

It is Ruskin who says that the greatest leading error of modern times is the mistaking of erudition for education. Unfortunately in college magazines this error is frequently displayed in the serious essays, which are all too often, a mere expression of erudition along certain required lines, instead of being the result of true education,—a condition to which no man has attained unless he be “busy, beneficent and effective in the world.” The college essay is generally called in student vernacular a “heavy,” a term usually unfortunately apt, because it is often an unleavened effort of the erudite, meaning to the initiated that a certain amount of scholastic ground has been manfully covered, summed up more or less at length, the whole held together by not striking original personal opinions, strung along at intervals throughout the production.

Those things which a college undergraduate has read concerning, and the ideas which he holds in a luke-warm manner about some writer, Tolstoi for example, can hardly be said to be of general interest. It is this distinct lack of even an echo of a universal note in the subjects chosen which causes those pages of the magazine intrusted with the doughty “heavy” to remain so often uncut, and undisturbed by that literary surgical instrument, the paper-knife.

However, when some college magazine does publish an essay which is of great interest, alike to those in college and out, we greet it with the enthusiasm and attention which is the reward in this world only of the unusual. And such an essay is that in the January issue of the *Yale Literary Magazine*, on “The Aesthetic Value of Leisure.” The title alone would insure its being read, and once read, it is remembered because the aesthetic results of leisure, in former times and in the rush of affairs to-day are estimated with admirable insight, clearness, and brevity. For once the collegiate point of view is not thrust at one,

may more, it is absent, merged in the general aspect of the subject for all mankind. The key note of the article is struck in the following forceful sentences :

"The God of Labor has a twin sister whose name is leisure, and in her society he lingers now and then to the lasting good of both. . . .

The recognition of the necessity of leisure will imply the recognition of the necessity of work as its moral. After all, being at leisure is but another name for being active from an impulse instead of a necessity. For the creative soul will never allow leisure to descend into empty idleness."

In the *Dartmouth Magazine* for December, an essay on "The Most Representative American Poet," is thought of at once in connection with the one just discussed, by virtue of their both being prize essays, and in the comparison suffers somewhat, for although it has distinct merits of structure and shows careful thought, it smacks rather too evidently of research in the college library. Among the other exchanges, with the notable exception of a creditable criticism of "Two Academic Poets" in the *Harvard Monthly*, very few attempts are found at the serious essay. This is an evidence of wisdom, for unless articles of this kind are contributed, which have merit, it is well to omit them altogether, for without some degree of excellence, the weight which they add to the magazine is not of the intellectual sort, but merely of the material kind, which finds its measure unrelievedly and simply in the force of gravitational attraction.

College magazines frequently meet with very fair success with the fiction which they offer, perhaps because it is easier to present this attractively than to make readable an average "heavy" with its throat-parching dryness. Several examples of clever short stories are found in the recent exchanges. In the *Vassar Miscellany*, "The Honor of a Saumrai" is admirably constructed and very entertaining, for stories of Japan well told are rare. The *Nassau Literary Magazine* has a story, "His Estate," in which the narrative moves with more rapidity and interest than in the usual college tale, which sometimes presents the seeming paradox of being well handled, but dull. "Where Duty Fails" in the *Wellesley Magazine*, is an unusual treatment of its subject and is particularly well managed at the close.

L. S. L.

The December number of the *Radcliffe Magazine* contains a great deal of good literature. Since there are but three issues yearly, they doubtless contain the cream of a year's contributions and the result is so far beyond the average that we can but wish it were a more general custom. To mention the contributions particularly worthy of praise would be to copy the table of contents, so we must be content to speak of Miss Josephine Preston Peabody's poem, "The Prophet," which is as beautiful and true as are all her other poems, and of Monsieur Jean, a dramatic sketch by Anna Sprague MacDonald, original in plot, well executed and showing great appreciation of dramatic possibilities. There are also two sonnets of Winter, very accurate in form and spirit, and a delicious Cape Cod story, "The Resignation of the Reverend Phipps." The *Radcliffe Magazine* shows more variety in its contents than any other college paper. Especially interesting is the department of Daily Themes.

There is a universal note touched in this stanza from the *Wesleyan Literary Monthly*:

COLLEGE BY MOONLIGHT

Sweet with the mellow touch of days,
And hallowed by old deeds,
She not in halls her wealth displays,
Nor outward glory needs —
A little college on a hill,
Sleeping in golden silence still!

The *Georgetown Journal* contains an interesting sonnet of the Italian form. It deals with an aspect of love not generally treated in love poetry, but which nevertheless exists just as truly as the more ecstatic phases. .

BEFORE THE END

When your soft eyes shall turn to mine and say,
"Dear one of days gone by, now dear no more,
My heart cries not to your heart as before,
And feels no more the thrill of yesterday,"
Straight shall I at Love's altar kneel and pray,
For you his rarest boon, Forgetfulness,
And breathe your name again, low-voiced, and press
My lips to yours once more, and go my way.

I would not have you think of me as one
Who won and wore, but could not hold the prize,
Who knew of secrets hidden in your eyes
And all but robbed them of their mystery,
But ere he could unfold them lost the key—
Sweetheart, forget me when the dream is done.

The *Bowdoin Quill* contains an original and somewhat surprising little stanza :

'Twas August, in the Notch. A path
Through tangle, scrub and wood I took.
Where tall trees, awed, hung back, I found
The skeleton of a brook.
Lifeless it lay ; and its stony eye
Stared at its murderer — the sky.

A. S. M.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

The first three articles in the department were contributed by the Smith College Club of New York City.

The most impressive approach to Constantinople is by the Mediterranean route. One should pass through the narrow gate of the Dardanelles to realize the unique situation which makes Constantinople

In Constantinople "the golden key to Asia, the jewel coveted for many crowns, the very capital of the world." Nor does the city itself ever look more fair than when seen from the water. Over on the Asiatic side lies the quaint old town of Scutari, while directly before us the river of the Golden Horn, crowded with shipping of every description, flows under famous Galata Bridge to join the sparkling waters of the Bosphorus. On both sides of the Golden Horn the city stretches away in hill after hill, its towers and domed mosques interspersed everywhere with groups of green trees, and its hundreds of graceful minarets shooting upward into the sky.

The streets of Constantinople had a never-failing fascination for me,—they are so full of strange Eastern sights. Often in driving we had to turn out for the street-pedlers, who sit cross-legged on the cobblestones with trays of small articles,—needle-books, or frequently glass and chinaware,—placed carefully in the middle of the road. Dogs are everywhere much in evidence. I once counted about twenty-five in one block, great lazy yellow mongrels, which are gentle enough unless attacked, and spend most of their time basking in the sun. We always kept noticing, too, the Constantinople porters, or *hamals*,—human beasts of burden, carrying enormous loads through the streets. Our own *hamal* took upon the rack that was strapped to his shoulders our two trunks, a large valise, a dress-suit case and a bundle of shawls all at once, and walked along behind us about half a mile, as if he were doing nothing remarkable.

Most Turkish men of the upper classes dress in modern European suits, but they all wear on their heads the red fez, prescribed by law for every subject of the Sultan. Women go about in loose silk garments called *feridjeh*, which have great balloon-like sleeves and are so cut as to conceal the lines of the figure. We saw many women who were closely veiled, although the custom of going in "Frank-fashion" (with the face uncovered) is gaining ground, even against strict edicts of the Sultan to the contrary. But all conceivable kinds and varieties of dress are to be seen in walking through the streets, and the many-colored costumes form one element of the picturesqueness that delights a visitor at every moment. One can hardly turn a corner in the older part of Constantinople without coming upon some quaint or

beautiful sight. Here it is a small booth all draped with softly-tinted Persian rugs for sale; there, just off a broad highway, you look into a shady, grass-grown little cemetery, or in some open space near a mosque there stands a fountain that dazzles the eyes with the beauty of its ornamentation.

The greatest building in Constantinople is, of course, the mosque of St. Sophia. It is in the Byzantine style of architecture, somewhat resembling St. Mark's in Venice, but is very much larger,—indeed, with the exception of St. Peter's, it is the largest church in the world. The outside, though massive, is rather disappointing; but everyone, I think, must always remember the thrill of awe and of delight with which one first gazes at the wonderful interior. No words of mine can describe the great vistas in the spacious nave, the exquisite curves of arch and gallery, the rich harmonies of color in the marble columns, the airy lightness of the vast dome. The Turks have hung eight enormous green shields around the nave, bearing the names of Caliphs in Arabic lettering, and they have carpeted the floor with prayer-rugs that run diagonally across the building, because Moslems must turn toward Mecca in their worship, not Jerusalem. We were fortunate in being able to look down from the gallery at the noon hour of prayer. A priest, or *Imam*, standing at one end of the building, intoned prayers and sentences from the Koran. Every now and again there was a fervent shout of response from the worshippers. Each man bowed and knelt upon his prayer-rug at frequent intervals, during the most sacred words prostrating himself until his forehead touched the floor. But even while listening to a Mahomedan service, it is the memory of a remote past and the thought of another faith that holds us spell-bound in St. Sophia. For nearly a thousand years before the fall of Constantinople this was the greatest church in Christendom, and though its Moslem conquerors have painted over the Scriptural mosaics which were once the glory of its walls and ceiling, they have not entirely obliterated the traces of those earlier times. The Greek cross recurs constantly in the carving of the capitals; and high up on the wall above where the altar formerly stood, there may be seen a mosaic design, covered over with gilding but still distinguishable,—a dim colossal figure of Christ, with his arms extended in blessing.

Sight-seeing in Constantinople is not at all the perfunctory business it has come to be in more sophisticated cities. On our trip through some of the Sultan's palaces, for instance, we were treated almost like guests. Permission had been obtained through the English Embassy for about thirty English and Americans to go over three of the unused palaces, and an aide-de-camp of the Sultan's was detailed to escort us. I like to remember the graceful bearing, courteous manner, and perfect French of that handsome Turkish lieutenant. He took us first through the old palace on Seraglio Point. When we came out on the broad terrace and sat down there to enjoy the beautiful view, some of the palace servants appeared with refreshments, in the shape of Turkish coffee and rose-leaf jam. We were then led down to the shore, where four of the royal *caignes* (long, low row-boats like gondolas), with eight oarsmen in each, were waiting to take us over to the Asiatic side, to see the palace of Beybar-bey. As we were leaving this, some more servants presented each lady in the party with a bunch of flowers from the Imperial gardens, and our

stalwart *caigjis* pulled us back again to Europe. The palaces were an enchanting maze of gem-like rooms, alabaster fountains, and crystal stairways.

The climax of our Constantinople experiences, however, was our admission to the *selamlık*, or ceremony when the Sultan goes to prayers on Friday. We reached the place reserved for foreign guests some time before the hour of the service, and watched the regiments fall in to guard both sides of the street, along which the Sultan was to pass from his palace of Yildiz Kiosk to the mosque. Though the distance is only about two blocks, from three to six thousand troops are always called out. "No other court in Europe," said a gentleman near me, "furnishes such a pageant as this every week." To the strains of wild music each company marched up and fell into position. Across the road were the Albanian body-guard in striking black and white uniforms, while directly beneath us stood a band of dark, fierce-looking Syrian soldiers, wearing the bright green turbans which show their claim to be descendants of the Prophet. Everywhere the flag of Turkey was fluttering—a white crescent on a blood-red field.

Punctually at twelve a *muezzin* appeared on the balcony of one of the minarets and intoned the musical call to prayer. A moment later the procession started from the palace gates. First came about a hundred mounted officials, fine looking men, with the strong, keen faces that we noticed so often among wearers of the fez. Then followed a number of closed carriages, containing the ladies of the Imperial harem, and by the side of each carriage walked its huge African guardian. Through the windows might be seen the shimmer of blue and gold satin dresses, richly embroidered, and under the sheer gauze veils one caught a glimpse now and then of fair faces and flashing dark eyes. Last came in an open carriage the Sultan himself, dressed in Eastern costume. One man was on the seat opposite him,—the Minister of War. As the Sultan passed, the soldiers greeted him with a great shout which swept along all down the line. He walked with a firm step into the mosque, and remained inside for half-an-hour. His wives and daughters, not being supposed to have any souls, did not enter the mosque at all, but stayed sitting in their carriages in the court-yard until the conclusion of the ceremony.

When His Majesty returned he was alone in a pony-phaeton, which he drove himself, and behind him ran a crowd of men. They were dressed in the flowing Turkish garments, many of them were old and stout, the road was uphill and the Sultan drove briskly, so that they had hard work to keep up. And these men, trotting along like so many lackeys behind their Imperial Master, were, we learned, his Grand Vizier, his Minister of War, and the most distinguished officials in his kingdom!

As he passed beneath the window of the ambassador's room, where we were standing, the Sultan raised his hand in a courteous salutation, and for an instant we looked directly into those inscrutable eyes. I carried away two impressions,—one was the great dignity in his bearing, the other was the look of unspeakable weariness on his face.

What will happen here next? is a speculation that must come to the mind of the traveller in Constantinople. For the charm of the wonderful city lies

as much in the mystery of its future as in the romantic past or absorbing present. There is a legend of the common people, that a Greek priest was celebrating the liturgy in St. Sophia, when the conquering army of the Sultan burst through the doors. Taking the crucifix in his hand, the priest slowly withdrew to one of the secret chambers, and there, with the cross, he is waiting still !

MARGARET ELMER COE '97.

In this brief article I do not wish to encroach upon the field of man, by touching in any direct way upon the so-called "Woman Question". From truthful Adam to the present apprehensive Professor Münsterberg — not

A Woman's Entrance into Law excluding the gentle Saint Paul — man has demonstrated his exclusive right (prescriptive though it may be) to treat this subject. That he has done it variedly and learnedly, not to say entertainingly, is at once granted ; and while he helps brighten our leisure with his theories, his inspiration goes cheerfully on struggling to solve the problem of that particular fate, which nine times out of ten, uncontrollable circumstances have forced upon her, and in the solution of which, man, by the perversity of life, is her most loyal and staunch helper. The especial struggle under consideration here is that of the woman to whose lot has fallen the legal fate.

Usually the first question asked by strangers of a woman lawyer is, "How did you ever happen to take up law?" the second, "Do you honestly like it?" third, "Do you really go into Court and argue cases?" These questions follow in rapid succession. She evades the answer to the first question, for it is usually a long story and it might be somewhat of a personal nature ; the second must be "Yes," the third has many answers, but she only gives one, the affirmative,—the others are not harmonious with polite society, for one seldom enjoys being regarded as a curiosity.

This attitude of many suggests that a few details regarding the steps which a woman takes in the preparation for and entrance into the profession of law may prove of interest.

In New York City there is only one law school open to women—New York University. The entering classes average over two hundred members—perhaps twelve of whom are women. The course consists of two years of hard labor, closing with harder examinations, which, if safely passed, entitle one to the degree of LL. B. While in the law school, each woman is made to feel that her mind has equal chances with every other mind for acquiring legal knowledge and training. The faculty show quite as much appreciation of the application and excellent work of a woman as of a man. This attitude is brought about largely by the personal influence of Dean Ashley, who has firm faith in the good results which a legal training produces in the feminine mind.

After the law school—if a woman is a graduate of any college—accepted as of satisfactory standing by the State Board of Law Examiners—she is at once eligible for Examinations for Admission to the Bar.

Once having received from the State the right to practice law, her judgment

takes her down-town. She rents an office,—sits in it. She has to sit there, for if she leaves, some client might come in. Sometimes it is a little lonely, but there is a world of discipline in learning to be a patient sitter. After a while may be some pitying friend will give her an impossible claim to collect, but her gratitude is so great for the opportunity to exercise her stiffened frame that she follows up that claim with supernatural and terrifying vigor until the desperate debtor gladly delivers up the money to his tormentor; and she, half sorry, goes back to the office, but the air is brightened now by the glint of her first fee. The start is made—her redoubtable energy has been mentioned—another claim comes in; some one sends a woman to her for enlightenment upon the “nature of a second mortgage”. It takes a second visit to advise her. In the meantime, the client has thought up more trouble, and by degrees, her confidence in the woman lawyer becomes established and spreads, thereby bringing further clientage.

“Do you really go into Court and argue cases?” Well, in this State, there isn’t any other place to go, and if she seriously wants to help her client, she is obliged to put up some kind of an argument, wherefore she does go into Court and does argue her case with all her might, and, incidentally, she is so glad to have the chance to be there that it is an effort not to sing out her joy to the learned expounder of law, whom she is respectfully addressing as “Your Honor”. It is the most natural thing in the world, that after years of patient and persistent effort, she should welcome the opportunity to put into practice the principles which have been branded into her brain, and to begin to carry out “whatever happened to take her into law,” which (as I have said earlier) may have been either too long a story or somewhat of a personal nature.

OLIVE R. GARLAND '91.

London's Poor have been the subject of vital interest to all who are concerned with the problems which the poor of all cities present, and one expects, upon visiting Whitechapel and Mile End Road, to find wretchedness and squalor unequalled in any other city of the civilized world. Some of us, familiar with the East side of New York, expected to see conditions on the East side of London so much worse than at home, that a feeling of hope came over us as we contemplated a comparison. The first trip was just a general survey of the district from the top of a bus on a bright day. The great avenue of the poor seemed very wide, the buildings were low, many of them being only two stories above the shops; in hundreds of windows the old-fashioned country flowers blossomed in the sunshine. Everything was gay and a feeling of surprise, of amazement, came over us. It did not seem possible that we were really seeing, if only from the outside, the slums of London. If this was poverty it certainly had its attractive side. Memories of narrow, congested streets, crowded with tenements seven, eight, some ten stories high, with ugly fire-escapes as the only adornment, came back to us. London surely had the advantage of us here. The tenement house is one of our greatest problems, and these low houses, only two rooms deep, with both rooms light, a broad stone balcony, extending across the back of the house, with outside staircases connecting the different floors, must surely bring about a better condition of things than our dark tenements.

This was the effect our first trip had upon us, but to know the slums one must make many trips. Our next took us to the People's Palace, a huge technical school, to Toynbee Hall, the university settlement, and to the Bethnal Green Museum,—three sides of the great work that is being done in the East side *for* the East side. The People's Palace trains the hands, Toynbee Hall the mind, Bethnal Green the eyes and heart. In these places we felt at home, recognizing many of our own methods and beginning to feel that after all, our problems were the same. But it is hard to see the people of that East side. During the day, we were not impressed with the great numbers or the poverty. But Mile End Road "on a Saturday night" and Petticoat Lane on Sunday morning brought us elbow to elbow with London's poor. Too much has never been said. The most tragic, the most pathetic picture Dickens ever drew becomes not only a possibility but a reality wherever you look. We have reason to hope for the best here at home. The age of London, which historically charms one, seemed stamped upon the faces of her poor—a hopelessness, a hardness, a stolidity confronts you, before which you wonder at the bravery of those who battle with it all. London is old. Centuries of slums stretch out before you with all that the word means,—millions of wretched beings have lived out their lives there; the number is too great to imagine. This impression follows you into the slums of all Great Britain's old cities. Edinburgh, a city set upon the hills,—with its gardens and parks whose beauty has been praised until one expects fairy land,—lost much of its charm for us after ten days spent studying the conditions of her poor. The view from the castle, east to the sea, west to the mountains, is glorious until the eyes drop to the valleys of wretchedness in the depths of Canongate. Hills lose their fairness when misery meets one at the foot. We turn back to the slums of our cities with a great hope. We are young, the battle will not be long. London moves on by centuries but we must count by days the passing of our slums. Our poor are not old in sin but young in their wretchedness, and to all who struggle with their problems the old world sends a message of courage and hope.

BERTHA JUNE RICHARDSON '01.

The mild Virginia sun, of the early spring-time, shone at my back as my horse cantered comfortably along a road that wound past smiling fields and gave fascinating glimpses of old mansions set back aristocratically from the main highway, while behind, furnishing a background, the foothills of the Blue Ridge were beginning to awake and put on fresh raiment after their long winter slumber.

The Judge: A Virginia Love Story

I had ridden for some miles without passing any one, so I viewed with some interest the approach of a horseman, riding, his head bowed in thought, in a gait, half trot, half walk, peculiar to southwestern Virginia, a region some distance away. His appearance seemed oddly familiar, and so, as he approached nearer, though Time had silvered the locks and laid a frosty hand upon the closely-trimmed chin-whiskers, I had no difficulty in recognizing my old friend Judge Daingerfield Withers, of Withers Hall, with whom I had spent many delightful days in the hunting season, in years gone by. He raised his head as we approached each other, and before I could speak, a

beaming smile wrinkled his face and twinkled in his eyes. Off came his wide-brimmed hat and he urged his horse nearer mine.

"Well, dog my cats! If it isn't—bless my soul—where on earth—why, my deah Mistah Reynolds, I sutnly am glad to see you, suh!" he ejaculated, beamingly.

I turned my horse to ride with him, and as he protested, I explained that I was merely out for a pleasure-ride, as some real estate business had brought me to R——, a town now some miles away.

The Judge turned suddenly and looked at me keenly from under his bushy eye-brows.

"Mistah Reynolds, you don' mean to tell me, suh, you've gone an' turned into one of those no-account Yankee promotahs since you went up Nawth to live, do you? I wouldn't like to hurt yo' feelin's, but to me, suh, a promotah is the scum, suh, the ve'y scum o' the earth! And what's mo', suh," fiercely, "we Vahginyans don' want to be improved an' we don' want ou' land improved by any Yankees comin' down heah, meddlin' in what don' concern 'em!"

I hastily attempted to stem the torrent by mildly assuring him that I was not a "promoter", had no intention of becoming one, but was merely on a trip to look after some property belonging to one of my clients, the law being my field for adventure.

Judge Withers settled back more peaceably into his saddle at this.

"I don' mind tellin' you, then, suh," he returned confidentially, "that I'm on my way now to'ds R—— foh some Yankee promotah meet. Yass, suh, Bob Grayson's comin', too, cleah from Nawth Ca'lina—you remembah Cun'l Grayson?—I reckon he's in R——, waitin' foh me, by this time, and,"—impressively, with tightened lips,—“we are goin' out gunnin' togethah.”

There was silence for a while as we jogged along side by side, and I turned, as a low chuckle came from the Judge's direction.

"You remembah that large mansion with the mahmosa tree in the front yahd, catty-co'nah'd from Miss Sallie Shacklefohd's boad'in'-house?—po' Miss Sallie, she's sut'nly had a hahd life an' she was such a belle befo' the wah. I trust the house is still standin', suh?" rather anxiously. I replied in the affirmative. "Well," he continued, "yeahs ago, when I was young an' handsome—that was long befo' you knew me, Mistah Reynolds," he added, humorously, his eyes twinkling, "that mansion was the headqua'tahs foh the Martha Wash'nton Female Seminary. Those wuh times that wuh times, suh! An' the gyirls! I reckon there was hahdly a State that hadn't sent its fair representative, but I mus' say my preferences weh pretty strong foh Vahginya gyirls an' one in pah'ticulah! I see you catch ma meanin', suh, so I don' need to add that to me, Miss Cyartah Randolph was the sweetes' gyirl that evah begged a cadet's buttons, with teahs in huh eyes, an' then drove him distracted aftahwahds. I was then makin' ma nominal residence at the Vahginya Military Institute,—it was just befo' the wah. Ole Bob Grayson an' I used to make ou' trips ovah to R——togethah, ovah this ve'y road. Yass, he was in a bad state, too,"—and the Judge shook his head mournfully,—“Miss Mahy Sue Kent, huh room-mate.

"I declah it sut'nly was downright mean the way those gyirls would treat

us,—sometimes we wuh no mo' than wo'ms undah their feet, and then again, buttah would melt in their mouths, they'd talk so soft an' sweet.

"Well, suh, one night,"—the Judge bent over his pommel in silent laughter which ended in a gentle whoop,—"one night ole Bob an' I slipped off at the risk of ou' final mahgin of demerits if we wuh caught by ole Gran'pa. The mahmosa tree was undah *huh* window, an' Bob an' I climbed up and threw some gravel. It wasn't long befo' something white an' indefinite filled up the window an' a sof' voice whispered, 'Is that you, Daingahfiel?'" An' then anothah floated down, to me perhaps not *quite* so sof, 'Bob, is that you?'

"Then nobody said anything foh a while, an' then *huh* voice said, 'Oh, Daingahfiel', we're *so* hungry!'

"Well, suh, I cyarn't describe to you the feelin's that filled my breast at that moment. To think that those inhuman brutes wuh keepin' *huh*, jailed up in that place, stahvin' *huh*,—ve'y likely she had been fadin' away foh days an' might be now at death's doah. I ground my teeth in rage. I opened ma lips to make a fierce denouncement, an' I give you ma word, suh, not a sound would come. I was entiahly unmanned.

"'Daingahfiel', she whispered,—curious how pretty yo' own name sounds sometimes, isn't it?'—'couldn't you all get us something to eat an' put it in a basket an' I'll let down a string an' we can pull it up—no, not to-night—I'm afraid you might get caught—to-morrow night. I can stand it till then—and, oh yes! I'll put the string out o' that conah room on *that* side, so there won't be so much chance of yo' bein' caught, yo' know.'

"I hardly slept that night thinkin' how hungry Cyartah was. The next day Bob an' I went aroun' to the cabin of an ole free coluhed woman an' paid *huh* to fix us up a fine basket. An' suh, that basket was a heavy one, but I give you ma word we nevah touched a thing.

"We stole into the yahd an' around to the side. There was the string, sure enough. We tied on the basket an' then threw some gravel, for we reckoned a spread was to follow in that room, an' that the company was waitin'.

"Jus' then something white came to the window, looked out, an' began to haul up the basket. Then I said, in ma tenderest tone, 'Miss Cyartah?'

"The basket was almost up to the window-sill an' we wuh as neah bein' paralyzed as I hope we'll evah be to heah Miss Kate's voice—she was the principal. 'Young gen'lmen,' she said, a trifle out of breath fom *huh* exercise, 'I regret exceedingly, suhs, to fin myself in this position, but as I see by you all's unifohms that you are students of the neighboring Institute, I mus' ask yo' names, suhs, in ordah to report this disgraceful infringement of the privacy of ladies to the proper authorities, who will, I hope, attend fully to this mattah! I myself will take action todes the *young ladies* concerned.' An' she took in the basket an' banged the window. Ah, I've longed foh a smell o' that basket mo' than once since! Well, suh, wasn't that a facuh?"

"Of cose Bob an' I wuh expelled, but that didn't grieve us so much as some othah things. The wah broke out soon aftah an' we enlisted togethah an' fought togethah till I was wounded at Seven Pines. They got me to Richmon' somehow, an' I didn't know anything till I woke up one day in the organ loft of the Firs' Presbyterian church, with Cyartah, in a nurse's frock,

droppin' teahs down on me. That was the firs' time I'd seen huh since—an' she—well, I——"

We rode along silently together for a while and then the Judge cleared his throat vociferously and blew his nose with some ostentation.

"Yass, suh, Mrs. Withahs always says the only reason she evah ma'ied me was to pay me off foh that mean trick she played on me. An' when she heard that the Yankee promatahs had come down to R—— an' wuh goin' to tear down the ole seminary to raise up a fine business buildin', nothin' mus' do but I mus' saddle ole Lightfoot an' go up there an' buy it, though what in the name o' gracious I'm goin' to do with it, I don' know. Huh! Bob? Oh, yass, Bob's paid off, too!"

MARY MACDONALD BOHANNON '02.

Copies of the 1904 Class Book may be ordered from Helen C. Marble, Hubbard House.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'02. Anna A. Ryan,	December 23
'95. Margaret E. Dixon,	" 23
'00. Florence Shepardson,	January 9
'03. Mavida Fiske,	" 18
'98. Catherine Farwell Hyde,	" 14
'01. Laura Lord,	" 28

The Smith College Club of New York City was entertained by its president, Miss Laura D. Gill '81, at Barnard College, on Friday afternoon, January 15. Dr. Yamei Kin, a Chinese woman of high rank and of American education, gave an interesting lecture on Chinese novels and folklore, reciting many of the nursery tales, stories and poems as illustrations. The audience was brought into touch with the Oriental theme by the native costume of the speaker, and by the introductory remarks in the Chinese language of the Professor of Chinese at Columbia University, which were received with smiles of approbation if not of intelligence. A reception followed.

The club is planning to give an entertainment for the benefit of the Students' Aid Society in March, and the annual luncheon is promised for April 9, to which any alumna, former student or undergraduate of the college will be cordially welcomed.

Contributions to this department are desired by the last of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Josephine Sanderson, Hubbard House.

'82. Mary Gulliver, who has spent the last five years in the study of art at Paris, has returned to this country and opened a studio at 6 East 17th Street, New York.

ex-'82. Laura Fitch McQuiston is spending the winter with her two children at Wiesbaden, Germany.

- '86. Charlotte Augusta Wolcott was married January 5, to Captain Charles Francis Bates of the United States Army.
- '89. Anna Gilmour De Forest has moved from Brooklyn to 124 West 47th Street, New York.
- Mary F. Gaylord is engaged to be married to Mr. William Frick, a lawyer of New York City.
- Martha A. Hopkins is spending the winter in Southern California, expecting to return next June.
- '90. Miriam N. S. Rogers was married November 27, to Mr. Charles A. Perkins of New York City.
- Edith Elmer Wood published last autumn a novel, "The Spirit of the Service." (The Macmillan Co., New York.)
- ex-'90. Helen F. Pratt was married to Mr. Ernest B. Dane October 8, at her summer home on Long Island. She is now living in Brookline, Massachusetts.
- Louise C. Pond was married to Mr. Ogden Jewell December 10, at Silver City, New Mexico.
- '92. Lena L. Tyler was married last June to Rev. C. Thurston Chase, pastor of the Flatbush Congregational Church, Brooklyn, New York.
- ex-'92. Laura Johnston Davis is spending the winter in New York City.
- '93. Joanna L. Gaylord, who has been teaching for the past two years at Tarrytown-on-Hudson, is now in California to remain there indefinitely.
- '94. Helen Isabel Whiton is lecturing in New York, her most popular subject being the Arthurian Legend. She gave three lectures in December on "Tristan and Isolde in Literature," "The Legend of the Wandering Jew," and "The Quest of the Holy Grail," with illustrative musical programs.
- '95. Elizabeth D. Lewis has announced her engagement to Mr. Clive Day of the Department of Economics at Yale University.
- Margaret Long, who received her M. D. from the Johns Hopkins Medical College in 1903, is now an Assistant in the Out Practice of the New York Infirmary for women and children.
- Ethelyn I. McKinney is spending the winter at Florence and Rome, after a summer of Russian travel.
- Elsie S. Pratt is taking her last year of the course in medicine at the University of Michigan.
- Dorothy M. Reed is to remain another year at the Babies' Hospital in New York.
- ex-'95. Anna Wells Bigelow is teaching music and accompanying on the piano.
- '96. Lucy M. Bigelow is keeping house for her brother in New York.
- Zephine Humphrey is spending the winter in New York, at 24 East 47th Street, and continuing her literary work.
- ex-'96. Mrs. Alfred Carhart (Mabel Millett) is now living in Brooklyn.

7. Julia Elizabeth Cole expects to travel through the west, visiting the colleges this coming spring in behalf of the Evangelical Committee of the Presbyterian Church.
Katharine P. Crane is studying at the Bible Teachers' Training School in New York City.
Climena L. Judd is assistant Registrar at Smith College, in the place of Alice L. Childs, who has been obliged to resign.
Caroline Tilden Mitchell has announced her engagement to Mr. George Wood Bacon of New York City.
Lucy Montague sailed January 30, for the Mediterranean trip and travel on the continent.
Emma E. Porter is the leader of a club of ladies studying the principal European cities this winter.
Irma L. Richards has announced her engagement to Rodney C. Knapp of Binghamton, New York.
Frances P. Ripley has announced her engagement to Mr. Nelson W. Willard, Professor of Greek at Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois.
8. Edith M. Estabrook is private secretary to the curator of the Lowell Institute.
Mary P. Fowler has gone abroad for a nine months' trip.
Frances Osgood returned last November from her trip abroad.
9. Mary E. Goodnow is spending the winter in Boston. Her address is 815 Huntington Avenue.
S. Elizabeth Goodwin is teaching in Newtown, Connecticut.
Mary Southworth was married June 25, to Dr. Herbert Frith Williams. Address: Kenyon Military Academy, Gambier, Ohio.
10. Mabel Carver is teaching German and English in Miss Phelps's Collegiate School, Columbus, Ohio.
Martha E. Ellis was married November 28, to Mr. George F. Parmenter, Ph. D., Professor of Chemistry at Colby College, Waterville, Maine.
- x-'00. Lucy C. Foster was married October 28, to Mr. Harry Cabot Weare of New York. Her address is now, 546 Park Avenue, East Orange, New Jersey.
11. Lonise Meyer was married December 29, to Mr. Frederic Fechheimer of New York City.
Mary W. Moore is teaching in public school 20 on Rivington Street, New York.
J. Elizabeth Sullivan is teaching in a public school on Wooster Street, New York.
12. Eugenie C. I. Hadd is teaching in the public schools of New York City.
Lucia Coyle Dewey has announced her engagement to Mr. Frederick C. Woermann of St. Louis.
Martha Warner Riggs was married November 24, to Mr. Arthur D. Truax of New York City. Her address is The Warrington, 168 Madison Avenue, New York City.
13. Grace B. Malley is substituting in the public schools of New York City.

BIRTHS

- ex-'88. Mrs. Ferdinand Beach (Annie G. Short), a daughter, born in July.
- '92. Mrs. Theodore S. Hope (Winifred Ayres), a son, Theodore Sherwood, Jr., born October 7.
- '95. Mrs. Albert Starr Best (Marjorie Ayres), a son, Albert Leonard, born October 6.
- ex-'96. Mrs. William H. Hall (Gertrude E. Porter), a son, Harry Hepburn, born December 23, at Beirût, Syria.
- '97. Mrs. Everett N. Blanke (H. Isabelle Cutler), a son, Waldron Everett, born October 11.
- Mrs. J. Ross Stevenson (Florence Day), twins, Theodore Dwight and Donald Day, born October 2.
- '99. Mrs. Frank Preston Bascom (Lucy R. Tufts), a daughter, Sally Adams, born December 25.
- Mrs. Robert Gurdon Livermore (Mary Alice Smith), a son, John Winthrop 2nd, born December 7.

DEATH

- '93. Gertrude M. Twitchell, died January 3, at Colorado Springs.

ABOUT COLLEGE

THE TRIGGERWOCK

'Twas finals, and the college maid
Lay sleeping in her lonely lair,
While through the awful midnight shade
There roamed the hideous nightmare.

"Beware the Zo!" her room-mate said,
"With skeleton so gaunt and big.
Beware Horatius, and dread
Above all else, the monster Trig."

She took her valiant pen in hand
And to the campus wandered out.
There rested she by a tall elm tree
And stood and looked about.

And as she stood and looked, behold,
The monster Trig with corners three
Along the campus pathway rolled;—
A fiendish sight he was to see!

She knew him by the sine he wore,
The tangent he so boldly rode.
His angles widened in a roar
Till all their functions showed.

One, two! one, two! and through and through,
The valiant pen did sputter black.
She wiped it clean on the grass so green
And went gallumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the frabyous Trig?"
Her room-mate questioned at the gate.
"I surely think that you would funk!"
Indeed their joy was great.

'Twas finals, and the college maid,
Lay sleeping in her lonely lair;
While through the awful midnight shade
There roamed the hideous nightmare!

ELIZABETH HALE CREEVEY.

The progress of civilization becomes more marked each year. This is true in our college world; and one of the greatest improvements made during the past year, is the additional amount of time

A Welcome Innovation allowed for examinations.

Formerly, during the mid-year season, an air of strenuousness has made the college atmosphere distinctly heavy and oppressive, at times quite unendurable. If one has ever undergone the agony resulting from three examinations held on the same day, one will need no reminder of the experience. In regard to the respective value of the three tests, I can only say that it was not a case of the first shall be last, but distinctly vice versa.

In this year of grace the condition of affairs is less crowded. A margin of time is certainly necessary, if the function of examinations is to cause each student to review carefully the term work, thus gaining a clear view of the whole. As affairs stand now, by the grant of three more days, there is time for thorough preparation of some subjects; but there is little or no time for the preparation of examination papers written on the first day. This difficulty might be obviated by an entirely free day at the beginning as well as at the end of the period, and thus an equal amount of time could be spent upon each subject. And great is the value of extra time. Unless one is the night watchman one has no available statistics concerning the relative amount of midnight oil burned during the mid-year seasons. But this year there are many signs of a healthier and less strained condition of affairs. There are fewer doors placarded with the large white signs admonitory of the tomb, some bearing the cheerful salutation "dead". There is a marked decrease in the number of ghost-like individuals who live during this period as in a horrible dream. And the positive advantages are many. The students feel that they have been able to review satisfactorily most of their work, and have been able to discuss among themselves some of the interesting subjects which come to light in a review; and discussion is commended most highly by Mr. Gladstone in his account of university life at Oxford. Furthermore, the students have for the most part been able with a clear conscience to enjoy out-door exercise.

In short, the atmosphere of this examination season, instead of depressing and stupefying the students, has left them mentally and physically invigorated, with fresh enthusiasm for the work of the next term.

Professor Gardiner attended the meeting of the American Philosophical Association at Princeton, December 29-31, of which association he was reflected secretary. Professor Gardiner has been made a "coöperating editor" of the Psychological Review.

Faculty Notes The Psychological Bulletin for January 15, contains a critical review by Professor Gardiner of Janet's important work—"Obsessions et la Psychasthenia".

Professor Wood spoke before the Boston Branch of the Smith College Alumnae Association on Saturday, January 30. The Biblical World for January contains a review by Professor Wood of Dr. Whiton's "Miracles and Supernatural Religion".

The Political Quarterly for December, 1903, has a review by Professor Emerick of H. Rider Haggard's *Rural England*. The import of the review is that this is a great work, unnecessarily lengthy in treatment, and over-estimating the evils that attend the growth of modern cities.

Mr. Sioussat attended the meeting of the American Historical Association at New Orleans December 29-31. The meeting was of unusual interest because of the place—New Orleans, and the time—the centennial of the Louisiana Purchase. The Johns Hopkins University Studies, Nos. 11-12, Series XXI., contains as an appendix to "The English Statutes in Maryland", a reprint edited by Mr. Sioussat of a very rare political pamphlet of the Eighteenth century, "The Right of the Inhabitants of Maryland to the Benefit of the English Laws." by Daniel Dulaney.

An article by Professor Mensel entitled "Zum Gotischen Alphabet", appears in *Modern Philology*. Vol. I., No. 3, January, 1904.

Miss Bernardy has articles in the following journals: *Fanfulla della Domenica* of Rome, "Vassi in San Leo"; *Giornale d'Italia* of Rome, December 1, "La Piccola Italia e la Sua Lingua"; *Archivio Storico Italiano* Disp. 3a 1903, "Rassegna Bibliografica—Guido da Montefeltro".

On December 26, Miss Jordan attended, at Cambridge, a meeting of the Committee on Entrance Examinations of the New England Association of Teachers of English. On January 20, Miss Jordan gave at Boston an address entitled "The Bargain Counter and the Higher Commerce", before the Mount Holyoke Alumnae Association.

The *Dial*, Chicago February 1 1904, contains an article by Miss Scott on Isabella d'Este Gonzaga, Marchesana of Mantua, 1474-1539, the friend of artists and scholars and a distinguished patron of the arts and letters of the Renaissance.

Mrs. Lee has a short sketch in *Good Housekeeping* for January; and the *Criterion* for January contains the first number of a serial, "The Poet and a Fool".

On December 12 Professor Sleeper gave an address before the Worcester Academy on "The Place of Music in a Boys' School", and on January 12, a lecture before the Woman's Club of New Britain, Connecticut, called "From Motive to Masterpiece", a popular presentation of the elements of musical form. Professor Sleeper is co-editor with the Rev. Edward Hungerford, D.D., of Burlington, Vermont, of the *Common Order Choir Book*, recently published by the Green Mount Press.

The firm of Herman Seeman Nachfolger, Leipzig, has just published the orchestral score of "Zenobia", a grand opera by Louis Adolphe Coerne. A vocal and pianoforte arrangement of the same appears simultaneously. The scene of the action is laid in Palmyra, 272 A. D., and portrays the struggle between Zenobia, Queen of the Orient, and the Roman Emperor Aurelian. Although the outlines of the drama are based upon history the character of Zenobia has been idealized. The Berlin Royal Opera House has secured the first rights of performance.

Miss Williams has on exhibition in New York, three paintings, two landscapes and a portrait, two at the National Arts Club, and one in the seventyninth exhibition of the National Academy of Design.

Popular Astronomy for December 1903, and January 1904, contains articles by Miss Byrd on "Astronomy in the High School".

Professor Ganong and Miss Snow attended the meeting of the affiliated Scientific Societies at Philadelphia December 28-31. Professor Ganong read two papers before the Society for Plant Morphology and Physiology, on "An Undescribed Thermometric Movement of the Branches in Shrubs and Trees", and on "The Cardinal Principles of Ecology". Professor Ganong was re-elected secretary of the Society for Plant Morphology and Physiology at Philadelphia, December 30. The second of a series of articles by Professor Ganong upon "Plant Physiology for the High School", appeared in School Science for January.

The New York Times Review of Books for Saturday, January 30, states that Vol. IV. of the Harriman Alaska Expedition will be issued by Doubleday, Page & Co., during the first week of February. The volume is entitled "Geology and Paleontology", to which Professor B. K. Emerson, who was a member of the expedition, contributes the section upon "General Geology".

OLIVE RUMSEY.

The open meeting of the Alpha Society was held in the Students' Building on the evening of December 19. The speaker was Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, and his subject was "The Making of the Book".

Lecture by Mr. Mabie His subject was not the mechanical making of a book, but the spiritual relation that exists between the author and his reader, the writer and his art.

There is a natural tendency to hero-worship in the human race and in this class of heroes stand the great writers. Behind this tendency there is a great reality. It is the aim of all great writers to express as beautifully and as clearly as possible the best and deepest in them. All men crave this, and those who can for us utter what we feel but cannot express, who represent us to ourselves, must needs be objects of deepest reverence. The fact that so many editions of the much-inveighed-against modern novels are demanded, proves that they have in them an expression of the natural cravings of the human heart; they deal with one or another of three great types of men—the man of experience, who does what all men would like to do, the man who achieves, and the man who suffers.

The art which gives expression to this growth of a life, requires above all other arts, the longest apprenticeship. Behind the great masterpieces lie years of forgotten toil. Behind every expression of art there is an education. But when a certain point is reached, all trace of the apprenticeship vanishes and there is left a sense of power, of ease and grace. Then the apprentice has become the master. The essence of originality is not in saying something startling and unexpected. Long ago everything has been said. Originality lies in seeing things through a rich and individual personality. To say a thing that every one else has said as quietly as if it had never been said before—that is to be original. Great art deals not with startling and new facts, but with universal experience. There are certain subjects that belong peculiarly to certain men. Also each man has a style especially belonging to him.

But none of the real secrets of any art are uncovered. They lie hidden in the depths of a man's consciousness. However, the attitude toward life has a great deal to do with it. No genius ever perfected itself without character behind it. It is only by keeping ourselves in harmony with life that we can understand ourselves and bring out the best in us. Every broken law increases the author's self-consciousness and decreases that power he possesses of reflecting the images of his soul. Character must be the basis of works of genius.

The reward of the artist's labor is the consciousness that he has uttered himself beautifully. And the story of the Japanese artist who stepped back and vanished into his severely criticized picture is a fitting illustration of the fact that an artist's refuge as well as his mind is in his work.

Many of the department clubs hold open meetings, but the lecture given on Tuesday evening, January 18, by Mr. Ernest Wilkins, instructor in Latin

and the Romance Languages at Amherst College, was the first that has ever been given here under the auspices of a class. Although a new departure, the lecture was thoroughly successful. Mr. Wilkins chose the paintings of Botticelli as a subject in harmony with the work of the Renaissance History class under whose auspices the lecture was given.

The first stereopticon illustrations were from the paintings of Botticelli's masters. In several of the madonnas of Fra Lippo Lippi Mr. Wilkins pointed out the love of ornament, the joy in the subtle modeling of a face and the keen sense of physical beauty, as opposed to the spiritual and intellectual, which later became characteristic in the paintings of the pupil. The anatomical drawing and the portrayal of motion in which Pollaiuolo delighted also had their effect on the work of Botticelli. Every leaf flutters, every flower sways, every wave dances.

The charm of Botticelli's madonnas lies in their human tenderness. In one the mother bends over with such a touch of yearning sadness in her face that it seems to be reflected in that of the child who is caressing her hand with its soft baby fingers. The composition of the picture is exquisite.

Although Botticelli in his "Nativity" follows the fashion of the time in filling the foreground with portraits of his patrons, the Medici, his genius does not thrive under the restrictions of such work, and it is not fair to take this or the twenty-eight portraits of popes ordered for the Sistine chapel as representative of his art. It was in the portrayal of myths and poetic allegories that his imagination delighted. Everyone knows the rippling motion of the nymphs in the "Garden of Venus". Mr. Wilkins identified this picture with a poem by Poliziano da Giostra.

The same hint of sadness which was in the faces of the madonnas is in the face of Venus as she stands on her boat of curling shell borne toward the land by Zephyrs. It is also in the face of Truth in the Calumny of Apelles as she holds one hand accusingly toward Heaven while Malice and Envy are whispering in the Judge's ears and Calumny is dragging her victim nearer and nearer the steps of the throne.

The picture with which Mr. Wilkins closed his lecture was one painted by

Botticelli after he had come under the influence of Savonarola. The choir of angels circling in the sky are waiting to receive the soul of the martyr.

This is necessarily only a rough sketch of the lecture, as a great deal depended upon the slides, which were unusually beautiful.

On Wednesday evening, February 3, the college had the unusual privilege of attending a piano recital by Harold Bauer. This privilege was appreciated to the full by an enthusiastic audience. No

Recital by Harold Bauer less enjoyable than the promised selections were the encores which Mr. Bauer so kindly played. The program was as follows:—

1. JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH (1685-1750).
Toccata in D major.
2. LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN (1770-1827).
Sonata Appassionata, op. 57
Allegro assai.
Andante con moto.
Allegro ma non troppo.
3. ROBERT ALEXANDER SCHUMANN (1810-1856).
Papillons, op. 2.
4. FREDERIC FRANCOIS CHOPIN (1810-1849).
(a) Two Etudes.
(b) Ballade in G minor, op. 23.
5. (a) SERGEI RACHMANINOFF (1873-).
Prelude.
(b) CHRISTOPH WILLIBALD GLUCK (1714-1787).
Gavotte, arranged by Johannes Brahms (1833-1897).
(c) WILLIAM RICHARD WAGNER (1813-1883).
Walkurenritt from "Die Walküre."

There are few girls at Smith College who, at one time or another during their four years course, have not been asked to collect dues. It is a work in which we are all engaged, and yet the student body does not give the coöperation which would so greatly facilitate the work of collectors.

It is no great pleasure to go around begging girls to redeem their pledge cards or to pay their class tax and missionary dues, and yet at times the collector is made to feel that she is being paid the money as a personal favor to herself, as though she, poor girl, were going to use it for her own pleasure, when in reality she is working over it, counting it out, and trying to keep an exact record of what she has received and of the persons from whom she has received it.

So I would suggest to all girls who promise to help to support any branch of the college work, that they think seriously before pledging themselves, that they consider when the money has to be paid and their other bills that may be due at the same time. A collector would infinitely rather have a girl say that she could not afford to promise money for this or for that, than to promise it and then neglect to pay, or perhaps wait until long after it was due.

The method of obtaining the money is of course different—as decided by the collectors—a common way however, is of asking the girls to come to some special place between certain hours where the collector will be found ready to receive the dues. Sometimes a collector waits for two hours and perhaps only ten or twelve girls come to pay her, then the next day when she appears in chapel or at recitations she is besieged on all sides by girls who are so sorry that they forgot about the office hours on the previous day, and have brought their money now.

Poor collector, her accounts are at home and she has no way of keeping a record; but she hastily endeavors to make out a new one or perhaps tries to remember, meanwhile thanking these girls for paying what they had *promised*, and giving her an immense amount of trouble.

So I would urge—either do not promise to give money, or if you do promise see that the collector gets it when she asks for it.

KATHARINE DE LA VERGNE.

COLLEGE FRIENDSHIP: A "PRO" OR A "CON"?

I went to a recitation, oppressed with fear and dread,
As I thought of the endless pages I'd been forced to leave unread.

I sat me at the very back, 'neath the shade of a sheltering hat,
But the sound of my name,—a quiet "begin"—my heart went pit-a-pat.

In desperation, calm, possessed, I said, "I'm not prepared,"
And all my wise young classmates straight before them stared.

Way down in front a maid piped up in accents firm, decided,
And by the teacher's face I saw their views had coincided.

I gave that girl an awful glance, a vengeful, scathing look,
For she it was had borrowed and not returned my book.

LUCIE ALINE TOWER.

The class of 1904 announces the election of Natalie Stanton as chairman of the music committee of Senior Dramatics, in the place of Fannie Davis, who has resigned from the position.

On the evening of January 20, a dance was given in the Students' Building by the Washburn House and the Tenney House.

The officers elected by Der Deutsche Versin for the second semester are as follows: President, Belle Corwin Lupton 1904; Vice-President, Helen Chase Marble 1904; Secretary, Susie Belle Starr 1905; Treasurer, Rosamond Denison 1906.

CALENDAR

- Feb.** 17, Dance : 9 Belmont Avenue, 24, 14 and 10 Green street.
18, Lecture by Miss Houghton for the Consumers'
League.
24, Albright House Play.
27, Alpha Society.
- Mar.** 2, Hubbard House Dance.
3, Song Recital, by Prof. Mills.
5, Phi Kappa Psi Society.
9, Open Meeting of Der Deutsche Verein.
12, Junior Frolic.
16, Glee Club Concert.

T H E
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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MARCH, 1904.

No. 6

ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Great Father of the ages, Thou who art since time began,
O Thou whose holy hand is stretched to aid,
Make us a mighty nation ; let us see the heights that man,
God-guided, yet must gain—nor be dismayed.

In days of old, when spring was in the land,
And all the world was glad with youth and light,
Tending their flocks the shepherds sang,
Till the hills with rippling echoes rang :
Gold shone the sun by day, the stars by night.
Under the leafy trees the shadows danced ;
In field and meadow waked the restless breeze.
The glow of morning lay on all around
And bathed in sunshine earth's low melodies.
Then from each plashing fountain, moss-grown dell,
Came gentle shapes who loved the music well.
And made the sheen a thousand times more bright,
Dryad and fay and tiny elf and faun,
They chased away each phantom sorrow-born,
And welcomed merry laughter and delight.

To-day we search the far land of our dreams
To catch the shining vision's wayward gleams
Of golden imagery.

For us no fairy shapes wait in the glade,
 With laughter as if hidden harp-strings played,
 And dimpled cheek and sweet beguiling grace
 To lure us ever onward. In their place,
 In veiled mystery,
 We see another spirit, shrouded gray—
 The ghost of things that now have passed away,
 The dream that is to be.
 She lingers on the worn roads where men throng,
 She lurks in crowded marts and all day long
 She scans the nice-hung scales whereon we balance right and wrong.
 Oft in the silence, when we lift to God
 A song of joy too high for human ken,
 We see the spirit standing, and the way that she has trod
 Is radiant as a sun-path, reaching down from Heaven to men.
 Her face is folded in a cloud,
 That none may know.
 She holds the keys of many lands
 Where yet none go,
 And men await with longing eyes the boon she must bestow.
 This is the spirit of the age! To all who love and dare
 Her finger points out roseate slopes which lead beyond despair.
 Low sounds her voice throughout the day,
 She calls from work; she calls from play—
 Men hear her everywhere.

Some name her Folly. "See!" they cry, "she holds
 A jingling cap and bells, a jester's toy,
 And broken darts shot by fair Venus' boy,
 While in a dizzy rout we dance around
 A maddened whirling maze of laugh and song,
 We seek our shadows where the road winds long,
 Nor see the gathering darkness that enfolds.
 We chase the sound
 The world around
 Of mirth and wanton play.
 Like lily-boats
 Our wild dream floats
 To make us holiday."

To some the spirit seems false-hearted Pride,
 A glittering god that never yet saw true
 The glory of the work that man can do
 In making work and worker deified.
 Their eyes are fastened on the rigid bars
 That shut us from our brother. In the stars
 They see no light.
 Their ears are ringing with the cry of hate and pain and strife
 That moans throughout the passing years the fever of our life,
 And prays for night.

And oft men name the unknown spirit Greed,
And marvel to what goal the dark paths lead
Her feet have pressed ;
Telling their hearts, the while, the world is mad
And with a careless hand and glad
Throws by her best,
Leaving the pearl of price upon the sand
For him who wanders dreaming through the land,
Seeking beyond the rush of life, its rest.

And some there are who see the spirit tower
A portent of strange shape and awful power,
As one who at a city's gate, a victor, cries "Destroy!"
With eager haste her followers wreck and tear,
Nor ancient creed nor time-worn system spare,
But find in ruined palace-hall and shattered temple, joy.
Her hands are red
With heart-blood shed,
She lends no pitying ear.
With ruthless touch she mangles
The things we hold most dear.

Yet still the spirit is, and still shall be
As she has been since God made earth and time ;
The spirit of our age—of every age
Where men have stumbled through life's pantomime.
And this to-day we keep glad festival in praise of one
Who saw what meant her face, and seeing, smiled.
Who dared to fight till death, and find an endless victory won
On snow-browed heights, where all the winds raged wild.
He knew her face, and though the path she trod
Crag-pierced, climbed up a slippery way and slow,
Its only shelter the far-shadowing clouds
That rumbled through the dingy plain below,
He dared.

No time he spent in vain regret of laughter left behind,
No time in listening to the cry of coward heart or mind.
His way led towards the rising sun ;
No fate could prove unkind !
We keep his festival, and in the light
Of those long days when war filled all the land,
And he, a hero-man, stretched forth his hand
To guide us through the horror-darkened night,
Because we love his name and honor him,
Our praise a prayer,
And know the mountain flower, Liberty,
He planted there.

We see the herald spirit through her veil of misty gray,

And tremble in the glory of her Heaven-appointed way.
Her eyes bear all the sweet and all the pain of God's new hours.
Her name is Progress—and her path is ours.

Great Father of the ages, Thou who art since time began,
O Thou whose holy hand is stretched to aid,
Make us a mighty nation, let us see the heights that man,
God-guided, yet must gain—still undismayed!

BERTHA CHACE LOVELL.

COLLEGE FROM THE PARENTAL POINT OF VIEW

For the last three years I have been much interested in investigating the idea of college and college life which is common among parents and guardians; and I wish now to make public the results of these investigations. Material has been collected from all available sources, which were numerous; the variety, both in parents and girls, being great. I must admit that in the light of the result of my investigations, I was surprised that any of these girls were allowed to stay in such an extremely dangerous place more than a week.

First, on the score of health, I made some startling discoveries which compelled me to doubt the parental affection of those who, holding such ideas of college, still sent their daughters. They think, so far as I can judge, that at college thin slippers are worn whenever it is rainy or snowy, that hats are considered the proper thing for Sunday and for teas but for no other occasions. No matter how ill one may be one never has the doctor. Fudge is the principal article of diet and no day is complete without at least one fudge party which generally takes place about midnight. The towns in which colleges are located are so small that it is impossible to buy even pins or soap, but they are filled with the most villainous characters, ready to pounce on unwary maidens found straying about after six o'clock. What said villainous characters do during the day or what attracts them to college towns is not stated.

From the educational point of view very little is gained by a college training since no one ever does any work during the four years. People cut recitations any number of times without evil results. No one in fact opens a book except during examination week, when no one goes to bed at all. The whole

college sits up for six successive nights, its head bound in a wet towel, and consumes black coffee to keep it awake. This method of working is naturally a strain, and the result is that everyone goes to the Infirmary for a week or two after the ordeal is over.

The intense rigour of the climate is another matter which causes great anxiety. If the North Pole formed the college flagstaff no more care could be used in fitting out the young explorer. The college town is about on a parallel with Boston, and yet the winters there are far more severe than at the Hub of the Universe. This may seem strange, but the parents have it on good, though always unmentioned, authority, and precautions must be taken accordingly.

Not only from the physical and mental, but also from the moral standpoint, college is considered a very dangerous place. To judge from the observable results, all the small vices must be carefully cultivated there. The fact that a girl may have been late to breakfast every morning of her life, or may always have practiced a studied disorder in her bureau drawers, on the principle that a desired article will always be found on top—such facts do not change the color of the parental glasses. Let the girl once go to college, and the institution becomes a convenient peg on which to hang the responsibility for all her shortcomings.

These are the conclusions drawn by those who have some slight basis of information from which to make their inferences. There is another class—the old bachelor uncles and relations, whose picture of college only the sight of a basketball game could erase. To them the last word about the higher education was spoken when Tennyson wrote “The Princess.” They have a truly beautiful vision of the sweet girl undergraduates in their caps and gowns, pacing elm-shaded avenues, book in hand, or sitting on marble benches by plashing fountains. Sometimes they go wandering on expeditions into the country, but on these occasions they are always accompanied by servants who spread silken pavilions where the fair collegians may rest in the heat of the day and preserve their complexions. One visit to a college town would dispel this beautiful vision forever. It seems cruel, however, to shatter the ideals of the old, and surely it is better that such dreamers should never have their eyes opened. It would be best if the bachelor uncles should visit the academic town not at all, or at

least only in commencement week, when the whole college actually does walk about the grass in its best clothes.

But the corrective for the erroneous views of ordinary parents and guardians is not impossible of discovery, difficult though the application of it be. I advise that the members of the academic institution should write home less about dramatics and dances and more about lessons. Such a course may produce dry letters, but surely anything is better than to have the families think their darlings frivolous. Dramatics may be talked about only during examination week; and slippers may be left at home some vacation as a proof that their owners can exist without them.

Such admonitions are merely the suggestions of a kindly observer. It is the duty of each person to make the remedy fit the individual case, for surely it is a worthy undertaking,—this of changing the idea of college which is too prevalent in the minds of parents and guardians. Truly it must be most unpleasant to think of one's daughter taking long walks in slippers, a lace dress, and no hat, when the thermometer stands at fifteen degrees below zero,—or still worse to feel that her brain is slowly deteriorating from the want of use.

HELEN ROCKWELL MABIE.

SORROW

Oh! Sorrow! Sorrow!
I know thee,—
Thy hand is seared and scarred,
And thy face has many wrinkles,
Thy brow and cheek are marred.

Oh! Sorrow! Sorrow!
A cold wind
Shivers through branches bare,
And the long grass withers and shrivels
Under thy cruel stare.

Oh! Sorrow! Sorrow!
The sunshine,
The Joy and Song of Day
Are fled,—are fled and the shadows
Darken the long, long way.

LESLIE STAFFORD CRAWFORD.

BETWEEN THE DOOR AND THE WINDOW

For the last ten years I have made it a practice to leave town on the 24th of December and spend my Christmas and a few days following in the Maine woods. I generally take a friend or two along with me ; some congenial soul, who likes a gun and a good dog and the thought of game hidden somewhere in the woods.

Last year it was Jenkins. I had asked two other good friends of mine, but they were family men, and had to stay at home and help fill the children's stockings. So Jenkins and I started off alone.

We arrived in the small Maine town twelve hours before we were expected. I had written my guide saying I would get there on Christmas morning, as usual ; but Jenkins at the last moment had suggested going by boat from Boston, and so we arrived on Christmas eve, expected by no one.

The train dropped us at the lonely station. We stood a moment on the platform, watching it rumbling cheerily away in the distance. It left us quite abandoned and alone. There was not a living soul in sight. The station was absolutely deserted. A little way off, down in the valley, a house or two huddled together in the cold, but beyond, as far as we could see, were nothing but bare snowy hills, with a great expanse of brown woods further away.

"Well, Jenkins, here we are !" I said.

"Yes, I should say so ! A God-forsaken hole, too," he answered, and turned up his coat-collar.

The sun was just setting in a glory of clear, winter crimson. We turned our backs to it and walked down into the valley. A star shone faintly ahead of us.

"Fine night," I remarked.

"Beastly cold," said Jenkins, and shifted his suit-case to the other hand.

We found one man in the village street. He had come down from the hills, apparently, for he was dragging a small, sickly Christmas-tree after him. I hailed him.

"Hello," I said, "do you know where Flamel is?"

Flamel is my guide. The man did not answer me until he had drawn quite near. His bushy beard was full of ice where his moist breath had frozen. He recognized me before he spoke. All the village people knew me by now.

"Oh, you here? Early, ain't you? Flamel's out at your huntin' lodge. Didn't expect you till mornin'. Went out with a pile of provisions this afternoon, and took the dogs along. Cold, ain't it?"

The hunting lodge, the deserted house of an old hermit, which I had fixed up with some crude furniture and a fireplace or two, was situated six miles from the village, in the midst of the forest.

"Are you for walking it?" I asked Jenkins. "We'll leave our bags and stuff here and let Flamel come for them to-morrow. What do you say?"

A cold wind blew down the crooked village street. Jenkins stuffed his hands in his pockets.

"Well, I'm not for standing here much longer," he said, "I'm frozen to death. Anything to move on."

We put on some sweaters and heavy boots and started off.

After we had gone about two miles, Jenkins asked how much farther we had to go.

"Not half way yet," I shouted back to him. We were walking single file.

"Heavens!" he said, "I prefer Christmas eve at the club to this. How did you ever happen to try it twice?"

When we struck off into the narrow wood-road and were surrounded on all sides by the great bare tree trunks, rising clear and distinct against the snow in the moonlight, I began to feel again my old love and enthusiasm for the winter woods. I stopped, and when Jenkins came up to me I slipped my arm through his.

"Great, isn't it?" I said. "Aren't these superb woods? Look at those enormous trees and see their shadows on the snow. Did you ever see anything to compare to it?"

"For heaven's sake!" said Jenkins, "let's move on and get to a fire."

The old house that I used for a hunting lodge stood in a small clearing. We broke in upon it suddenly. A faint light gleamed from one of the back windows.

"Flamel's there ready for us," I said, "he'll be surprised to see us." I tried the front door. It was unlocked and we walked into the small, dark, musty hall.

"Hello!" I called, as we entered and strode down to the open door that led into the dimly-lighted kitchen. The light, faint as it was, blinded me for a moment—but still I saw very plainly before me, just for an instant—not my guide, not Flamel, but the gaunt figure of an old woman. She was dressed in a blue check dress, and in the eyes that she cast on me was such a look of terror as I had never seen. She held a lighted candle in her hand, but in an instant it was out; we were left in the darkness. I heard a slight scuffling—a door opened, and then all was still.

"Why in thunder did you put out the light?" Jenkins called from behind me. "What's the matter?"

"I didn't put it out, some one blew it out," I said.

"Nonsense! The house isn't haunted, is it? Who'd blow it out? Where's your guide?"

"He doesn't seem to be here," I said.

I lit a match and, holding it high above my head, walked into the kitchen. The room was warm. Some logs burned low in the fireplace. Jenkins found another candlestick on a high shelf and I lighted it. I stood motionless, with it in my hand, in the middle of the room.

"Flamel!" I shouted, then waited.

My call rang dead and echoless through the small empty house, the wind moaned in the chimney, and the burning log broke in two with a muffled rustle.

"Why do you stand there like a confounded fool, listening to the wind?" Jenkins asked. "For heaven's sake, put that candle down and pull off this sweater—I'm roasted."

Still I didn't move. "Strange where Flamel is," I said.

Jenkins began pulling off his boots. I put the candle on the table and sat down silently before the fire. Suddenly there was a step at the back door. I looked up with a start and rose. The door swung open and Flamel, with a pail of water in one hand and a lantern in the other, entered.

"Well, I'm glad to see you, Flamel," I said heartily. He started at the sound of my voice and stepped forward suddenly. "Where have you been," I asked.

"After some water," he answered quite calmly. "You're here a day early."

"Yes—thought we'd surprise you. Jenkins, our guide, Flamel."

Jenkins gave him his hand.

"Look here, Flamel!" I added, "who was the old woman I saw in here when we came in?"

Flamel took off his overcoat. "What old woman,—what do you mean?" he asked slowly, and hung his overcoat neatly over the back of a chair.

"When I came into this room there was a light here and I saw a horrible old woman as plain as day before me holding a candle. When she saw me she blew it out and disappeared. Don't you know anything about her?"

"No, I don't. I've been here since yesterday and haven't seen any old woman. I don't know what you mean. Guess you must be mistaken." Flamel spoke in an unconcerned, disinterested voice—but he always did that. He was a strange sort of silent fellow, about thirty, better educated than most of the "down-easters," with none of their peculiar accent. He never spoke unless spoken to, and then answered as briefly as possible. "Had any supper?" he drawled.

"No," said Jenkins, "and we're starved. What can you give us?"

"Oh, I shot a rabbit this morning. He's all ready to cook. I'll give you that, and mix you up a corn-cake."

I did not like being so ignored. "What about that old woman?" I asked.

Jenkins laughed at me.

"Oh, that's your imagination," he said. "You're so confounded sentimental that you could make yourself believe you saw a ghost, if you wanted to. The draft from the door blew out the candle and that gave you a start. Cheer up and forget it."

Flamel took a large kerosene lamp and lit it. He began setting the table with the heavy white crockery, and placing around the knives and forks.

In the added light and suddenly new air of cheerfulness I began to think I was mistaken after all, and my old woman a mere delusion. We ate our supper and drank our sweet cider with much enthusiasm. We stretched our feet before the roaring logs, told our good stories, laughed, talked, and ate, until Jenkins confessed that after all it wasn't so bad.

Suddenly an idea struck me. I turned to Flamel, who was washing dishes. "Flamel," I said, "how many candlesticks have you got here?"

He looked up quickly, then went on slowly wiping the plate he held in his hands.

"I don't know," he drawled, "one or two, two or three, several—I don't keep count."

"I was only wondering," I continued, "where the candlestick disappeared to when the wind blew the candle out. We found two unlighted ones on that shelf, but not a third. There are the two, one that we lit, and a fresh one, but where's the third?"

Flamel took up another plate.

"I don't know," he said, "I must have misplaced it getting supper. Probably you will find it in the back shed somewhere. Doesn't that fire need another log?"

I thought Flamel was overdoing his indifference. It seemed assumed, but I did not push him further.

We went up to bed at about eleven. There were three rooms upstairs, two in the front and a third just behind. Flamel left us each in one of the front rooms and descended. He always slept below. We turned in directly. My bed was beastly uncomfortable. I couldn't seem to sleep. After about an hour I lit my candle and went into the back room to see if the bed there was any better. I set the candle on the old-fashioned dressing-table, but just before blowing it out something caught my eye. It was a tiny coil of long grey hair that had been rolled about someone's finger and left there. My hand trembled as I uncoiled the half a dozen hairs and stretched them out. Here was a proof. I opened the top drawer of the table and laid them carefully within and stood a minute thinking the situation over. What did it all mean? Who was she? And what had Flamel to do with it? But finally I crawled into bed, and after a while fell into a restless sleep.

I think it must have been about three that I was awakened suddenly by a step in the room. I opened my eyes and saw again before me the figure of the old woman. She was standing quite still as if listening, and in one bony hand held a lighted candle. I have never seen such a haggard face. Her features were small and terribly pathetic; her eyes deep set and sunken, and the skin hung in wrinkles about her neck. She did not see

me, but walked cautiously by, stopping after each step until the creaking of the boards had died away. She went out of the door, and I heard her going down the stairs slowly, step at a time. I lay perfectly still, trying to determine what was best to do. Where had she come from? I asked myself. Why was she in my room? Why was Flamel concealing her? And now, where, amidst the snow and cold, would she escape to? I started up. She had gone; and I had lost track of her. She had left no trace behind except the wisps of hair in the top drawer. I must catch her. But as I started out of bed I heard the same slow step again on the stairs. She was coming back. I sat stock still on the edge of the bed waiting. She appeared in the doorway and under one arm she clasped two loaves of bread and hunks of dog food. When her piercing eyes fell upon me she caught her breath and half choked. I saw her sway back and I thought she was going to fall. She drew in her breath quickly and blew out the candle with a little gasp and then swept rapidly by me. I heard a door close, and then—absolute silence. I waited for a long while, but there was no sound throughout the whole small house. It was so still I could hear the heavy breathing of Jenkins and the low noise of the quiet winter wind. I heard the chains that tied the dogs, which were downstairs, rattle as one of the pointers rose and shook himself.

I got up and felt about for my candle. The moon had set and the room was pitch dark. The noise of my hands feeling about over the table sounded loud to me in the awful stillness. I scratched a match. It resounded like a pistol shot. I examined the room carefully and in one corner I found a door that I had not seen before, that must lead into a closet. I turned the knob. It was locked. I determined to keep quiet about my discovery, until I could get Flamel out of the way. The old woman was caught now like a rat in a trap. So I crawled back to bed and tried to sleep.

In the morning I sent Flamel to the village for our things and after he was gone I told Jenkins my story. We examined the outside of the house and found that the closet had a small square window in it.

Instead of breaking in the door, we got a ladder from the shed, and decided to get into the place through the window. Jenkins was half laughing during the whole operation and

when, just before ascending, I insisted upon taking along my revolver, he said he hoped I would succeed in shooting my dream. I told him about the coil of hair.

"Oh, you've been making love to some spinster, probably fell off your own coat."

But I did not find the old woman in the closet. It was a mean little hole with one chair in it, a pail of water, and the dog-food and loaves of bread piled in one corner. Some gray and white knitting lay on the floor.

"She's gone," I called down to Jenkins. "I guess she jumped out the window last night and has run into the woods. Awful jump! Heavens! she'll freeze!" Even the proof of the dog-food and the bread would not convince Jenkins.

"Probably the rats lugged it in there,—they'll carry off anything," he said.

I have never seen such a stubbornly practical fellow as Jenkins in my life.

Later in the day, when we all, — Flamel, dogs, and all, were tramping through the woods, Flamel casually remarked, "I see you tried the bed in the back room. Was it more comfortable?"

"Yes," I said, "and Flamel, if you'll tell me about this old woman mystery, I'll help you search for her, for she's gone. I climbed up and looked into that closet this morning."

"Yes," drawled Flamel, "I noticed when I got back someone had been fooling with the ladder."

Jenkins called back to me, "If you prefer hunting women," he said, "for heaven's sake leave us and go back to Boston!"

"Look here," I said to Flamel later, "where did you get that muffler?" I noticed suddenly it was knit of the same grey and white yarn which I had seen in the closet.

"I don't know,—why? In the village somewhere. Do you want one?"

"Yes, when you see the old woman, tell her to make one for me."

We stayed in the woods about four days. Jenkins was a good shot, and when he wasn't freezing to death, enjoyed the life immensely. I let the subject of my old woman drop after a little, as no one seemed to be greatly interested, or put any stock in what I said. Anyway, she disappeared, so I saw no use in bothering about her further, although I was still terribly mystified.

The last night I thought I heard a noise in the closet, as if a piece of the dog-bread had dropped, my blood ran cold. How in heaven had she gotten in there again? I had tried the door just before retiring and it was locked as usual. Suddenly, as I lay there, it occurred to me that when I looked in at the window, the old woman might easily have unlocked the door from the inside and stepped out of the closet as I looked in.

In the morning Flamel started ahead with our baggage. Jenkins and I were to follow.

"Look here," I said apologetically, "I am sorry to trouble you, Jenkins, but come here and help me break in this door. Then I'll be satisfied."

"Nonsense!" said Jenkins.

I told him my conclusions of the night before.

"Bubbles!" he scoffed.

But after a little he came. We pushed against the door four times with all our strength. Finally, on the fifth trial it creaked, cracked, and gave way.

"Empty as your head," said Jenkins.

"But look," I added, "All the bread is gone and most all the dog-food."

"Rats ate it."

"Hang your rats," I retorted.

About two weeks later, as I was sitting in my office in Boston, a good-looking, clean-shaven fellow, in well-fitted sack suit, entered. He came up to me.

"You don't know me?" he asked.

"Flamel!" I ejaculated at last.

"I don't blame you. I've changed a good deal. I've come to give you something you asked for. It's this. She made it for you."

I unrolled a long gray and white muffler like the one Flamel wore.

"The old woman," I exclaimed.

"Yes, she's been living in your house for the last eight years, and there's a good deal of rent due you. She escaped from prison eight years ago, six days before she was to be killed. She was unjustly accused of poisoning her husband. When you were at the Lodge, she lived in the closet. You caused her death, for when you broke in the door she jumped out the window. I found her half dead in the woods when I came

back. It was hard for her this time, because you came before you were expected, and I had not stored the closet with provisions. Besides, your suspicions kept her in horrible suspense, but she died happy ; she was glad to have it all over. She lived about a week after you left. I told her all about Mr. Jenkins and you, and what you said about the muffler. She told me, smiling, to give this to you, to help pay for her rent. I have lived eight years by her side, taking care of her. She was my mother. I have been with her ever since the time I graduated from the law school. My real name is Hastings. I've come to town to start in at the bottom now, a little late, I know. We came from the west. I believe you're my only acquaintance in town. I've a little fortune, but no friends."

"Oh, yes, you have, Flamel," I said, and grasped his hand.

I went around to the club that night. I found Jenkins reading his paper, and hugging the radiator. He shook hands with me with more enthusiasm than I thought he was capable of.

"Hope you've had some traps set for those rats," he said, "for they'll send you to the insane asylum some day."

"Hold on, I've got a story to tell," I said exultingly.

We sat down at a small round table, and I smiled as I began. Jenkins listened without a change of expression. When the story was finished I clapped him eagerly on the back.

"There, old boy, what have you got to say?" I cried.

"Heavens, don't knock a fellow down," Jenkins answered, and took out a cigar. He lit it nonchalantly. "What did I say,?" he said slowly, puffing leisurely. "I told you it wasn't a ghost." He let out a long, narrow wreath of smoke. "Oh, I beg your pardon, have a cigar?"

"No, thanks," I said, "I don't like your brand."

OLIVE CHAPIN HIGGINS.

STAR AND SEA

I stood alone on the sands and saw
Wave after wave roll in and break,
Obeying each a steadfast law
They might not mar, they did not make.

I raised my eyes from the sea, and saw
High in the heavens, a single star,
That silent shone, beneath a law
It did not make, it might not mar.

Oh Thou—Omnipotent—Unknown,
Who made and rulest sea and star,
Help me to feel Thy Law mine own
Nor ask to make nor will to mar!

MILDRED WALDRON BENNETT.

THE NEXT OF KIN

Ainslie looked at the telegram again. He had dropped it on the desk before him, and now he picked it up and stared at it, and the groove between his eyes deepened. The messenger had just brought it in and Ainslie had opened it with some degree of anxiety. He had not received a telegram for many months. The last one he remembered had come from a college classmate, congratulating him upon his marriage. That was two years ago, two years ago on the fourth of May. Two years ago! It did not seem so long, they had been such happy years.

And yet, were they altogether happy? Had he advanced in any marked degree? Had the new ambition that had come to him with his new responsibilities borne any fruit? Here he was in the same old office, agent for the same outside manufacturers, and at the same meagre salary. He knew that he dared not let go, and try his fortune elsewhere. He felt his limitations keenly. He wanted a better income for Elizabeth's sake, not for his own. He wanted to make life easier for her. He had even dreamed of taking her abroad. Elizabeth wasn't strong. She needed a change of climate now and then. But that was impossible with his present income. Besides, she wouldn't listen to any arrangement that didn't include him. It was true that he had persuaded her to visit a friend for a few days, a friend who had married well, with a lovely home and all those delightful surroundings that he would have been so glad to give Elizabeth. But he had no fear that she would return discontented. That wasn't like Elizabeth.

What a lucky day for him his marriage day had been. What a singularly fortunate day it was when he met Elizabeth, quite

by accident, and he had been able to come to her assistance when she had needed it, and she had recognized him as a gentleman, and had invited him to call. And how funny it seemed to discover that her family name was the same as his, and how amusing it was to both of them when, after all else was settled, he had suddenly recollected that he couldn't ask her to change her name. And they had tried to trace back and find the fancied relationship, and had become involved amid so many tangled twigs on the family tree that they had given it up. Those were happy days. They were to wait a little until Ainslie could make a better home for Elizabeth, but her father suddenly died—he had been ill for years, and she was alone in the world, and so, after a brief period of mourning, they were quietly wedded and settled down in a little flat on a pretty street in the suburbs. Elizabeth felt her father's absence keenly, they had been such close friends for many years, and his death came so unexpectedly. It took her a long time to recover from the shock, and even now Ainslie felt that she needed a change of scene and a change of surroundings to take her mind from the disturbing occurrence. Not that Elizabeth ever complained.

Ainslie stared hard at the telegram. Was this enigmatical message a harbinger of luck? He had become a believer in luck. It seemed to him that all his hopes of a rise in the world depended upon the flip of chance.

He arose, closed his desk, and reached for his hat.

"I'll be back in half an hour," he said to the boy in the outer room.

He looked at the telegram again in the elevator. Then he folded it and dropped it in an outside pocket, and briskly passed up the street to the towering Commonwealth Building. The elevator delivered him safely at the tenth floor, and he entered the suite of rooms occupied by the highly eminent law firm of Biddle and Bailey.

"I want to see Mr. John Biddle," he said to the boy at the desk nearest the door.

"Your name, sir?" the boy asked, and waved him to a chair.

"Gerald Ainslie."

The boy speedily returned.

"Mr. Biddle will see you, sir."

Ainslie followed him through two intervening rooms. As he

approached the third, a little man with gray hair and remarkably bright eyes met him in the door-way.

"Ah, Mr. Ainslie," he said, "glad to see you. Come in. Take this chair. Well, sir?"

Ainslie was a little overcome by this friendly greeting. He had never exchanged words with the eminent leader of the bar, and here he was, smiling down upon him, and asking his business as if it might really be of some interest to him. Was it a good augury?

Ainslie drew the telegram from his pocket.

"Kindly read that, sir."

The little lawyer took the bit of yellow paper, adjusted his eye-glasses, and slowly read it aloud.

"Gerald Ainslie: Be at our office Wednesday. Business important. See John Biddle. Wire train. Horace, Sanderson & Bate."

The little lawyer let his eye-glasses drop as he glanced up. "A very good firm," he said. "They look after our Chicago business, and we look after their business here. Of course you are prepared to go?"

"But I don't understand what it means," said Ainslie. "They refer me to you, evidently, for an explanation."

The lawyer smiled.

"Yes," he said, "but that's a slight misapprehension on your part. They have not referred you to me for an explanation, but for advice, and my advice is to go."

"Then you know something about the meaning of this call?"

"Something. The fact is, we were commissioned to look you up."

"Look me up?"

"That telegram is the result." The lawyer rose and held out his hand. "Glad to know you, Mr. Ainslie. Be sure to drop in and see me on your return." And he waved his bewildered caller out.

Ainslie walked away with his head in a whirl. What did it mean? Of course he would go. He would take the evening train for Chicago. He wouldn't lose more than a day at the office. But first of all he would write to Elizabeth. He would simply tell her that business had called him to Chicago, and that he would write her as soon as he arrived. He would not raise her hopes, but he wildly hoped himself. He did not

forget to telegraph the hour of his departure, and to a business friend who happened to be in the office and who looked at him inquiringly, he said with as nonchalant an air as he could assume:

"Called to Chicago on a rather important deal," which he strongly hoped might be true.

As he stepped from the train early the next morning a tall young man came forward and scrutinized him closely.

"Mr. Gerald Ainslie?"

"Yes."

"I'm from the office of Horace, Sanderson & Bate."

Ainslie stared at him.

"And may I ask how you knew me?"

"We have your photograph, sir."

Ainslie stared again.

"Judge Horace would be pleased to have you meet him at the office at ten o'clock."

"Very good," said Gerald, "and thank you for the trouble you have taken. I shall breakfast first, and then present myself."

"I will walk with you to the hotel," said the tall young man, "and call for you in an hour."

"You are very good," said Gerald, quite overcome by this demonstration of interest, and more than ever convinced that there must be something very unusual at the bottom of all this ceremony. The conviction interfered with his full enjoyment of an excellent breakfast, and he was quite in a tremor of excitement when the tall young man, prompt as clockwork, appeared to escort him to the lawyer's office.

Presently he found himself alone in a handsomely furnished private room, high above the roar of traffic, with its windows commanding a bird's-eye view of the wonderful city. He was staring down from this dizzy height when he heard the door close behind him. He looked around, and was confronted by a tall and extremely dignified gray-haired gentleman with tightly buttoned coat, who politely motioned him to a seat at the library table.

"Mr. Ainslie, I believe. I am Judge Horace. We are glad to know you, sir, and I extend to you the firm's thanks for your prompt compliance with our desire for a personal interview." He extended his hand, and Gerald Ainslie grasped it. "We would

not have suggested this interview in the abrupt way we adopted had it not been for the extremely important character of the information we are about to impart to you. There is another reason, which I shall unfold to you later. It was sufficiently strong, as you will see, to prevent us from committing ourselves on paper."

He paused, and Ainslie bowed. The latter was getting nervous. What did this preamble mean? Was he a messenger of glad tidings—this prosaic and exact old attorney? Ainslie's hopes began to cool. He felt a little ridiculous. He was glad Elizabeth couldn't see him.

The lawyer drew a folded slip of paper from his pocket.

"Were you acquainted with the late Philip Ainslie?"

The young man shook his head.

"I have seen his name in print many times, but I have never seen the man."

"Mr. Philip Ainslie died eight months ago to-day—yes, to-day. He left a large estate. I am one of the executors."

The visitor bowed again. Had he been summoned to Chicago merely because he bore the same name as this dead man of wealth?

"The estate goes to the next of kin, and ever since his death we have been endeavoring to ascertain the identity of this fortunate person."

The young man looked at the lawyer as if to detect some change of expression in his imperturbable face.

"Does this interest me?" he suddenly asked.

"You will learn a little later on. The case is an unusually singular one. John Philip Ainslie dropped down on Chicago from nobody knows where. He was quite alone, poor and unnoticed. Slowly he prospered. He made few friends, and never talked about himself, nor alluded to his kin. No relatives claimed him. He never married. He was quite alone when he came here, he was quite alone when he went away."

He paused, and Gerald leaned forward a little. The old lawyer readjusted his glasses and glanced at the slip of paper.

"This singular man made a will," he slowly continued, "in which he left all his wealth to his next of kin. That was the expression he used, and with that ironical disregard for common ways that ever distinguished him, he failed to throw any light upon this unknown heir. I need not say that the will was

properly drawn and attested—it was prepared under my personal direction—and will stand all legal tests. But no persuasion on my part could bring the old man to a realizing sense of the trouble his neglect would cause. ‘They will come fast enough when they hear I am dead,’ he said in his most cynical way. He was wrong. Nobody came. There was not even a fraudulent claim to the property. Then we set to work to find the heir. We put the shrewdest young man in our employ on the trail. He has followed it assiduously. It has been a great task. The Ainslie genealogy is an open book to him, and step by step he has narrowed his findings down to the line of John Philip Ainslie. He has found in this search that this line has been almost obliterated. There were two branches to consider. He has traced one until he ran up against a stone wall. He has traced the other down to you.”

He said this without a change in his calm, incisive voice, but his eyes looked over his glasses to Gerald Ainslie with a new expression.

“To you,” he repeated.

Gerald flushed hotly. He moved his hand across his forehead. In the silence that followed the lawyer’s repetition he fancied he heard the rumble of the traffic on the paved street far below. He pulled himself together.

“You think there is no mistake?” he asked, and his voice sounded hoarse and strange.

“We are not prepared to admit the existence of any mistake,” the old lawyer replied. “We have taken every possible means to establish your identity, and at the same time to test it. We believe you to be the heir. I will go so far, if you please, as to offer you my hand in congratulation.”

They shook hands warmly.

“Thank you,” said Ainslie, and for the life of him he could add nothing to this commonplace remark. He was a little dazed, and it seemed as if he couldn’t quite catch his breath. Then he shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

“This is Chicago?” he said.

“Yes.”

“You are quite real yourself?”

“Quite.”

“Is it a peculiarly somnolent day?”

The old lawyer softly laughed.

"You are wide awake, Mr. Ainslie," he said.

"Thank you," said Gerald again. He would have liked to rise and rush about the room. His blood seemed stagnated. He would have liked best of all to hurry to the nearest telegraph station and wire to Elizabeth.

"This isn't exactly professional," the lawyer said, "but I am glad to assure you that reports have convinced us that you are a worthy young man, and are deserving of your good fortune."

Gerald bowed and flushed still deeper.

"I'm still a good deal of a boy, Judge Horace," he said. "Could I trouble you to give me an idea of the extent of my late relative's estate?"

"It will be a pleasure," replied the Judge. "Later on, when we render an account of our stewardship, we will, of course, give you the exact items. I will only mention certain of them. All the property, you understand, is free from incumbrance, and in excellent paying condition." He drew a sheet of paper from his inner pocket, and glanced it over. Gerald Ainslie leaned forward. "The late John Philip Ainslie died possessed of a residence appraised at fifty thousand dollars.

The young man slightly gasped.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Please go on."

"He was the owner of three apartment houses, among the largest and finest of their class in the city."

The old lawyer paused and moistened his lips.

"He owned the Norman theatre, one of the finest play houses in the west. He owned stocks and bonds to the value of three hundred and eighty-four thousand dollars, and had money in various banks to the amount of two hundred and seventy-one thousand dollars." The reader faintly smiled. "He had in the safety vault a pearl necklace valued at three thousand dollars."

He folded the paper. "But don't imagine that your relative was at all of a sentimental nature. He took that necklace many years ago for a loan that was never paid."

Gerald suddenly smiled. He could see those pearls encircling Elizabeth's fair neck.

"Thank you," he said. "I think that will be all I can stand to-day."

The lawyer smiled graciously. "We will make our final accounting on Thursday of next week," he said, "and the formal transfer will then take place. In the meantime you

may draw upon us for any amount you may need." He paused and seemed to consider an idea that had just occurred to him. "As the final touch to the search for the next of kin," he slowly said, "I want to ask you a question. I know you will answer me truthfully. Have you ever known a George Bancroft Ainslie?"

Gerald started. "Yes," he answered.

The eyes of the old lawyer suddenly gleamed. "At one time, many years ago, a resident of Sackett's Harbor?" he asked.

"I believe so."

"Son of James and Mary Ainslie?"

"I think those are the names."

"Is he living?"

"No."

"He died childless, did he not?"

"No, he left a daughter."

The lawyer started. "A daughter?" he exclaimed. "And is she alive?"

"Yes, she is alive."

The lawyer rose. When he spoke his voice trembled. "Do you understand what this information means?" he slowly asked. "Do you know that George Bancroft Ainslie was the stone wall that stopped us? And now—"

Gerald Ainslie met the lawyer's glance bravely.

"I think I understand it," he murmured.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Ainslie," the lawyer said, resuming his professional tone. "The mistake is unfortunate. I am very sorry."

"Thank you for your sympathy," said Gerald.

The lawyer looked at him curiously.

"You do not appear like a man who has just lost millions," he said.

Gerald smiled faintly.

"I never really possessed them, you know," he said. "Besides, I have a consoling thought to sustain me."

"And may I presume to ask what that is?"

Ainslie drew a long breath, then he laughed aloud.

"Well, Mr. Horace," he said, "I have just discovered that the true next of kin is Elizabeth!"

ELSIE JOSEPHINE ROSENBERG.

SKETCHES

DREAMS

How grey, how silent and how sweet the night !
No star save one in all the midnight sky !
Tall trees loom black against the mist-gray light.
The world's asleep and dreaming. Not so I.
The sleeping wind dreams of lands far away ;
Of crimson poppies blowing in deep grass ;
The midnight skies are dreaming of the sun,—
And I but count the hours as they pass !
If I might dream so sweet, I too would sleep
And pray that I might dream my life away.
For winds their tryst in crimson fields will keep,
Glad skies will greet the coming of the day !
While I but speak across the stars' dim light
Dear love, God keep you—and good-night !

LOUISE MARSHALL RYALS.

"Pshaw, he got away," remarked the small boy, disgustedly.
"Nothing doing. There he goes. Those frogs never will sit still. Let's go home !"

Ride and Tie "Don't want to go," said the small girl. "I knew you'd never get that frog. They always kuplunk when you just want to look at 'em." She dug her heel into the damp bank, and the small boy threw himself down on the cool grass. A bumblebee buzzed down into the clover right in front of his nose, a mairned grasshopper crawled by, dragging a useless jumper behind him, a bustling little ant hurried by, pushing along treasure for the storehouse.

"Do you s'pose they could have got it clear," asked the boy.

"Got what clear ?"

"Why, the shore, of course. Don't you remember—'if seven maids with seven mops'—"

"Mr. Mason told mamma this morning that Alice in Wonder-

land was maudlin. Do you know what that means? I don't believe he likes it."

"Hoh, I guess he doesn't know everything. I guess his old stories are worse than anything."

This was rank heresy!

"You do too like Rosenred a lot!"

"O well, Rosenred is all right. It's got pretty much sense. The prince is a trump."

"I like the princess myself," said the little girl. "She was so beautiful and had such nice long hair." She eyed her own short stubby pigtailed disdainfully.

"The prince was a good sort when he came and saved her," said the small boy condescendingly.

"If my stepfather was going to marry me to some one I didn't like would you save me?" asked the girl, bringing it, woman-like, to a personal application.

"You haven't got any stepfather," objected the boy.

"Well, just s'posin'."

"Sure I'd do it, and I'd marry you after, too," he said magnanimously.

"Well, I guess you can do that anyway,"—grandly.

"Sure," said the boy, "when I'm big. Why!" with a sudden burst of enthusiasm, "you don't even yell when you get hurt and the other girls holler all the time. All you have to do is twist their arms a little and they bawl right away. Of course you're rather little, but you'll grow."

"Yes, I will grow. And I can fight as much as you—you know."

"Yes, you'll be bigger some day, and I'll wait for you," he said condescendingly.

And so it was settled.

"Hello, Jim, I'm awfully glad to see you." She came to the edge of the porch. "When did you get home?"

"Four o'clock. I looked for you at the station."

"I couldn't go. I'm sorry."

"It's the first time you haven't, when I've come home, you know,—and you couldn't come to Commencement, either. It didn't seem like Commencement at all." She looked away.

"Well now you're here, and I suppose we can see each other a little more," she said lightly.

"Yes, but only a week or two. Father insists upon my going west now, instead of in the fall."

"I'm awfully sorry. I thought we'd both be here this summer at least."

"It can't be helped tho'. After college, business, you know. But then—there's Dr. Hampton for you. Look out, Elizabeth. I've heard bad tales already. He's pretty old, and you know we settled that long ago."

"I know," said Elizabeth, blushing.

Later she watched the big man swing down the street. "Somehow Jim seems so young," she said. For she had grown up to him now.

"Hello, Elizabeth."

"Why, Jim!"

"Yes, I just got in. Haven't even been home. How are you?"

"Why, all right. Don't you want to come in and see mother?"

"No, not for a minute, Elizabeth. I want to settle something first. I'm home for good now, and you remember our little plan. I can't wait any longer for that, dear. It's a pretty long time now since we made it. How about it?"

"Why—why—" Elizabeth stammered painfully.

"What's the matter, Elizabeth? Is—is anyone—"

"Why—O Jim, I can't. You mustn't think of that. We were only children. You are too young. I—"

"I'm too young—and you?"

"O, I am old—a girl is so much older. Don't you know?"

The man gave an uncertain laugh, and looked down toward the river-bank, where they had played so long ago.

"Yes, I suppose I am young, and there was a time down there by the river when I said I'd wait for you,—when you were very small." His voice shook a little, but he finished with a laugh. "And how you have caught up with me, and passed me, and gone ahead—"

He stopped, but then seemed to think better of it. "You couldn't wait for *me* to—to grow, could you, girl?"

"O—please—there's some one you see, again waiting for *me*," she said gently.

HAZEL GOES.

WHY

If sister cries to go to school,
And you, *because* you go,
Why can't you and sister swap,
You'd like to know.

If sister'd rather read than play,
And you hate all books so,
Why must she play ; why must you read,
You'd like to know.

'Cause sister twitches in her sleep,
To school she cannot go,
Why, when you twitched, it was no use,
You'd like to know.

The world, it is a dreary place—
But when like pa you grow—
Why she must play, while you must read,
Maybe you'll know.

RUTH ROBINSON BLODGETT

SITTING UP

When Uncle Doctor says " You may
Sit up, Louise, to-day,"
I'm glad to leave my crumby bed,
But oh, I've such a heavy head!

But still nurse props it up quite fine
With my green pillow filled with pine,
And brings me daisies from Lucile,
From Ted, a Jack of orange peel.

I do not want to play so much,
To pull the daisies white, is such
A lot of work that I just lie
And watch my nurse as she goes by.

JANET DEWITT MASON

Little Annunciata pushed the shutter open a crack and peered rapturously out into the street, and then timidly back into the boarding house parlor again, moved to do

The Analogies of this last by a dread of the unexpected, for
Little Annunciata she knew that her sister was lying down in the next room, and that no one else could forbid her from watching this most fascinating "fiesta" which was going on in the street. A red plush chair standing near her made her feel hotter than ever, so she went and pushed it far back into the room. Then squeezing into her former position between the small glass gold-fish aquarium and the window, she applied her eyes to the crack again, and, almost simultaneously, her fingers to her ears, for the explosion which occurred at that moment in the street waked even the gold-fish out of their apathy, making them swim around far more rapidly than usual. As to little Annunciata, as soon as she dared, she took her fingers out of her ears, and scorning the crack as entirely too small to look through any longer at this most charming of all scenes, she threw the shutters wide open and leaned far out.

The street was thronged with little boys, and one group which was near her she could watch easily. Ah! she knew now how it was made, that ear-splitting noise. Almost every boy held in his hand a stick of something which glowed at one end. This he applied to a string attached to a very red, round, fat object, and as soon as the string burned down almost to the end, the boy would throw it from him, and glorious, what a bang followed! The fingers of little Annunciata flew back to her ears again. Her black curls bobbed excitedly, and her cheeks glowed. But nothing daunted, she climbed upon the window ledge and sat there, holding on with one hand to the table the aquarium rested on. At the end of the street a boy pushed mysterious objects into a piece of black iron tube and pulled something, click! clash! The report that followed made little Annunciata jump down from the window, narrowly escaping upsetting the gold-fish, and run to the sofa, where she buried her face in an old colorless cushion, and trembled, quivering in an ecstasy of mingled fear and delight.

This, then, was why they had come to America. True, in Ravenna they had "fiestas" but not like this one. They were only processions with a statue of the Virgin at the head. Little Annunciata could never remember having had a mother. The

term in her mind was connected with a Mary to whom she had been taught to pray. But her father she knew and loved dearly. Very lately he had gone to a place where there were angels, her sister had said, and had wept. Whereupon little Annunciata had cried too, partly from sympathy, but more from a vague terror lest the angels should want her too, and she was content where she was.

But that she was to remain there, was not to be, for her sister had taken her in a vast ship across miles and miles of water to this great city, bigger far than Ravenna. Yes, she knew now why they had come. To Ravenna her father might not return, but to a strange, wonderful place where little children played without getting hurt with queer things that went off, fearful yet entrancing toys such as she had never imagined, surely to such a place as this the angels would let her father come back to them.

She lifted her hot face from the cushion and went back to the window, peering out eagerly, forgetting to stop up her ears. A boy with papers under his arm, walking beneath the window, looked up and smiled at her.

"Great old July Fourth, isn't it?" he said. "Dago, I guess," he added. "Uno, due, tre, quattro. July quattro," he mimicked in the manner of a banana vendor, and proud of his linguistic feat passed on.

Although Annunciata shrunk back, yet she had caught the words "July quattro." "Certainly," she whispered to herself, "a saint's day. 'Tis this that they celebrate; Saint July Fourth. I guess he was a good pope and became a saint. I never can remember them all. Ah! what an excellent one he must have been to have them keep his day like this. Surely my father will come back on a holy saint's day. Oh! let him, please, please."

She looked anxiously up and down the street for a long time, pressing her little hands hard against the brown stone window-ledge. Many people passed, but no oneshe had ever seen before, and gradually little Annunciata grew very unhappy in spite of the joyous shouts of the small boys whose fun waxed more fast and furious all the time, and who set off whole packages of the strange, red objects, and screamed gleefully at every explosion. Annunciata began to feel that in all this she had no part. Her chin quivered, and her eyes filled with tears. Her father had not come, her sister was tired, and she must not disturb her.

She was no longer satisfied merely watching the pleasure of others. On this, the good saint's day, was she to have no part in all the gay celebration? The tears rolled down her cheeks, and seemed almost to burn them. She brushed them away furtively, and all at once became conscious of a Tall Man who was watching her from the other side of the street. He smiled at her so gently and so tenderly that it was more than little Annunciata could bear. She began to sob softly, and turning quickly, started to play with the gold-fish, pulling the small plants in the aquarium to stir up its inhabitants. But it was such a hot day, that the little creatures, used to much attention, only floated around idly and afforded very poor sport indeed in comparison with the riotous excitement which the small boys in the street enjoyed.

Suddenly looking up Annunciata saw in the door the Tall Man, standing looking at her, a white pasteboard box in his hand. Her heart almost stopped beating and immediately an idea occurred to her which was the result of the many legends she had had told her in which saints appeared to those in trouble. The Tall Man could be no other than the pious July Fourth. Little Annunciata bobbed a courtesy, bending her knees stiffly, straightening up suddenly, staring with wide open eyes, her hands clutching her black frock.

"I've brought you something," said the Tall Man in English. Annunciata repeated her courtesy.

"Non capisco, I don't understand," she murmured reverently. Verily it was a strange tongue the saint used.

"Ah!" said the man, "I thought so." And he began to talk to her slowly in Italian with a labored accent, which because it was strange to little Annunciata, heightened her awe of him.

"I saw you in the window," he said, sitting down on the sofa and pulling Annunciata gently towards him. "There, sit here," and he lifted her up beside him. "You looked so lonely standing there," he went on, "with all the other children playing around, that I brought you some torpedoes which you can drop out of the window, you know. It will be lots of fun. I'm sure you'll like it. They go off fine and loud." He laid the white box on Annuncia's lap. She sat very still, afraid to touch it.

"Aren't you Saint July Fourth?" she asked in a timid voice.

The Tall Man threw back his head and laughed.

"Well, no, I can hardly be called a saint," he said, looking at her with an odd twinkle in his eyes.

"Aren't you an apparition?" queried Annunciata in the same hushed whisper, stumbling over the long word.

"Oh, no," the Tall Man assured her. "I just walked in through the front door. They have to leave it open, you know, it's so hot."

"Why did you?" asked Annunciata.

"Because," replied the man, "you look very much like some one I think a great deal of. I didn't have any right to come in I know. Saints seldom do just exactly what they want to do, and that's what I did, so you see I'm not one by any means."

Few could have resisted the subtle flattery which little Annunciata's answer carried with it.

"If you aren't one now, you will be sometime, surely," she asserted positively.

For reply the Tall Man touched her curls softly.

"Why, my dear little girl," he said smiling. Then after a pause, "Now let me show you what to do with my present," he continued, and opened the box.

"In this sawdust," he explained, "are torpedoes, see, these white things, and if you drop them into the English basement under the window they'll hurt no one and go off with such a bang that I'm sure you'll cry no more to-day."

Little Annunciata took him by the hand and pulled him towards the window.

"Let's begin," she said. "Now, quick."

But just as she said this the door which led into the other room opened, and Annunciata's sister, who looked like the little girl grown only a few years older, came in.

"Sister," cried the child, "see what July Fouth brought me, oh, look."

But her sister did not look anywhere save at the Tall Man. She staggered a little, and he ran forward and helped her to the red plush chair.

"Was it fair to me, my darling, was it fair?" he asked.

Little Annunciata rushed to her sister and put one arm around her neck, while with the other she clasped close the pasteboard box.

She listened carefully but she could not understand, grown people say such queer things. Surely he was a strange man, this tall one.

"You knew," began her sister.

"No," said the Tall Man bending over her, "I did not. I saw the little girl crying in the window and I came in, she looked so like you. But was it fair not to let me know? The quarrel was so stupid."

"My relatives were to meet us, but they did not for some reason," her sister said. "We were going to wait for them here. So you did not know that my father —"

"No," said the Tall Man. "And were you never going to send me word, here in my own country, too?"

Even to little Annunciata his voice sounded anxious and tired.

"Well," answered Annunciata's sister, her voice so low that the child had to strain her ears to hear, "you see they told me artists who came to Ravenna to study, never really cared for anything except the mosaics. So I did not intend to let you know—" She smiled at the Tall Man through her tears, "at least not at once," she added.

A curious thing happened to little Annunciata. She felt herself lifted suddenly and set down at some distance from her sister, whom she saw the Tall Man had taken in his arms. And Annunciata added another fact to the several she had amassed in her few years' experience. Grown people not only kissed little children, but each other also.

"How odd," her sister was saying, "that you had never seen little Annunciata."

"I had no eyes," murmured the Tall Man "save for —"

Annunciata did not hear the rest. No eyes! Blind! She was astounded. She gravely contemplated the Tall Man. It wasn't so. It was wicked to lie. Her eyes fell on the pasteboard box which she was still closely hugging. Oh, doubtless it was a mistake on his part, she knew how good he really was.

It grew tiresome watching her sister and the Tall Man. Little Annunciata liked more variety. So she walked over to the window again and started to play with the contents of her box as the Tall Man had told her before her sister came in. Her father had not come, nor did she know that some one had, who would fill his place for her as best he could. Yet as the white objects dropped one by one from her hands, the report which followed, though by no means comparable to the cannonading in the street, nevertheless satisfied the soul of little Annunciata.

LUCIE SMITH LONDON.

It occurred during one of Priscilla's partings with the man. This time, she said, the separation was final. She had discovered — not that she no longer loved him, for she announced that upon an average of twice a month — but that she no longer cared about his loving her. She was simply indifferent.

It was at this juncture that the other man appeared. Priscilla had known him a long time but had never thought of him as the other man before, and her doing so now was illuminating.

The other man was a great many things, some of them desirable. He was very tall and dark, with a patrician profile and a properly indifferent manner ; he possessed a great share of this world's goods, and a greater knowledge of the way of the world, and to make him more interesting, there was inherent insanity on his mother's side and intermittent immorality upon his father's side. Therefore when the other man began to go the way of gilded youth, society was alarmed and declared some nice girl ought to take him in hand.

A great many nice girls had laid this unction to their souls with unvarying lack of success, when Priscilla became interested in the game, and felt herself an instrument of Providence. Now Priscilla was very pink and white with fluffy hair and dancing eyes, and the other man developed a sudden interest in his case and called frequently to discuss the situation.

It was worse than Priscilla thought. He was in a very bad way indeed. He drank and smoked and gambled, and kept hours and company that were equally shocking. He had never had any religious instruction in his youth and it took Priscilla some time to convince him of the error of his way, and even then he frequently went it just the same. But Priscilla believed in counter attraction, and kept a rose light burning in the back parlor, and soft cushions in the cosy corners,— in fact created the "home atmosphere" of stage illusion.

All this had its effect upon the other man, and he was perfectly sure that he could be perfectly good if he had Priscilla always with him for assistance.

This of course Priscilla could not agree to, but she dared not withdraw the hope that she was effecting his conversion until that conversion had taken place, so she put him on probation, and pledged him to all sorts of things. The reformation completely engrossed her,— even the man was forgotten. 3

Her whole sympathy was with the other man in his brave struggle for a higher life; she fairly convinced herself that she was undergoing all the pangs that a maiden might undergo whose lover was struggling with such conditions.

She really did make herself sick over the business, for the other man broke his word frequently and became despondent and helpless, and there was a great deal of cheering up to do, and encouragement to give, when she really didn't feel any herself. It was about this time that she became most lavish in her promises; there was nothing she wouldn't sacrifice to his great need. Suddenly there was a change; her efforts were blessed with success; the other man walked the path of peace and virtue. Strong waters and strange amusements,—all forms of riotous living he forsook. Everything rebounded to the praise of the girl, and she began to feel that she had discovered her career, and to glance, tentatively, among her acquaintances for another victim, when the other man came to see her.

He announced that he felt reformed through and through and as worthy as he would ever be of such a treasure, and he would ask her father that night.

Priscilla experienced a violent change of heart without exactly understanding it. She had accomplished her every aim and should be enjoying the deepest happiness,—as a matter of fact she was frightened to death. She had offered her support to the other man, very much as a benevolent spectator extends a ladder to a man in a pit; she had never realized that the man would insist upon retaining the ladder when he had recovered firm ground.

But what was she to do?

She dared not destroy his faith in her at one fell swoop; she demurred, hesitated, but he had fulfilled her conditions and overruled her objections. Off he went to the library to seek her father, and left a thoroughly scared, shaking girl in the front hall.

"Hello, central—West 125—in a hurry, *please!* Hello, is this 125 West? Oh, papa,—this is Priscilla, and for goodness sake, refuse Bob—say you don't want him yourself. Never mind what he says about me—I can't explain—but say no!"

"Well, certainly," came a man's slow drawl, the drawl of the man, "I'll tell your father what you say. He isn't here now.

I was here waiting for him when Bob came in, but he didn't wait,—he's gone back to look for you, probably."

There was an inarticulate gasp from Priscilla.

"Suppose you see your father yourself and fix it up," went on the man, "and I'll come in to-night about eight, and talk it over with you."

It may be added that the man was the only one of the three male participants to whom the situation was exactly clear. The other man was bewildered and aggrieved at Priscilla's support of her father's refusal and her firm resolve to do her parental duty, and Priscilla's father was bewildered and aggrieved at Priscilla's mysterious performances and the impertinence of the other man in considering himself at all worthy of Priscilla—but the man remarked succinctly to Priscilla that night, that bluffing was never worth while,—you were always liable to have your hand called.

MARY WILHELMINA HASTINGS.

HEIGHO! AND A HEIGHO!

Heigho! and a heigho!
Oh sing, little bird, yes, sing!
Cling on to the branch
As the great winds blow,
And don't let go,
Just cling and sing,
With a heigho, and a heigho!

For love is in that grand old tree,
It guards thee round protectingly,
Ah! would the world give such to me.
But heigho! and a heigho!
For once it did, 'twas long ago,
And when the winds began to blow,
I did not cling, I did not sing,
But I let go.
Heigho! Heigho!

FLORA JULIET BOWLEY.

The world looked so fresh and green to the girl. She had last sat in the window in the dead of winter, and after that there had been only the four chamber walls. Now

The Larkspur all was so lovely. The girl reached for a spray of the climbing rose that framed the window, to kiss it. But her hands fell helpless in her lap, and she lay back in her chair, closing and opening her eyes, to make sure that she was not dreaming.

This girl's new world was the path, lined with hollyhocks on the side nearer the garden, while on the other was the house, covered with roses. Opposite the window was a garden trellis with a clump of larkspurs at one end, and behind this the mail box. She had seen all this many Junes before, but it had never looked quite so fresh and bright. The nurse came and added another pillow.

"It's good, isn't it?" she said.

"Oh, it's lovely!" cried the girl, when, like a very large bee, came a humming-bird to the larkspur blossom. Both were silent while the little bird went to each stalk, never stopping the motion of its wings. The bird then came to the climbing roses, close to the girl and the nurse, but seeing them hesitated a moment, poised in the air, and then flew away.

"I'm sorry," said the girl. "Do you suppose it will ever come again?"

"Why, yes, of course. You have larkspur."

"What has larkspur to do with its coming back?"

The nurse settled herself for an explanation. "In May, after the nest is built and the eggs laid, the male bird flies away and stays till the little fledglings are quite well grown. This is about the middle of July, and at that time the larkspur fades. When the larkspur is gone, back he comes. The female bird watches the blossoms to see when her mate is coming again. Your bird will visit the larkspur every day."

"Does he surely come back?" asked the girl.

"I suppose so, but one never can tell."

The girl's hand fell limply on the window sill. She looked down the garden path to the street, then up the walk to the larkspur, or perhaps the post box beside.

"He will surely come," she said, "by the middle of July."

The nurse left the room. Again the girl looked at the larkspur, and murmured slowly and almost unwillingly, "Will he surely come back? One—never—can—tell."

The girl still sat in the window. A month had passed. She was a little less pale, but not the girl who had looked with such joy on the June world. Yet nature was not less beautiful. The roses were gone, but the nasturtiums flaunted their glowing reds and yellows where the pink and white had been. The hollyhocks still called the bees. There was only one spike of larkspur left, and the post-box showed bare and empty beside it.

"The humming bird still comes, so I may hope," thought the girl, but there are many kinds of hope. Gradually the sunset dyed the garden. The nurse came to wheel the girl back to her room.

"The pinks will be out to-morrow, and another rose geranium," said the nurse.

"To-morrow the last larkspur will be gone," said the girl.

The sun shone mockingly bright through the blossomless rose vines. Its rays made the girl's white face look still more marble. She did not feel them, but lay looking out past the trellis where the larkspur had been, past the post-box, empty still, down the dusty road, out into the land of the past, for the girl could see no future. The humming bird's mate had returned, and the larkspur had been gone a week. But the girl sat by the window waiting.

In a garden far away a woman was putting a rose in her hair.

"It is lovely," said the man, who knew not the larkspur, and had no thought for the waiting post box.

"And we shall have roses all winter," said she.

"Yes, all winter," he answered, and smiled.

The woman thought, "I have made him happy, even I."

But the man could not entirely forget another girl, who had loved other roses. He had picked the last ones for her and she had put them in a book, his book, to-day. "So we can have roses all winter," she had said.

"Yes, all winter," the man had answered.

MARY ROYCE ORMSBEE.

HOW DO YOU LOVE ME, MY BELOV'D?

"How do you love me, my Belov'd?"
"As a queen with a heart of gold.
As the lilies white that are tall and bright
And heavenly perfume hold."
"Nay, my Belov'd, love not so,
For queens are proud and fine,
While the hearts of the flowers are cold and calm
And that is not like mine."

"How do you love me, my Belov'd?"
"As morn when the night is long,
As the lark that soars as he upward pours
His pure enchanting song."
"But the song and the morn are for all the world,
And I am but for thee.
Hast thou no better words to tell
Thy tenderness for me?"

"How do you love me, my Belov'd?"
"As peace when we suffer pain,
As the heaven won, as the labor done,
As the bliss we hope to gain."
"But peace is only good from pain,
And bliss is faint and far,
And I would be nearer to thy heart
Than all thy labors are."

"How do you love me, my Belov'd?"
"Love thee? beyond all thought.
Love thee! as words must fail to tell,
But as my heart speaks loud and well
In answer to thy heart."
"Yea, thou dost love. Oh my Love,
Truly all words are vain,
But when thy heart speaks to my heart
The joy is strong like pain."

FRANCES ALLEN.

EDITORIAL

"Nobody loves me and I don't love nobody and I'm goin' out in the back garden to eat worms." This is the modern fashion of definition of the idea which used to be expressed as "biting off one's nose to spite one's face." Every one knows what it is like to feel that "nobody loves me and I don't love nobody." It is the next step that carries with it subtle character distinction, for some people decide to go out on the back campus and eat worms, and some to go down to Boyden's and eat steak and creamed potatoes. Maggie Tulliver at one of these crises in her career decided to refrain from eating altogether and die of slow starvation. The point in this enumeration is not that the feminine mind tries to bury its sorrows in eating, as opposed to the masculine preference for drowning them in drink,—although it is interesting to observe that the spiritual need of love and approbation expresses itself in such material terms,—it is that the people of one type take the love of their world for themselves so much for granted, that in punishing themselves they expect to affect their world still more deeply. A few idealistic parents hold this theory, and continue to punish themselves instead of their children. Whether or not this is the approved method we are not prepared to judge, but it is certain that those who try to afflict their world outside of the family circle by afflicting themselves are apt to receive the response of the old lady who, when the tramp said he was so hungry that he had to eat grass, replied, "You poor man, come out in the back yard where the grass is longer."

The other type of people when they realize that they are socially out of tune, take it for granted that their world has a certain amount of right on its side in its withdrawal of favor, and set themselves to work to get along without it. Like the proverbial small boy they gradually shift their emphasis. "Nobody loves Georgie. Somebody loves Georgie. Who loves Georgie? Georgie." By the time this declaration is reached the good humor of the individual is entirely restored.

The college methods of self affliction expressed in the figurative "going out on the back campus to eat worms" are varied.

Some with a countenance of settled gloom sit down to darn stockings, and wither with a glance any conciliating friend who offers to read aloud. Some, regardless of room-mates, clean out their bureau drawers, first dumping the contents in a hopeless heap on the bed. Some write duty letters, which have been accumulating for months, or conscientiously attack neglected reference reading. All these pursuits are accompanied with the determination to pour the cold water of soggy indifference on anyone who shows the least symptoms of happiness.

The other type of person at college has many pleasant methods of pampering herself back to complacency. She can select her most sympathetic friend and go sleigh-riding. She can take to the hills on snow-shoes. She can ensconce herself at the Copper Kettle, elbowing away all other applicants in her determined manner of placing herself directly in front of the open fire. She can treat herself to an afternoon with an exciting novel, or, provided that she is musical, she can vent her spleen on a piano in Music Hall. The ghosts of all the grouches that have been played away in its padded cells seem to linger in Music Hall. One piano quavers a remonstrating note when you touch it, as if remarking, "There, I knew you'd touch my black and blue spot!" As a rule, however, the piano is the most kind and willing grouch receiver that can be found. Another very satisfactory solace to one who is feeling unfriendly toward the world seems to be the cheap show. The incongruity of costume, scenery and grammar make the possessor of the grouch completely forget whether or not "anybody loves her, and she loves anybody" and she comes out rested and refreshed.

Whether you call the state of mind that has been outlined by the name of grouch, the blues, the vapors, or temporary loss of the social sensibility, and whether it makes itself known in self pampering or self affliction, it almost invariably in college, comes from the same cause—need of rest and freedom from routine. Nobody can keep on a tuneful and harmonious course without occasional intervals of doing the things they haven't got time for at the expense of those they have learned to look upon as compulsory. Blessed be the blues or the grouch or what not, which calls a halt, and allows us to set about re-adjusting ourselves, even if the break from the established order of things be nothing more pleasant than "to go out on the back campus and eat worms."

EDITOR'S TABLE

EUPHROSYNE

*" But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heaven yclept Euphrosyne
And by men heart-easing mirth—"*

With eyes that swerve not from her eyes,
Where sparkles back the candle light,
Clear amber as the wine that lies
Enspheréd in the crystal slight
Raised high between her fingers white,
We bend to mark, amid the noise
Of shout and clashing glasses bright,
The ringing crystal of her voice.

For Goddess comrade through the fight,
That marched beside us sturdily,
That laughed the leagues away, to-night,
Glamor of pagan revelry.

Hers first, and now the latter toast—
More deep ensnaréd in her spell—
Shall not we hail and crown her most
Beloved and most desirable?
"Yea!" the shout rises, ringing well,
Drunken with laughter and delight,
"Crown her the most desirable,
Alone desired of our sight!"

He grows, who watches star by star
Flash yellow from the twilight sky,
Aware of space between, afar,
Above the stars that are so high.

A greater presence here hath been,
Our worthiest guest hath stol'n away,
And none hath heard and none hath seen,
Through magic of our Goddess gay.
Quickly a chair is pushed away,
Unheeded sinks the upraised glass—
"Beg that she graciously will stay,
Entreat our lady Veritas!"

Goddess, forbid desire of thee
Consume thine ardent votaries,
Lest we should use discourteously
Our lady of the quiet eyes.

If the mysterious bond, congeniality, may be said to be determined by any one essential elementary force, it is the mutual ability to appreciate the same joke. This factor is worthy of more consideration than is often accorded the sense of humor in the estimation of the value of life. Supposing an elimination of the "funny side of things", even the optimist must find this but a sorry world. On the other hand, those devotees who set her full value upon this irresistible and illusory deity, are in as great danger of becoming fanatics as are they of any other single cult. Great zeal in worship results necessarily in loss of balance in the worshiper's mind, of perspective in his eye. Possibly it is the origin of that which is arbitrarily designated as "bad taste" in expression. A dangerous mistress this irresistible and illusory one, for such as lack the skill of the high priest at the altar, the light and dexterous flash of the knife as wielded by a Thackeray, and yet many a one has rendered fitting tribute and won her benign regard for the everlasting benefit of mankind. Unfortunately, there is as yet no training school for the acolyte, whereby we might be spared the clumsy efforts of the would-be wit. Countless are the ways in which these may fall from grace, but two paths of peril are especially significant. To one of these leads the spirit which forbids the "spoiling of a good story" for the sake of kindness, justice, truth or anything whatsoever; the other finds its way to that abyss where sink the dregs of much of our modern written stuff, the hideousness of whose name no adjective can augment, "smartness".

THEATRICAL NOTES

At the Academy of Music, February 20, Mr. Ben Greet's company in "The Merchant of Venice." "The quality of mercy is not strained!" was for once addressed to the merciless Jew, instead of the lenient audience, with the inevitable result that the failure of the speech to make any impression upon the unwilling listener was substituted for its ordinary enthusiastic appreciation by those righteous ones beyond the foot-lights sitting all ready to applaud the expression of their sentiments. In the court room scene Miss Mathison lacks the force of Terry. She has sacrificed to artistic reasonableness the opportunity for a hit. Whether it is for this or other reasons, the interpretation of this scene fails to bring out its immense dramatic power. Possibly it may be accounted for by Mr. Ben Greet's interesting and wholly unusual portrayal of Shylock. It seemed that each moment the Jew's complacency would burst out into passionate invective, but it was the unexpected which happened, and the unique interpretation was sustained to the end of the scene, where Shylock went off, leaving the audience feeling that the climax had in some measure been denied them, but at the same time with the startling realization that Shakespeare's contemporaries might have been justified in considering Shylock a comic character. Among the minor parts, that of Gobbo was especially well done. As a whole the play was, as are all the efforts of this company, an artistic and interesting production.

A PAUSE OF THOUGHT

O turn thine eyes away, and stop thine ear
From the entrancing sound of melody
That rises with the veering wind more clear
And sinks away in solemn ecstasy.
Oh, music more than mortal! What strange sound,
Borne on the trembling breeze, is this that calls
Beyond the never-ending waves that bound
Our vision, penned within these oaken walls?
The Sirens call us from the weary oar;
I can but look.—Behold, one turns and stands,
Apart from all the rest along the shore,
With tresses blown and sad, beseeching hands.

II.

Is it their song, or but the weary chime
 Of listless waves that steals into my ears ?
 Those melancholy tones of olden time
 Are faintly echoed in these distant years,
 And echoing, recall a former clime,
 Against stern Fate, 'tis useless to inveigh ;
 Our hopes are dead, and all our toil is vain.
 On distant isles, the stars shine far away—
 But oh, the rapture of that wild refrain !
 Sweet and still the song,
 Sweet the song, but vain ;
 And, rising with the veering wind,
 There beat upon my ear again
 Those lute-like tones of melody,
 That sink and fall in silver strain
 Out in the distance, plaintively.

—*The Yale Courant.*

A NORSE LOVE SONG

Love! I am freer than the strong white wings
 That sweep and skim above the white-lashed sea,
 In that I love thee ; richer than great kings,
 Because thou lovest me.

Love, I am master of a spell more strong
 Than ever minstrel wove into his art,
 In that I made for thee a little song
 That found thy deep, still heart.

Love, I am stronger than the gods that hurled
 On men of old their joys and their alarms,
 For see, sweetheart, I hold my own whole world
 Clasped safe in my own arms.

—*The Nassau Literary Magazine.*

THE HILLSIDE

Last year the fire swept the hillside bare,
 And laid it bleak beneath the sky.
 But Spring with lovingest ministry
 Has spread it with velvet green and rare ;
 A thousand gracious flowers have birth
 In the lap of the fire-tortured earth,
 And life laughs up at me as I pass.
 On other hills where the Spring has been
 Barely shimmers the struggling green,
 Through the long dry remnants of last year's grass.

Father, my heart with its old desires,
 Its dead resolves, and its withered loves,
 Longs for the breath of Thy purging fires,
 To sweep away and to destroy,
 That out of the ashes of self may spring,
 Under Thy love's sweet quickening,
 A fair, new growth of faith and joy.

—*The White and Gold.*

In eager hope I fled to love and thee :—
 I never knew that joy could die so fast ;
 A mocking future and a phantom past,
 No more is left to me.

The breathless silence of the silent night,
 The level reaches of the swaying sea
 Are in thine eyes, and mirrored there for me
 Is God's own perfect light.

—*The Harvard Monthly.*

AFTER ALL

The sun has looked on Babylon,
 And Memphis and faint golden Greece,
 On Tyre and Rome and Ascalon,
 Ages will be ere it will cease,
 Yet it will fade, and earth deep-grieved
 Will don her darkness, sink in death
 Before the poplars silver-leaved,
 The lowly locusts' honey breath,
 And every sight we saw around
 That day we met, from us will pass.
 The mellow must of earthy ground,
 The damp, clogged leaves, the thin, pale grass,
 The faint perfume of hair and dress
 That told her sacred presence near,
 A dazzling form of loveliness,
 A goddess from another sphere,
 A sudden knowledge each to each
 Of two like souls in all earth's time,
 Communion without sign or speech,
 A strange, high touch of God—sublime—
 All these will live when earth is cold,
 And solar systems merge or cease
 Beyond the utmost starry fold
 In our two hearts, in endless peace !

—*The Yale Courant.*

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

WAYFARING

The pale moon drifts through paler skies
And silvers the breast of the sea.
Lo! I have walked full many an hour
But the night hath no rest for me.

The sands gleam white in the wan moonlight
In a path that hath no end,
While over its limitless marbled sheen
My weary way I wend.

The tide sobs back from the silent shore
Where the rocks rise, gray and bare.
I turn my face to the pitiless moon
And ever on I fare.

The wind blows chill from the restless sea,
From northern ice and sleet,
But it blows no hope to a weary heart
Nor strength to weary feet.

Yea, the moon grows old in the western sky,
The night to the morn doth bend,
But I follow the path of the silent sand—
The path that has no end.

KLARA ELISABETH FRANK '03.

My memories of Capri are centered around a series of rambles, which included every remotest nook and corner of the little island, and of these, my farewell walk to the "natural arch" stands out as

A Ramble in Capri the most perfect of them all. It was one of Capri's ideal days, with a sky of the blue one calls unreal in pictures, and a dazzling sun. We started from the "piazza" just as the clock in the old tower was striking two,—fourteen soft, mellow notes sounding through the clear air. The sunshine had only just penetrated into the little enclosed square, and groups of people were beginning to gather there. At the foot of the cathedral steps two women and a man were carrying on a violent discussion; near by sat an old woman peacefully knitting, with one eye

always on the basket of oranges beside her; and, on the flagstones at her feet a group of children were playing marbles, each rag of their colored garments catching the rays of the sun. A little farther on, we encountered a donkey woman standing in front of her six mild-eyed friends and crying in a loud voice her one painfully acquired English sentence, "Want a donkey, lady?"

Just beyond her, in the warmest place he could find, sat the famous Capri beggar, leaning against the stone wall, apparently too comfortable to hold out his hand for "soldi". A remarkable looking object he was, his garments composed of coarse flour sacks, and hanging in luxuriant fringe from the waist down. On his head he wore a pointed hood of the same material from which his withered, pinched-up face peered forth like a very witch of olden time and defied the world to divine whether it belonged to man or woman. We passed under one of the many low archways leading from the piazza and after going through numerous walled-in alleys, so narrow that we bumped constantly against women and children with huge fagots or water bottles on their heads, we came out into the open country with olive vineyards on one side of our path and on the other, a high stone wall over which leaned here and there a lemon tree or a great sprawling cactus. We had not gone far before we entered the premises of a Capri landowner who leaned from his window and wished us a "buon-journè" while a small boy rushed out of the door with a nosegay for the "signorina".

Then, as we rounded the corner of the house and came out on the narrow, rocky path leading down to the "Arco Naturale", the sea lay before us glittering and rippling in the sunlight.

The steep, rocky cliffs rising up on every side formed a natural frame for the picture before us. Just across the strait lay the Bay of Salerno and, jutting out into it, a long narrow point of land with a great misshapen heap of rocks at the end of it. All along the shore and on the hillsides clustered the villages and far beyond rose the dark, shadowy Appenines with just a sprinkling of snow on their rugged summits. We stood for a moment enjoying the view and breathing in the fresh pure air that came up to us from the sea and then continued our way down the rough path to the Arch. It is a huge opening cut out of the rock as if by man's hand, and as we sat opposite, on a little stone seat, we could look through it at the deep blue water, with here and there a fisherman's bright yellow boat rising and falling on the waves.

We were seized with a desire to see how the Arch would look from below—to get right down by the sea on the tiny beach which we could see far beneath us. And so, eager for adventure, with still several hours of daylight before us, we started. The way led first by long winding steps down to what is known as the cave of Metrius, and thus far it was familiar to us. The cave is a great cold place, with only one opening toward the sea, and at the back the remains of an altar. The story goes that long ago the ancient mariners used to come here to sacrifice that they might be saved from the luring voices of the sirens who, from the rocks a little below, were wont to tempt sailors to their destruction. From the cave the remains of the original Greek steps led down to the sea, but they look now like nothing more than a long steep gully with stones large and small piled into it regardless of order. Nevertheless we were setting out bravely on our difficult descent when we discov-

ered something that looked like a tiny path winding along the hillside, and at that moment over the brow of the hill came a small boy, with a red cap on the back of his head, and a pair of big brown eyes that gazed upon the adventurous "forestieri" with undisguised astonishment. Behind and on all sides of him were his goats, their hard little hoofs making a sharp metallic sound as they scampered over the stones. When he discovered that it was our fixed purpose to reach the water's edge he pointed us down by the way he had come, and we gladly forsook the steps of the ancients for an easier, even though less romantic, path. And so by clinging to shrubs and plants and by sitting down and sliding over one or two perpendicular rocks we landed, breathless and exhausted, on the pebbly beach. The first thing we did was to look up the hillside for the "Arch", but to our great disappointment we could see nothing but a mass of boulders. We were denied the pleasure of looking up at the blue sky as we had looked down at the blue waters through a frame of rocks.

However, after we had established ourselves on a big flat boulder overhanging the water, and had looked about us, we felt well rewarded for all our efforts. We seemed to be in a little bay shut in by jagged rocks; by leaning forward we could see far enough around them to imagine the little caves and grottoes from which came the low rumble of dashing water. Before us lay the mountains as we had seen them from above, only they seemed much nearer looking down on us from over the way. And the sea — how beautiful it was, right at our feet rippling over the rocks, and now and then throwing the white salt spray up into our faces! Far out, it was of the deepest blue but near the shore it changed to a wonderful green, like the green of a chameleon, ever changing in the sunlight.

We sat there a long while in silence, unable to tear ourselves away till the soft tinkle of goat-bells far up on the hillside reminded us that it was time we, too, should be turning homewards. Twilight was settling down over everything as we climbed slowly back and the silence was unbroken. We paused a moment in the piazza to look off at Vesuvius ever smoking, at Naples, a great white city in the softening rays of the setting sun, and at Ischia bathed in dark purple shadows. A group of gaily dressed Neapolitan musicians stood in the shadow of an archway and soon the low notes of the mandolins sounded in the stillness, and a man with a tender voice hummed softly the strains of "Santa Lucia".

I lingered there, leaning over a low stone wall, with an almond tree sending up sweet perfume from the gardens below, and soft music in my ears, until the gold had faded away from the shimmering water, and the city across the bay had melted into the shadows.

RUTH E. HAYDN ex-'02.

It was a damp, cloudy Sunday morning. As we drove through the grayness and greenness to Hawarden, I expressed to my Chester friend my fear lest it should be too wet for Mr.

Mr. Gladstone and Dorothy Drew Gladstone to be at church. He smiled. "Don't worry. No rain would keep the 'old man' from church unless he were ill." The drops were

falling when we went up the long path to the pretty little church, but we waited with the group of non-pew-holders by the side door. In a few minutes a murmur went round "Here he is." Hats came off as the two beautiful old people stepped from their carriage, and walked to the church door. No photograph can give the impression of harmony and a certain quaint dignity which gives the charm to my memory-picture of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. He took off his hat, but his face did not change. Mrs. Gladstone bowed with a smiling graciousness, as if she were expressing pleasure for her husband as well as herself. Then we all followed them into the church. The pew of the ex-minister is in the choir, and we sat a little way back of him in the Lady Chapel. Facing him were one set of his grandchildren—the boy and girls of Rev. Stephen Gladstone, and presently merry, wilful Dorothy Drew slipped into the pew beside her grandfather. There is something very funny about this curly-headed feminine miniature of the "grand old man". I was far more interested in the grandfather and his favorite grandchild than in the very ordinary sermon. Mr. Gladstone was too feeble longer to read the lessons, but he followed the service with Bible and hymnal, as well as the prayer-book. Not so Dorothy Drew. Her small mouth set in the same curve, her tiny forehead in the same determined frown, suffered nevertheless plenty of relaxation. She fidgeted and whispered from mother to grandmother. The latter seemed to give a very ready response, but her grandfather paid no heed, and finally Mrs. Drew took the bobbing golden head and restless body out-of-doors. My friend smiled again. "Yes," he said afterward, "Dorothy Drew already has all of what was in her grandfather when to the Queen's assertion, 'I am the Queen', he replied, 'Yes, madame, but I am the English people.'"' At dancing school she calmly announced that she would dance with but one boy, and no one else. "I do not wish anyone else." As it chanced, the unhappy little boy did not wish Dorothy. Her mother and grandmother argued and commanded in vain. Tight little mouth, frowning brow, was the only reply. The dancing mistress had a brow, too, however, and suddenly Dorothy changed her mind and manner, and became the most obedient pupil. There will be some kind of a conquest wherever she goes.

I thought of the face which we waited to see pass again at the close of services, the calm, serene eye, the white, sunken mouth. I thought of the reverent homage paid at Harwarden church and graven in the heart of all England, and wondered if any other life now young could or would have the right to such just homage in the days to come.

MARY BREESE FULLER '94.

I would like to bring to the notice of the Smith girls who intend to teach, the great opportunities that are in the Commercial Departments. New schools are starting these departments every fall, so there are really more positions each year. The cry is, "Give us a college graduate", and the supply has never yet equalled the demand.

I am myself a recent convert, but a very enthusiastic one. In all my teaching, and I have been teaching almost continuously since graduation, I have

never been as happy in any other work. There is no better place than the one afforded by the Business Course to get into touch with the young lives, and to influence them in all ways toward the higher ideals.

The Chandler Shorthand is the coming system. Already, it has been introduced into many of the best schools of New England, and new schools adopt it every year. Mrs. Atherton (the founder) is a woman of remarkable character. You cannot but be better for coming into relation with her. She says that her great desire is to influence more of the college girls to take up this line of work, and she cannot yet supply the calls for trained teachers.

To fit yourself for this work, you should first of all learn the shorthand and typewriting. At the school, I believe the tuition is \$5 a week for tuition in both subjects. Private lessons are \$1.50 an hour. Bookkeeping, commercial law, and commercial geography are the other subjects usually taught, with a little business arithmetic and spelling. Bring your minds trained from college to this work and you will be able to grasp it with little difficulty. Salaries range from \$500 to \$1200, so you see the pay is good.

Should you undertake this work and be half as happy in it as I am, you will never regret it. Mrs. Atherton would be very glad to see any of you at the school or communicate with you by letter. The school is open all summer, 221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts.

If I can be of any service to any of you in this matter, I shall be only too glad to answer questions or give further information.

MARIA BANGS GOODWIN '95,

Principal of the Business Department,

North Adams, Massachusetts.

The Smith College Club of New York City will hold its ninth annual luncheon on Saturday, April 9, at the Hotel Manhattan, at one o'clock. President Seelye, President Rhees of Rochester University, President Lafavour of Simmons Institute and others are expected to speak. Members of the college faculty, alumnae and undergraduates are cordially invited to attend. Tickets (\$2.00) may be obtained from Miss Jennie T. Vermilye, Lydecker St., Englewood, N. J., before April 1. Alumnae and undergraduates are especially requested to give their full names and class in their applications and also to send the names of friends of their own or other classes with whom they prefer to sit.

The Smith College Club of New York City is to give three one-act plays at the Carnegie Lyceum, Saturday, March 26, for the benefit of the Students' Aid Fund. All the parts are to be taken by members of the alumnae. There will be an afternoon and an evening performance. The plays are, "Nance Oldfield"; "The Romancers", Act 1, translated from the French of Edmond Rostand; "Gringoire", translated from the French of Theodore de Banville. Information regarding tickets may be had by addressing Miss Constance Charnley, 138 East 40th Street, New York City.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'03.	Maude Ella Hurlburt,	.	.	.	Jan.	30
'03.	Elizabeth H. Viles,	.	.	.	Feb.	8
'03.	Annie Ellis,	.	.	.	"	8
'03.	Elizabeth Russell,	.	.	.	"	9
'98.	Frances Bridges,	.	.	.	" 3-5 & 8-9	
'95.	Bertha Condé,	.	.	.	"	9
'81.	Harriette Dunton Dana,	.	.	.	"	11
'02.	Ethel Betts,	.	.	.	"	11
'03.	Loella Newhall,	.	.	.	"	13
'97.	Alice Fallows,	.	.	.	"	17
'98.	Alice O'Malley,	.	.	.	"	19-22
'01.	Edith Burbank,	.	.	.	"	20
'02.	Edith Turner Newcomb,	.	.	.	"	20
'02.	Rachel Berenson,	.	.	.	"	20
'01.	Constance Charnley,	.	.	.	"	20-22
'01.	Bertha Richardson,	.	.	.	"	20-22
'01.	Janet Sheldon,	.	.	.	"	20
'01.	Eleanor Hotchkiss,	.	.	.	"	20
'03.	Alice Fessenden,	.	.	.	"	19
'03.	Grace Gordon,	.	.	.	"	19-24
'03.	Helen Davison,	.	.	.	"	19-24
'03.	Laura Post,	.	.	.	"	19-22
'03.	Gertrude Curtis,	.	.	.	"	20-22
'03.	Esther Little,	.	.	.	"	19-22
'98.	Jessie Hyde,	.	.	.	"	19-22
'92.	M. D. Henshaw,	.	.	.	"	20-22
'96.	Grace Lillibridge,	.	.	.	"	22
'96.	Josephine Perry	.	.	.	"	22
'01.	Frances Lips,	.	.	.	"	22
'01.	Anna Hitchcock,	.	.	.	"	22
'92.	Eliza Bridges,	.	.	.	"	20-22
'00.	Cora Sweeney	.	.	.	"	22
'03.	Alice Webber	.	.	.	"	21-24
'03.	Genevieve Dyer	.	.	.	"	22
'03.	Persis Parker,	.	.	.	"	22
'03.	Florence Rumsey	.	.	.	"	22
'03.	Grace Fuller	.	.	.	"	22
'03.	Elizabeth Westwood,	.	.	.	"	22
'03.	Elisabeth Irwin,	.	.	.	"	22
'03.	Marion McClench,	.	.	.	"	22
'96.	Eliza Jaqueth,	.	.	.	"	27
'01.	Anna Thorne,	.	.	.	"	27
'03.	Clara McDowell,	.	.	.	"	29

All alumnae who wish to secure tickets for Senior Dramatics should send their names to the business manager, Florence H. Snow, Hubbard House, stating whether they prefer Thursday or Friday night. Seats will not be reserved for alumnae for Saturday night.

Contributions to this department are desired by the last of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Josephine Sanderson, Hubbard House.

'93. Roberta F. Watterson has recently become the head of one of the branch libraries in Brooklyn, New York.

'95. Jessie A. Fowler is spending the year in Mexico. Her address is San Gabriel, Denango, Mexico.

Elizabeth Dike Lewis has announced her engagement to Professor Clive Day of the Department of Economics of Yale University.

'96. Mary C. Hawes sailed February 27, on the Romanic from Boston for Naples. She will spend five months travelling on the continent.

The item in the October number stating that Harriet Palmer was married on June 15, to Dr. Albert Ernst Taussig, should read Harriet Palmer Learned, etc.

'97. Irma Richards has announced her engagement to Mr. Rodney Knapp of Binghamton, New York.

Frances P. Ripley has announced her engagement to Mr. Nelson W. Willard, Professor of Greek at Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois.

Florence Ward has announced her engagement to Mr. J. Converse Blagden.

'98. Gertrude Chase is teaching in the East Bridgewater High School.

Rejoyce B. Collins is teaching in the Girls' Collegiate School in Los Angeles.

Ethel Craighead received her M. A. degree in economics from Columbia University last June, and is now teaching geography, English, civil government and economics at the Hampton Normal and Agricultural School for Negroes and Indians at Hampton, Virginia.

Bertha Heidrich has announced her engagement to Mr. William Miles, Princeton '99, of Peoria, Illinois.

Elizabeth McFadden is one of the cataloguers and assistant librarians of the Public Library of Cincinnati.

'99. Carolyn Adler has announced her engagement to Mr. Alvin H. Lauer of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Ruth Shepard Phelps is spending the winter in the Riviera, Italy.

'00. Mary Taggart is spending the winter in Pasadena, California.

'01. Mary Howland Bellows is teaching French and English in the High School of Walpole, New Hampshire.

Mathilda Heidrich was married February 9, to Dr. Theodore Herbert Page of St. Louis. Her home for the next year will be in Gold Hill, Colorado.

- '01. Clara Knowlton has announced her engagement to Mr. Frederick Strong of Portland, Oregon.
Laura Lord has announced her engagement to Mr. Robert Leighton Scales of Dartmouth College.
Margaret R. Piper is teaching in a High School in Windsor, Vermont.
Helen Shoemaker has announced her engagement to Mr. S. Lewis Elmer of Bridgeton, New Jersey.
Ethel Stetson was married February 23, to Mr. Norman Williams Bingham, Jr., of Bangor, Maine.
Louise Worthen is teaching at the Mt. Hermon School, Mt. Hermon, Massachusetts.
- '02. Emily D. Huntington is doing Y. W. C. A. work in Passaic, New Jersey.
- '03. Eva Becker is spending the winter in the South. Her address until June is 2008 Morgan Street, Tampa, Florida.
Frances McCarroll has announced her engagement to Mr. Franklin Boyd Edwards, Williams '00.
Clara Phillips is teaching kindergarten in Springfield, Massachusetts.
Florence M. Rumsey is teaching mathematics and history in the Arms Academy, Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts.
Marie Weeden has announced her engagement to Mr. William Langford.

BIRTHS

- '85. Mrs. Leonard Wheeler (Elizabeth B. Cheever), a daughter, Eunice, born September 25.
- '96. Mrs. Thomas F. Burgess (Laura Crane), a son, born June 10.
- '97. Mrs. Ernest DeW. Wales (Franc Hale), a daughter, Elizabeth, born January 7.

ABOUT COLLEGE

EXAMS.

They come from out the minds of profs,
They make a scheduled sally
On Juniors, Seniors, Freshies, Sophs
Their work and marks to tally.

For ten dread days they trample down
The maids who have been shirking,
Who must, alas! soon leave the town,
Go home for overworking.

Still some they praise, a most small part,
And pass, or pass quite nearly.
Of these each one with grateful heart
Doth thank her stars sincerely.

There's grinding, grinding, while they stay,
And swallowing of knowledge,
And cramming hard both night and day
By students in the college.

Till o'er at last, each maid doth sigh
And finds life once more merry
To think that *one* more set's gone by
It makes her happy, very.

Yet here's a fact which all should know,
Which can be changed never,—
While girls may come and girls may go,
Exams go on forever.

FLORA JULIET BOWLEY 1904.

A FRESHMAN'S CALENDAR

Last Ten Days Before Vacation.

Ten little paper dolls hanging in a row.
 Pull one down each day,—my! how slow they go.
 Each doll stands for a day—when the days have passed.
 Most every one is going home—vacation time at last.
 Nine dolls—cut history, written lesson too.
 Eight dolls—flunked in math,—made me awful blue.
 Seven dolls left now—studied—washed my hair.
 Six dolls on the wall—flunked math again—don't care.
 Five dolls—it's Sunday. Was asked to-day to walk
 With a senior friend of mine. We had a lovely talk.
 Four dolls only left upon the wall;
 Three dolls still remain—dropped in basket-ball.
 Only two dolls left now—will they ever go?
 Never in the world before did time drag so slow.
 One doll left now—the time has almost come.
 No dolls left now—at last I'm going home.

MARY COMFORT CHAPIN 1906.

At the open Phi Kappa meeting, February 5, Dr. Henry van Dyke lectured on Robert Louis Stevenson. He spoke as a lover of the man, as all who know him must speak, for in 1850 there was

Lecture by Dr. van Dyke born in Edinburgh, Scotland, a man who all his life lived, widely, gladly and thoroughly, and who, in 1894, died with "his work unfinished but his adventure completed." Into the harshest of Scotch climate came a delicate child whose struggle for life was constant but who was "not to be snuffed out easily". He stumbled, fell and doubted, but he never gave up, and thus he taught the world how fine a thing it is to be brave.

Stevenson was a predestined maker of books. With his delicate constitution came the necessity for travel, and the outcome of this was his first literary production, "An Inland Voyage", written in 1878, after a canoe trip of some months, and followed soon by "Travels with a Donkey", the diary of still another journey. Thus began the rapidly growing popularity of Stevenson. With the years came essays, stories and poems, best among them "Virginibus Puerisque", "Prince Otto", "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde", "Treasure Island", "David Balfour", and "Child's Garden of Verse", together with his most interesting and fascinating letters, the best since Thackeray or Lamb.

But never did Robert Louis Stevenson admit that fiction at all competed with real life. Books were dull things in comparison with the realities of every-day existence. So he felt that stories must be most carefully written. They must be a complete dramatization of life, holding by a simple unity, easy to read and easy to understand, the threads converging in an "essenced scheme" with a knot here and there for adventure's sake. And this plan he followed, focusing his words accurately on his subject and setting them

marching after his idea. He chose well, admitted that he imitated the style of the predecessors whom he loved, knew how to restrain himself, and was intense and poignant at the same time.

Stevenson's philosophy was simple and is best expressed in his "Child's Garden of Verse", where he tells us that "The world is so full of a number of things I am sure we should all be as happy as kings." This is the keynote of his life. He lived, despite ill-health and consequent suffering, as happy as any king, making the best of all things, a loyal friend, an affectionate son, and an honest literary man. Indeed his own is his best epitaph:

"Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie:
Glad did I live and gladly die
And I lay me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
'Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.'"

On Saturday evening, February 6, Miss Boyd spoke in the Students' Building on the subject of the work that she had accomplished in Crete.

Fascinating as her account of the work was, the Lecture by Miss Boyd fact that Miss Boyd is a former member of the college, elicited a personal interest from her audience, which the subject of archaeology alone, would hardly have produced.

The word archaeology has to most undergraduate minds a dusty, stifled sound, but all those who heard Miss Boyd brought away a totally new impression. The living interest of the search for dead cities was brought out in such a vivid manner, that the latent love of new lands and adventure of the whole audience, which in most cases had been fed chiefly on unsubstantial romances of Spanish treasure, awoke with new life at this account of things which are actually being done in the present. Miss Boyd's description of the risk of the work, the fear of finding nothing of any importance, the pleasure of greeting old friends, and meeting and overcoming old difficulties, created an actual feeling of excitement augmented by the knowledge of the success that had crowned her work.

The account of the business side of the enterprise was less idealistic, but not less interesting. Like all great work, excavation costs not only time, energy and enthusiasm, but money, and the lack of this last requirement, restricts the excavating season even more than the need of seizing favorable months of the year.

Drawings made by Miss Moffatt of the vases that had been discovered were placed on the walls of the Reading Room, so that all who wished could see the visible results of the archaeological work in Crete. Thus Miss Boyd enabled the college to catch the spirit of the search for truth as it is carried on in one corner of the wide interests of the outside world.

The twenty-second of February is unanimously pronounced the most exciting and eventful day of the college year. It is distinctly the college girl's day, in which every phase of the lighter side of Washington's Birthday our life here begs for a representation. The tendency for an elaborate program seems to increase each year.

At the exercises in College Hall in the morning, Senator Dolivar of Iowa, spoke on the two phases of the Revolution, and the establishment of the institutions of the government. The Washington Ode, written by Bertha Lovell 1906, was read by Alma Bradley. 1905.

At the close of the exercises the girls immediately hastened to the Rally in the Gymnasium. This is certainly one the most attractive features of the day. The decorations were very effective, and much originality and taste was shown in the outfits of the several classes. Nevertheless, the odd classes were much more fortunate in their combination of colors than the even classes, and to the freshmen were awarded the honors of artistic effectiveness. The singing was excellent, but all too short, for, with three songs around, the Rally ended with a grand chorus of all the classes in the first spirited college song we have had. The play "Ralph Roister Doister," presented by the Council, followed the singing. It would have been successful under other circumstances, but, on account of the disturbance and excitement in the audience, the attention was too much distracted from the stage. This fact prevented those who were of the cast from receiving due credit. A shorter and less classical production would have been more enthusiastically received after the excitement of the songs.

After the brief intermission at noon, came the games between the juniors and seniors, freshmen and sophomores. The former game was won by the juniors with a score 32—15; the latter was won by the sophomores with a score of 44—14. This evening up of the athletic laurels, or the popularity of the college song, may have caused the enthusiasm shown by all, which reminded us of loyalty towards our college, as well as towards our class. It would be well if we had oftener a chance to emphasize this spirit.

In the evening a dance at the Students' Building closed the events of the day.

It was the privilege of La Société Française to welcome M. Merle d'Aubigné on Thursday, February 25, when he gave an informal talk at Chemistry Hall on the work of the Protestant

Lecture by M. D'Aubigne Missions in France.

M. Merle d'Aubigné is the son of the author of the History of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century. He is himself engaged in missionary work, and has had charge for the past twelve years of one of the branches of the McCall Mission in the slum district of Paris.

The lecture was illustrated by stereopticon views giving glimpses of Northern France, the buildings of Paris connected with the history of the Reformation, and the present work of the missions.

Mr. McCall, an Englishman, was the one to commence this work on a general scale in 1870, and since then it has developed rapidly in city and province, Americans and English as well as the French showing active interest.

A most unique feature of the system is the mission boat, which serves as a means for reaching the peasant class. Workers live on these boats and hold services in the chapel, which is built in the centre. M. d'Aubigné spoke of Choisy-le-Roi as an example of the little towns reached in this way. He also touched upon the condition of the French peasant, his frugal cultivation of every inch of ground, his ignorance, and his recent evolution from a deeply religious, even superstitious attitude, to a state of skepticism, due to the influence of free-thinkers.

The peasants are at liberty to distil a certain quantity of liquor for their own use without taking out a license, and as a result the mission worker finds himself confronted with the temperance problem. A picture was shown of a great "fête de temperance" instituted by the missionary as an aid in the solution of the problem.

In connection with the city work, M. d'Aubigné showed views of some of the well-known monuments, the hotel de ville before and after its reconstruction, the Louvre, and scenes along the Seine. In closing he showed pictures of the life of the working class, in carpenter-shops, in the flower-markets, and in the factories; and spoke of the munificence of different people who had contributed to the erection and maintenance of the Settlements.

The lecture, taken as a whole, was somewhat disconnected, but M. d'Aubigné's charm, and informality in delivering it, made a most pleasing impression. As for the work of the great reformer, it appeals of itself.

The following rules have been drawn up by the Council in regard to the Students' Building. Students not conforming to these rules will be held responsible to the Council.

Rules of the Students' Building The furniture in the rooms of the Students' Building is not to be moved from one room to another under any circumstances, unless special permission is obtained from the president of the organization having charge of the room.

Any damage done to furniture in any of the rooms of the building during an entertainment is to be borne by the house or society giving the entertainment. Since the houses and societies are to be thus responsible for damage done to furniture, the students are requested to be exceedingly careful.

The Students' Building is open for rehearsals at all hours in the daytime, which are in accordance with the rules of the Faculty Committee on Dramatics. On account of the cost of lighting, the Council asks that only two rehearsals besides the dress rehearsal be given at night. Other rehearsals may be given at night for especial reasons, if arrangements are made with the President of the Council.

The hall of the building may be obtained for lectures and open meetings by arrangement with the President of the Council.

The piano in the hall of the building has been rented by the Council for the year. The houses may use it for dances and plays by paying a small rent. The key may be obtained from the President of the Council. All rents are to be paid to the Treasurer of the Council. For use other than at house dances the piano may be rented for fifty cents an hour.

Societies and department clubs having rooms in the Students' Building are responsible for specified rent to be paid to the Council.

If it is necessary to make any re-arrangement of furniture in the hall of the Students' Building for the entertainment, the expense must be borne by those giving the entertainment.

The woman to clean the building is engaged by the Council to come three times a week. If any student wishes any part of the building cleaned for a special occasion, she must notify the Treasurer of the Council who will then make arrangements to have the woman come at other times to clean.

No books or magazines are to be taken from the Reading Room even over night. The Council wishes to remind the students that the Reading Room is open all day and in the evening.

EMMA DILL 1904.

On February 10, at 8 o'clock, Dr. Kim addressed the college in Assembly Hall on "The Condition of Chinese Women". The condition of a woman in China differs greatly when considered from a legal

Address by Dr. Kim or practical standpoint. Legally she is always a ward; as a child, her father may even sell her, and when married her husband is her absolute guardian. Nevertheless she has dowry rights which can not be taken from her, and if divorced she retains her property. This right of divorce belongs solely to the husband, and is often obtained on account of an unruly tongue, for Confucianism demands that there shall be peace in the family. On the other hand, divorce reflects disgrace upon the husband. Although the wife is denied this right, she may with impunity escape to her father's home. As a widow, she is still under guardianship of the oldest man of the family, who may be her own son.

Practically the girls have much more liberty than is popularly supposed. The social organization is such that the poorest boy may study so as to pass the national examination and become a mandarin. The girls must all, therefore, be trained so that they will grace their husbands' homes if they shall rise to the highest class.

A woman's life is preëminently domestic and she is educated accordingly. Although she studies with her brother, she does not go so deeply into the work. Her reading is done for pleasure rather than for education. A girl is taught all kinds of beautiful hand-work, but formal ceremonies take a great amount of time. The Chinese consider easy manners and perfect knowledge of ceremonies absolutely necessary for their women.

Although Chinese women are always legally wards, they often are greatly respected. Men discuss their business with their wives and mothers. Grandmothers are very greatly admired, and treated very reverently. Marriages are often made with real love as a basis, but the women do not expect the personal absorption that western women wish. The family is always considered of the greatest importance, and each member lives for the family honor.

Dr. Kim closed her interesting talk by showing and explaining some of the styles of Chinese shoes and other articles of dress.

On Thursday, February 18, Miss Houghton spoke on the subject of the Consumer's League. While Miss Houghton has not done the extensive lecturing and organizing that has fallen to Mrs. Kelly's lot, she has, in her position as President of the Massachusetts State League, with energy done all that she could in serving the interests of the League throughout the State.

She addressed herself to us particularly as college women, as the present and future consumers, and as the body who will in the future help form public opinion. To form opinion particularly along this line, lies with women, since women exert an unbounded influence through shopping.

New York was the seat of the very first movement towards the formation of a Consumer's League, when a few years ago, Mrs. Lowell undertook to improve the conditions surrounding the shop girl in the store itself.

This was taken up at once, and the result of her work was immediate and gratifying. This phase of the work still shows itself in New York, by the existence of the White List, on which appear the names of those stores only where the conditions for employees are up to a certain standard.

A little later came the movement characterized by the use of the Label, which certified that goods bearing it, were made under proper sanitary conditions; that the factories in which they were made have been duly inspected and found satisfactory. The actual use of the label came only through constant demand for goods bearing such a mark, and its present and future existence depends upon the continuous and increasing demand from the shopper. At first the styles of garment upon which the label appeared, was limited. But as the demand increased, so also did the variety of goods, so that we now find the label on all grades and qualities.

Since the first label appeared on the counter of a Boston store, the movement has become national. Throughout the Union, State Leagues have been formed who recognize that through the instrumentality of this small label, and the watchword, "Refuse all substitutes," a wonderful amount of good can be done in bettering the working conditions of men, women and children, and in helping on the crusade against sweat-shop work.

Another phase of the work has been to agitate public opinion with reference to child labor. As a result, six states, New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Alabama, Arkansas, and Oregon have passed laws during the past year, either prohibiting entirely or restricting in some way child labor.

No matter what particular aspect of industrial reform the Consumer's League takes hold of, it will always, whether through white list, label, or child labor legislation, endeavor to improve the general condition of mankind, and it looks with hope and confidence to the enlightened women of the present day for sympathy and coöperation.

In the planning for the Week of Prayer the Cabinet of the S. C. A. C. W. decided to depart from the custom of organizing prayer-circles in the houses, and to concentrate upon a few strong services. In

The Week of Prayer order that all who are connected with the college might know about the meetings signs were put up in all the houses, notices were read in chapel, and the list of services for the

week sent to the trustees, all the members of the faculty, and the ladies in charge. The program for the week was as follows :

Tuesday, February 9.—The College Prayer-Meeting in Music Hall. Leader, Professor Wood. Subject : The Development of One's Religion.

Wednesday, February 10.—Herr Mensel spoke in the Students' Building. His subject was The Relation between Morality and Religion.

Thursday, February 11.—Miss Jordan spoke in the Students' Building. Her subject was : "Whose service is perfect freedom".

Saturday, February 13.—President Seelye spoke in the Students' Building. His talk was based on questions passed in by the students. All the points under discussion came under three general headings : Old Testament Ideals ; the Divinity of Christ ; practical religious questions of every-day life.

Sunday, February 14.—the Day of Prayer. At the Vesper service in the afternoon the Rev. Dr. R. Moxon of Springfield gave the address. At seven o'clock there was an Association meeting in Music Hall, leader, Mary Van Kleeck ; subject, "Overcome evil with good". At eight o'clock Professor Sleeper gave an organ recital in College Hall. At the close all joined in singing the College hymn, "O God, the Rock of Ages".

The result of the change in plan for the Week of Prayer, proved satisfactory in all respects. The meetings were very well attended, and the Cabinet feels that it was justified in making the changes.

On Wednesday evening, March 2, the Albright House presented "A Rose o' Plymouth Town".

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Miles Standish, Captain of Plymouth,	Edith vom Baur
Garrett Foster, of Weston's Men,	Emilie Piolet
John Margeson.	{ Lilian Ehrich
Phillippe de la Noye	
	{ Muriel Haynes
Miriam Chillingley, cousin to the Captain,	Katharine Gager
Barbara Standish, wife to Captain,	Ruth Mills
Resolute Story, aunt to Captain,	Esther Searle
Rose de la Noye,	Florence Bannard

Place : Plymouth, in New England.

Period : 1622-1623.

It is difficult for girls to produce convincingly a play of such romantic character, with its dramatic surprises, its dare-devil hero, its villain and dueling. The scenery committee did much toward creating the atmosphere, for the setting was unusually well chosen.

Rose de la Noye proved entirely satisfactory in her first scene ; her light-hearted manner was then perfectly suited to the situation. But as the play progressed one expected a greater change in her method. As disappointments and dangers came to her she should have shown more depth of feeling. Emilie Piolet, as the reckless soldier-hero, failed to convince us, because her voice was pitched high and her gestures were feminine. Edith vom Baur had dignity, but her voice, although modulated, lacked masculine gruffness and strength. Lilian Ehrich played her difficult part intelligently, and Ruth

Mills, as Standish's wife, was satisfactory. Miles Standish's aunt was surprisingly young in manner and make-up, but in other respects Esther Searle filled her rôle convincingly. It was Katharine Gager whose voice, gestures and stage behavior best represented a Plymouth maiden of 1622. Even when in the background, all her movements conveyed her purpose, and when she spoke she portrayed a distinct personality. Phillippe, too, was remarkably genuine.

The lighter scenes were well carried through. The comedy of the corn stealing in Act I scored a decided hit. Such dialogues as that between Standish and his wife in the spinning-wheel scene in Act II rang true, and showed careful work. It is to be regretted that the dramatic situations were not convincingly managed, and that laughter was heard in the audience when tears might have been expected. Had the actors introduced more variety, interest would have grown with the plot, and the effect of climax would have been greatly strengthened.

It was Shakespeare, was it not, who remarked, apropos of a certain lady,

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

Probably Shakespeare knew whereof he spoke, perhaps from bitter experience if the conjectures concerning his

A Voice From the Back Seats married life are correct in certain particulars. Probably he did admire the above-

mentioned quality in his feminine friends, and according to his lights, he was right. But Shakespeare was hampered by his environment and by the age. His life was many-sided and comprehensive, but lacked one priceless experience; he had never been to a girls' college. If he had, one cannot doubt that he would have written on some subjects very differently. He would never have committed himself so far as to assert that a voice forever soft, gentle and low was an excellent thing in woman—a virtue unalloyed. Now, be it far from the present writer to urge the average girl to talk any louder on every occasion; we Americans are prone, as a rule, to take the scenery into our confidence to an appalling degree, and to utter our commonest remarks in a stentorian tone that suggests that we are conversing with a friend in the next township. If we could manage to lower our voices a bit, the result might be fully as enjoyable to our friends and less afflicting to society at large. However, the question is not so much that of modifying our voices as of using them more consistently. Will some kind person please inform me why a girl who can on occasion muster enough lung power to make herself heard a quarter of a mile across the campus with the wind against her, is suddenly smitten with some strange aversion to the sound of her own voice in the class room, and apparently endeavors to ascertain how near she can come to a whisper and yet make herself intelligible to the Power Behind the Desk? This phenomenon is a little hard to explain. The reason cannot be awe of the instructor; that usually wears off early in sophomore year and only begins to return in the senior. It may be natural diffidence, a trait engaging in itself, but which might properly yield to a modest amount of self-confidence in a recitation room. It may be that she has in mind the

old saw, "Speech is silver, silence is golden", and though she is obliged to use the legal tender of the class-room, she attempts to gold-plate it. Is it uncertainty as to correctness? That least of all, for our Best and Brightest are more frequently stricken in this remarkable manner than the Common Herd. Whatever be the reason, the fact remains that numbers of us cannot or do not speak so that we can be heard in a recitation by any but our immediate neighbors, and it is against this that I would flaunt my little banner.

The great majority of us depend, not so much on what we learn in preparing our lesson as on what we hear discussed in the class-room for our real grasp and comprehension of a subject. In view of this, it is exasperating, to say the least, to be unable to hear a third of what goes on in the class; to hear a third of the girls who are called upon recite in a voice which implies that she and the instructor are having a cosy, confidential little tête-à-tête. The exasperation increases when it is a Shining Light who is speaking, and whose words are usually, when audible, real pearls of wisdom to the rather opaque majority. A Shining Light usually sits near the front, and the majority modestly cling to the rear seats, which still further accentuates the point in question. It is still more annoying, when we are requested to add some further point to the discussion, and, in all innocence and not a little pride, repeat the point just made by the last inaudible speaker, to be rewarded by a remark more or less icy on the part of the instructor. But the most enraging phase of it occurs when the Desk has been vainly endeavoring to bring out some point, obscure but evidently important; when dozens have volunteered only to fail ignominiously; when the class as a whole is on the verge of wild panic and is excitedly ransacking all its brains for something, anything which might have the remotest bearing on the subject; when the instructor waxes righteously indignant and is just on the point of uncorking the vials of his wrath; at that precise moment some one, always a Shining Light, always in the front seat, volunteers some small remark which apparently hits the nail exactly on the head, to judge by the instructor's smiles, but which, alack! reaches us as a soft murmur, barely audible, let alone being intelligible. Do you blame us if exasperation gives place to rage and despair and other unladylike emotions? Especially as the point made is usually the pith of the lesson and is more than likely to confront us in examination, and as the instructor usually contents himself with remarking, "Exactly! Precisely! That's just it!" and passing on to the next topic.

Dear people in the front rows! We are immensely proud of you; you are an honor to the class; we depend on you more than you know to help fill the lonesome pauses which occur in our—the Common Herd's—official intercourse with the faculty, indeed to do most of the reciting, anyway. Grant us one little, *little* favor—talk so you can be heard!

MARY PEABODY COLBURN 1904.

There are people who are remarkably secretive, but they aren't very pleasing. And there are people who are charmingly informing, and they do no harm.

We've all met the secretive girl. We know how she guards her affairs, how shortly she meets our innocent greeting. If we ask her where she's going it is simply *out*. If we ask why she can't go walking with us at four it is

tersely, because she has an engagement. If we seek information of her whereabouts at dinner time last night she tells us she was having dinner out. If we exclaim over her violets, she smiles superciliously, but she never explains. If she ever honors us with a T. L. she won't say from whence it comes. Or else she will tell from whom it comes, but will not give us the T. L. But generally she will do neither. She never contributes any bits of interesting gossip. And she's never surprised when, in our eager way, we tell her some startling piece of news.

And we've met the girl who informs, too. We like her a lot. She tells us without our asking her that she's going down town for some Peters',—going to the tea-room—and may get around to Forbes' for a book she has engaged.

She can't go walking with us at four because she's got to read lit until five when she's going skating with a freshman, her second cousin.

She was out at dinner last night because two sophomores took her to Boyden's, and they had tomato bisque, chops and peas, and potatoes, fruit salad, café frappé and coffee. She herself bought the violets she has on, she explains, though she oughtn't to have afforded it, for she has only ten cents left.

She scrapes up every T. L. she can think of and gives it to us with her whole heart. She adores gossip. She glories in new engagements. She loves scandal.

And yet under oath, and if it is necessary, she will guard as carefully as the secretive girl the story of your heart. And she's much nicer to tell it to.

OLIVE CHAPIN HIGGINS.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

ALPHA SOCIETY.

President, Candace Thurber 1904
 Vice-President, Ruth Baird Johnson 1905
 Secretary, Julie Edna Capen 1905
 Treasurer, Elsie Cady Elliott 1906
 Editor, Belle Corwin Lupton 1904

PHI KAPPA PSI SOCIETY.

President, Dorothea Wells 1904
 Vice-President, Rebekah Sellers Purves 1905
 Secretary, Ruth Coney 1905
 Treasurer, Ruth McCall 1906
 Editor, Elizabeth Robinson Jackson 1904

BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

President, Eleanor Garrison 1904
 Vice-President, Alice Berry Wright 1904
 Secretary, Lora Wright 1905
 Treasurer, Sophia Eckerson 1905
 Chairman of Executive Committee, Mary Lois James 1904

The Silver Bay Conference will be held at Silver Bay, Lake George, this year, as usual, beginning on the Friday following Commencement Day, and lasting for ten days. The deepened interest which

Silver Bay Conference comes from increased knowledge of Association work, the inspiration of strong speakers, and the broadening influence of contact with the other colleges, combine to make these Conferences full of interest and helpfulness. The Conference numbers about six hundred representatives of both eastern and western colleges for women.

It is hoped that Smith College may be represented by a large delegation of members of the faculty, alumnae, undergraduates and any others connected with the college directly or indirectly, including any of those who expect to enter college in the fall. The officers of the Association will be glad to answer any questions concerning the Conference, and information regarding dates, speakers, etc., will be posted as soon as it is received from the American Committee. Those who expect to go are requested to hand their names to the officers of the Association as soon as possible, in order that the application from the Smith delegation may be sent in at the beginning of the spring term.

It was three o'clock. All day I had been conscious of a feeling of depression that increased as the hours dragged by. In addition to the gloom of a cold, steady rain, a fitful wind, that whipped my gar-

The Usual Fear ments about me, wailed dismally in my ears as I left the house. I shivered nervously, but my quest was not one to be abandoned lightly, and clutching the burden destined to bring me glory or ruin, I set my teeth and hurried on my way, over sodden paths, past limp shrubs whose rain-soaked foliage hung disconsolately.

Wet and chilled, I stood at last before the building to which I had been summoned. Being already in a state of apprehension bordering on dread, the forbidding aspect of the place struck into my heart a fear that deepened as I ascended the steps. As I was about to enter, a confused sound, a discordant, indescribable humming came from inside. Anything was better than the utter stillness with which I had been met on approaching, and plucking up courage, I laid my hand upon the knob.

The heavy door closed swiftly behind me. Perceiving in the dim light a stairway near at hand, and at a little distance a dark passage littered and seemingly blocked by heaps of lumber, I chose the former means of procedure as being the lesser evil. A curve in the stairway plunged me into sudden darkness. I hesitated, looked behind me, stopped. Then pressing closer in my arms the burden, which increased in weight as my heart sank, I resolutely climbed the remaining steps. At the top I was confronted by a closed door. Suddenly I started. My heart gave a quick throb.

"Oh, don't go in there," came in a husky whisper. "I went in. Oh, don't—"

I shuddered.

"Why?" I asked, trying to pierce the darkness. "What is there?"

"It is dreadful, but you will see." The voice died away as its owner went rapidly down the stairs.

For long moments I waited, but there was no sound. If I delayed longer nothing remained for me but a life-long repentance, yet if I entered—

My teeth pressed deeply into my lips, that quivered in spite of me. My chin shook, but my determination was made.

I turned the door-handle, gave one look back, and entered.

The room within was gloomy, even spectral. At first I saw nothing, being intent on removing the wrappings from the precious weight in my arms, the weight which had brought me to this pass. My hands trembled so that even this simple task was rendered most difficult, but finally, my poor, fumbling efforts having been successful, I raised my head and glanced about.

My trembling ceased. Instead, an icy hand seemed to have laid its chill grasp upon my heart. My knees shook and bent beneath me, and a strange, choking sensation hindered my breathing.

Those three figures—ah, the terror!

I thought to kneel before them and entreat their mercy, but I did not.

"Arbiters of my fate." I tried to begin; my voice was inaudible. Whether I prayed silently, unconsciously, I do not know.

When, after the most unbearable twenty minutes that I hope it will ever be the lot of mortal to endure and live, I emerged from the fearsome precincts, I stumbled down the stairs, threw wide the outer door, and rushed headlong down the steps and along muddy paths, never stopping until my door was reached, and I had flung it to behind me, sinking into the first chair that came in view.

That night I received a welcome note, and my suspense was at an end. The torture had not been in vain. All this fear is customary, I suppose, when one tries for and is admitted to the Banjo Club.

EMILIE CREIGHTON 1904.

The series of concerts given under the auspices of the Department of Music is an extremely pleasant feature of this college year. The Christmas Organ Recital was conducted by Professor Sleeper. A

The Winter Concerts recital by Professor E. B. Story was held on January 12; and on Wednesday evening March 8, there was a song recital by Professor Mills who was ably assisted by Miss Holmes. These concerts have been most enjoyable, and the college feels greatly indebted to the members of the Department of Music.

"A lover of music writes: On Thursday evening the Northampton friends of Silas R. Mills had one of the too infrequent opportunities to hear his noble baritone voice in a song recital given in connection with the department of music in Smith College. His program was of unusual freshness and beauty, including, besides a Handel aria and two French songs, the 'Eliland' cycle by Von Fielitz. Mr. Mills' delightful singing was ably seconded by the sympathetic accompaniments of Mr. Story, and the program was completed by two groups of violin solos beatifully played by Miss Rebecca Wilder Holmes."

—*Springfield Republican*.

On Sunday, February 14, the Rev. Dr. Moxon of Springfield, spoke at Vespers.

BASKET BALL TEAMS.

1906

<i>Regular Team.</i>	<i>Substitute Team.</i>
Homes, Katharine Gager,	Mary Wham
Elsie Cushing Damon	Mary Comfort Chapin
Elizabeth Roberts	Mary Vardrine McBee
Centers, Anna Mary Wilson, (Capt.)	Elsie Cady Elliott
Gertrude May Cooper	Frances Gleason Manning
Mary Cassandra Kinsman	Florence Louise Harrison
Guards, Alice Faulkner	Frances Sherman Rockwell
Lucy Walther	Eloise Gately Beers, (Capt.)
Emma Rebecca Loomis	Rosamond Denison
Coaches, Emma Hansell Dill, Mabel Barkley, Marguerite Souther 1904	

1907

<i>Regular Team.</i>	<i>Substitute Team.</i>
Homes, Jeannette Welch	Mary Frances Hardy
Ruth Cowing	Merion Hunt Legate
Lulu Morley Sanborn, (Capt.)	Grace Agnes Buxton
Centers, Margaret Duryee Coe	Julia Lyman Park
Ruth Olyphant	Rebecca Vedder McDougall, (Capt.)
Sophie Emeline Wilds	Helen Bartlett Maxcy
Guards, Eva Baker	Louise Jeannette Bulkley
Alice May Kistler	Minna Frank
Hazel Hartwell Catherwood	Bessie Moorhead
Coaches, Marian Rumsey, Marie Donohoe, Julie Edna Capen 1905	

A dance given by 9 Belmont Avenue, 24, 14, and 10 Green Street, was held in the Students' Building, on Wednesday, February 17.

On Sunday, February 21, General Howard spoke at Vespers.

The Hubbard House gave a dance in the Students' Building on Wednesday evening, February 24.

Blanche Gertrude Bunting of the Class of 1906 (Music School), died at Northampton, March 7, 1904.

CALENDAR

Mar. 16, Glee Club Concert.

22, Recital in Music Hall by Prof. Story and Miss Dyar.

Enoch Arden, with the Richard Strauss music.

23, Haven House Play.

26, Gymnastic Drill.

26, Open Meeting of the Italian Club.

30, Beginning of the Easter Vacation.

Apr. 14, Opening of the Spring Term.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

EDITORS:

CANDACE THURBER,	
FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS,	ESTHER JOSEPHINE SANDERSON,
OLIVE CHAPIN HIGGINS,	MARGARET ELMENDORF DURYEE,
ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT,	LUCIE SMITH LONDON,
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BROOKE VAN DYKE.	ABBY SHUTE MERCHANT

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No. 7

SIXTEENTH CENTURY SONNETS

We have received much from Italy—inspiration from her ruins and her history—strength from her many forms, whether of law, of the church, of art or of literature. From this ocean of indebtedness, it is well worth while to pick out one little drop and study it in its solitary beauty. This is the sonnet. There is an Italian word, *sonetto*, a “little sound,” which has given to our English sonnet its name. The “little sound” takes us back seven centuries to the Sicilian Court of Frederick II. Here in the stirring times of the later Crusades and of Papal and Imperial conflicts, there met together peoples from strange lands—Greek, Jew, Arab, German, Provençal and Italian. Here sang the Provençal Troubadour and the German Minnesinger. Frederick himself was a famous troubadour. Poetry was cultivated as a courtly pastime, as an added grace to the courtier. From the midst of this atmosphere issued the first “little sound,” and this, so far as has been ascertained, from Frederick’s chancellor, Peter de Vinca. Faint as this sound no doubt was, it has echoed ever since. Dante and Petrarch, impressed by its beauty, took up the strain and made it strong.

But no country can be to itself a world, and hospitable, storm-swept Italy was peculiarly qualified to share with the world her treasures. Her universities tempted the stranger; her battlefields lay open to France and Spain. Thus the sonnet, with many other Italian forms, found its way into Western Europe—not only filtering slowly in by the slender channel of travel, but pouring in with French and Spanish armies, and with entire courts.

England, then, through her "courtly makers" around Henry VIII., received the sonnet direct from Italy and also as modified by France and Spain. Surrey's tutor had been a student in Italy. Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and, as ambassador at the Granadan Court of Charles V., he had no doubt become familiar with Boscan's Castilian sonnets. He imitated, too, the sonnets of Gelais, who, fresh from an Italian university, had introduced them into France.

Considering the lively interest of England in her wars with Francis I. and Charles V., it would have been strange indeed if the fashion of the French and Spanish courts had not crept into the court of Henry VIII. We find the publisher of Tottel's "Miscellaney" pleading for the new style with undoubted earnestness:

"If perhaps some mistake the stateliness of style, removed from the rude skill of common ears, . . . I exhort the unlearned, by reading, to learn to be more skillful and to purge that swine-like grossness that maketh the sweet marjoram not to smell to their delight."

The "sweet marjoram" referred explicitly to the "songes and sonnettes" of Surrey and others. Sweet to the editor of the "Miscellaney" the sonnets undoubtedly were. They were new, and their new form was sweet enough to make them strong for many years to come. But mere sweetness palls with time. And the strength of the sonnet would have waned in England as surely as wanes the sweetness and vigor of youth, if a few great souls had not breathed immortality into the form. Wyatt's sonnets were, for the most part, translations from Petrarch and Spanish and French models. It is, then, only the potentiality of Wyatt's form that interests us in English literature. We have seen its capacity recognized and proved by the greatest and many of the best of our English poets. Through it, they have expressed most musically and adequately many a single great thought of their minds.

It was Watson who, in his "Passionate Century of Love", 1582, perhaps inaugurated in England the Sonnet Cycle. Many Sonnet Cycles grew up between 1590 and 1600. As Watson's sonnets were connected and formed a cycle by reason of their common theme of love, so in many later series, it was but a common-theme principle that was the criterion for the cycle. There were, however, many series which showed real progression of thought and events. Most notable among these were, of course, Shakespeare's, Sidney's and Spenser's. Spenser's "Amoretti", indeed, may be considered the truest sonnet sequence of the decade. There is in his cycle not only a single theme, but each sonnet occupies an inevitable place in the chain of thought and events.

If to the "Poet's Poet", Spenser, is due the credit of best weaving his sonnets into a harmonious unity, it is in Sidney and Shakespeare that our keenest interest in regard to the sonnets must lie. For Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella," 1591, stands at the base of this monument of Elizabethan Cycles, while Shakespeare's Cycle, 1609, crowns it with immortality. In surveying the intervening cycles of lesser poets, we are struck by their similarity. Dwelling, as most of them do, upon the same general theme, an earthly love, they lack the consistent strength and sincerity of Sidney's; the strength, sincerity and great creative imagination of Shakespeare's. And yet, we find much sweetness of expression in the sonnets of these lesser poets—many notes of sincerity—some passages revealing depth. Even if, in reading the cycles, we do grow weary of tracing the convolutions of the author's brain, and wish that we might instead be admitted by a straight passage to his heart, yet we are rewarded by many scattered signs of true feeling. Thus, for reading Griffin's

"No choice of change can ever change my mind,
Choiceless my choice, the choicest choice alive"

we are rewarded by his :

"When silent sleep had closed up mine eyes,
My watchful mind did then begin to muse,
A thousand pleasing thoughts did then arise."

And, if we cannot appreciate Constable's passion for beauty under the painful circumstances he depicts—

"In thy beauty's brightness do I fry
As poor Prometheus in the scalding fire",

yet we can teach ourselves a new beauty by dwelling upon Daniel's—

"Care-charmer, Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother of Death, in silent darkness born."

Griffin, too, "skillful in turning his voice to other people's melodies," has a "Care-charmer Sleep" among his sonnets.

Indeed, the phrases of the sonneteers are bandied about as freely as the themes upon which they played. Smith, following the pastoral mood in his "Chloris," incorporates into his sonnets line after line from Spenser. The beginning of his fifteenth sonnet is an exact counterpart of lines from Spenser's "June."

"My kids to hear the rimes and roundelays
Which I on wasteful hills was wont to sing."

His twentieth sonnet also begins with familiar lines from the "Calendar":

"Ye wasteful words, bear witness of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes abound."

Smith's Cycle was dedicated to Spenser with the words:

"Good Colin, graciously accept
A few sad sonnets which my Muse hath framed."

"Good Colin" could not but see that in some instances he was himself that very Muse. But how could he take offense at this appropriation of his verse to Chloris? Smith was evidently a devoted admirer also of Lodge's "Pastoral Cycle". For, with Lodge, in his fourth sonnet to "Phyllis", Smith

"Long . . . labored to inforce
One pearl of pity from her pretty eyes."

But then Smith proceeds to outstrip Lodge; for he calls up "Oceans of remorse to bedew the banks where 'Chloris' lay," while Lodge had contented himself with "rivers to bathe his 'Phyllis's' banks."

Smith's wholesale borrowing is but an extravagant example of the interchange of phrases and fancies among all the sonneteers. Indeed, they have so much in common,—they all followed so closely the style,—that we may take the work of one as a fairly good type of all. Drayton's "Idea" will serve as well as any.

Like Sidney, Spenser, and Daniel, Drayton evidently addressed his "Idea" to a real lady. In this he varies from many of the sonneteers. While some of the persons addressed by them bear

the marks of real women, conjecture has failed to stamp them. A few of Constable's are evidently addressed to Lady Rich, but some, conjecturally, to Arabella Stuart. Barnfield addresses his "Ganymede" to a man. Many of the ladies of the sonnets, notably, Lodge's "Phyllis" and Fletcher's "Lucia", are, however, as mythical as Don Quixote's Dulcinea del Toboso. But whether the ladies were real as Anne Goodere, the conjectural "Idea" of Drayton, or as wooden as the renowned Dulcinea del Toboso, the same theme played about each. If we look at an object so long and dreamily that fairies frolic around it, what does it matter if the object be a tree or a stick?

Drayton, after the style of his brother sonneteers, was usually so preoccupied with reasoning into conventional form the phantasies that played about his lady that he had no thought for her. The power of reason these sonneteers had in its fullness. Their thinking equipment was good, and they wrote many of their sonnets by the unaided use of the same faculty that created the logicians:

"Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferioque, prioris."

They were so pleased, so occupied, with arranging the pretty fancies they had stored up in their healthy brains, that they failed to use the simple perception of childhood. In this connection, Drayton's twenty-first sonnet comes to mind:

"But see, for you too oft for phrase I run,
And ransack all Apollo's golden treasure,
Yet by my troth this fool his love obtains
And I lose you for all my wit and pains."

Even a fool can use his perceptive faculties, and sometimes grasps what he sees and wants. But these clear-headed sonneteers sometimes ransacked their brains, and helped the process by closing their eyes. And so their sonnets, sometimes beautifully worded and well thought out, often lost the tone which that simplest of all the poet's equipments, perception, might have given them. Drayton's sighs have never had the power "to thaw the frozen seas."

Nor can his readers, after noting all his sighs up to the fifty-fifth sonnet, according to his request, become sensibly aware of any permanent dimming of their sunlight:

"Note but my sighs, and thine eyes shall behold
The sunbeams smothered with immortal smoke."

Such passages as these were written, however, when Drayton

was juggling with the conventional themes of the lady's beauty, her heart of flint, conceits as to hearts, souls, eyes, transitoriness of beauty, classic gods and time. Immortality of verse, touched upon by most of the sonneteers, was an especially alluring theme to Drayton.

Scattered throughout the cycle, however, we find sonnets which show that Drayton occasionally rubbed his eyes and saw his "Idea" plainly, saw the river by which she dwelt, and felt the emotions which her true form awakened. We read his sixtieth sonnet :

"Behold the clouds which have eclipsed my sun.
Tell me if ever since the world begun
So fair a rising had so foul a set."

And we are faintly reminded of Shakespeare's expression of the same thought :

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye....
Even so my sun one early morn did shine....
The region cloud hath masked him from me now."

Drayton's tribute to the river Ankor is spontaneous and full :

"Clear Ankor, on whose silver-sanded shore
My soul-shrined Saint, my fair Idea lives,....
When nightingales in Arden sit and sing
Amongst the dainty, dew-impearlèd flowers."

His sixty-first sonnet is rich with simple dignity :

"Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part."

That the sonnet fashion on conventional themes soon became tiresome is shown by Chapman's "Coronet for his Mistress Philosophy", 1595. Here he informs the sonneteers that they :

"Dwell in darkness, for their god is blind."

Davies' "Gulling Sonnets" and the "Spiritual Sonnets" of Barnes, Constable and Donne show the truth of Drayton's lines :

"My Muse is rightly of the English strain
That cannot long one fashion entertain."

In a world that is moving so rapidly, we are proud to be of the "English strain", which so cheerfully moves its fashions along in the great cycle of development. In this great cycle the Sixteenth Century Sonneteers cannot well be spared. For if they accomplished nothing else, they certainly helped greatly to purify and make beloved our English tongue.

ISABELLA RACHEL GILL.

A SERENADE

Afar in the eastern sky
The orient hordes appear;
With flaming plumes on high
Their crimson crests they rear.
O'er the hills they are riding near,
They ride gold-shod on the lake.
Love, do you hear, do you hear
How their clarions bid you awake?

Oh, rise and welcome the Dawn,
You whom she comes to greet!
See, lying athwart the lawn
A pathway of gems for your feet!
Come, make the triumph complete,
Lend your grace to the pageant of day.
The steeds of the dawning are fleet,
Come, let us mount and away!

The world it is fair to see
From the gentian agleam with dew
To the glint of the sun on the sea,
And the world is waiting for you.
From the Heaven's uttermost blue
To the least hare-bell on the lea,
The world, it was made for you,
And you—you were made for me!

ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT.

JACK CADE'S REBELLION

Whether John Cade, of Hilltown, had ever heard of the historical Jack Cade, is a matter of question. He named his son after himself, without asking the opinion of history or his wife. Then he died. As John junior acquired friends among the rising generation of Hilltown, he was named Jack. It was the village minister who gave the name of "Jack Cade's Rebellion" to the last and most important of that youth's uprisings.

For the spirit of liberty had incarnated itself in the young John. He had rebelled from the day of his birth. He seemed to feel indignant because he had been brought into the world at all. At the highest pitch of a lusty voice he expressed his indignation. He kept on expressing it through a rebellious boyhood.

Not that the fault was all John's. No, circumstances and neighbors had done their share. Perhaps the neighbors had done a little more than their share. In the first place they decided that Jack was the very image of his father, who had chosen the broad and easy path which led to destruction; like father, like son; and the youthful John had had mapped out for him, before he was out of long clothes, a career similar to his father's. All the village was waiting to say, "I told you so."

Moreover, Jack's mother was a widow, and furthermore she was not a self-assertive widow. Anna Cade was a very meek little woman who took opinions ready-made. When her lord and master could no longer make them for her, she took them from the neighbors. Worse for Jack, when the various opinions disagreed, especially those which concerned his up-bringing, she tried each one.

Added to this was Jack's own temperament. Headstrong, unruly by nature, he needed a strong hand to guide him. The strong hand failing, he grew up as the wind listed, and the wind never listed from the south. For all her anxiety over his wild ways, Jack's mother had little thanks. An unkempt, disreputable looking son, a disordered house, passionate outbursts of temper, were the usual marks of filial affection on Jack's part. Complaints of his misdemeanors were brought home daily by the officious neighbors. He had broken limbs from somebody's best apple-trees; had let loose a herd of cows; or had started a revolt among the school-children. He was the recognized leader of the roughest boys in town. Mothers in Israel cried aloud that he was leading their sons astray. And Anna Cade sat in her kitchen and wrung her hands. She had tried remonstrances, bribes, pleading, caresses, but none apparently had any effect on the hardened soul of her son. The minister came to pray with Jack Cade and his mother. Jack went fishing and the minister went home. The town voted him a public nuisance, yet he never was caught in his pranks and seldom was punished. Satan protected his own.

Yet what did Jack think, all this time? He knew he was wicked. Like Topsy, he declared and recounted to his admiring satellites the number and infinite variety of his misdeeds. He recognized, like Ishmael, that every man's hand was against him and his was against every man's. But Jack was not a fiend. He was human; he was a boy. Sometimes a feeling of dissatisfaction would seize him. He felt that something was wrong. Why should everybody in town hate him? Why was he especially in the way? Other boys did things as bad as he did. Besides, the other fellows lied out of it. He wouldn't do that, anyway. And those old Pharisees up at the church did meaner things than he ever thought of doing. Hadn't he seen Deacon Johnson, the richest man in all Hilltown, stealing over his boundary fence and picking off all the berries on Grandma Waite's side? And wasn't Grandma Waite the poorest person in town? Then the very next Sunday evening Deacon Johnson had made the longest prayer of them all. It wasn't fair! Well, if they wanted him to be a sinner, he would be one. Nobody cared what became of him anyway.

But after a dozen years, more or less, of much storm and little sunshine, had blown over Jack's unruly head, his star of fate approached its climax. The change came through his own action. One of the chief causes of complaint against Jack had been his behavior at school. Instigated by him and with his active co-operation, a certain group of boys had made life miserable for every teacher who came there. Graduates fresh from the seminary, prim maiden ladies, inexperienced young girls, had come and gone from the school in kaleidoscopic succession. The last, who was a man, had left just before Christmas, loudly declaring that of all schools of his acquaintance, and he had been acquainted with a great many, Hilltown was the worst.

Then last of all came Arthur Dunton. He was a minister, overworked by his congregation. Pale, thin, round-shouldered, his appearance was in no way remarkable. But he had been a boy himself, once, many years ago; and he had known many other boys since then. So he had faith in them. The first morning of his work at Hilltown, looking down at the boys before him, he realized that Jack was not ordinary. He seemed almost the limb of Satan which the school committee had described. Jack did not look particularly amenable to anything. Yet something in his eyes—an inner struggle, something striving for

expression, but not knowing how to express itself, caught and held the teacher's attention. And he was satisfied.

Somehow, as the days went on, Mr. Dunton and his school-children became very good friends. He skated with them, he took them on long rides. Jack noticed that he never preached. He did things. And little by little a change was coming over Jack. The new teacher's influence was felt by all alike, so that Jack's slow transformation was unnoticed.

The winter months had come and gone, and spring was at hand before it began to dawn on the minds of the community that Jack Cade had materially changed. When once suggested, there were many proofs of his improvement. Tom Brown had had only three serious fights with him all winter. He knew, because he always had the worst of it. Old Maid Atkin's bob-tail cat had lost none of its remaining six lives. Someone had taken care of Grandma Waite's hens for her during the great blizzard. Last, and greatest proof of all, Mr. Dunton was still teacher.

But alas for Jack! There was another test before him.

It began the night of the church supper. For some time Mrs. Cade had rejoiced over her changed son. A daring project entered her head. Squire Dobson's son, Percival, always accompanied his mother to the church suppers. All the ladies admired and praised Percival, he was such a perfect little gentleman. He never ran off into a corner with the boys, but stayed quietly with the ladies. If only Jack would go, they would see how nicely he behaved, and she could hold up her head with Mrs. Squire Dobson. Jack was a much better looking boy than Percival.

After prolonged persuasion on his mother's part, Jack had consented to go, just once. For fifteen minutes of torture he had set on a stiff-backed chair in the parlor. He felt ill at ease. His hair was neatly plastered over his ears. His collar was too high and his mother had bought him a pink necktie, because Percival Dobson had one. Jack hated pink neckties and despised Percival. His shoes were new, heavy-soled and squeaky. Jack hated shoes. Moreover the ladies had looked at him and talked together in low tones. Jack thought they were talking about his necktie.

He left the room as quietly as he could, went into the hall and up the stairs which led to the audience room above. Where the

stairs curved away from the lighted hall below, and all was dark, Jack sat down and waited. He wouldn't go down where the other fellows were, to be laughed at. They weren't his crowd, anyway.

At the bend of the stairway, below him, two farmers were discussing crops. Jack heard his mother's name.

"Widder Cade's goin' to have a fine crop of apples this fall," said one.

"So they say," answered the other. "Her trees are buddin' full."

Yes, Jack knew it. He had been all through the orchard that very afternoon, picking up dead limbs.

Hark! they were talking about him now.

"That boy o' hern's improvin' fast, they say," said the first. "Haint had one o' his wild spells fer a month. Good thing Mr. Dunton came here. That boy'd a been a terror to the town if he'd a kept on. Tell you what, Mr. Dunton keeps those boys under his thumb, he does. No foolin' with him. It'll be one while 'fore Jack Cade dares to make a row like he did last year. It'd do him good if Mr. Dunton 'd give him a good tannin' when he gets those streaky spells o' hisn."

"Thet's so," responded the second voice. "But he's improvin' fast—dassn't do a thing the teacher tells him not to, my boys say."

Supper was announced and the speaker moved away.

Jack sat quiet on the dark stairway. The old hot impetuous blood rushed to his head in a giddy whirl. So! that was what they were saying of him, was it? He, Jack Cade, under anybody's thumb! The Smith boys were laughing at him, were they? Not dare to bother a teacher! The town would be mistaking him pretty soon for Percival Dobson! He'd let 'em see what he was made of!

As soon as the hall was empty, Jack stole down the stairs and slipped past the parlor doors, for home, where the offending shoes, collar and necktie were strewn about his room at random. Five minutes later barefooted, with tousled hair, clad in a ragged suit of much-enduring clothes, he slipped out of the back door, across the streets to the school-house. He pushed open an old door in the cellar, groped his way to a bench among the cobwebs, and lay down to meditate. He had taken all his cares and troubles to this same cellar, and here he had planned cares and troubles for others.

For a long time he lay there in the dark on the old bench. A mouse scurried across the floor. A spider crawled investigatively up his neck ; the shutters flapped in the rising wind. But Jack paid no heed to them. Then he quietly left the cellar and walked home.

The next morning he met his mother's complaints in such a courteous and apologetic manner that she immediately apologized for complaining. When his work was finished he picked up his books and walked soberly out of the house. It was the first time he had done so since his mother could remember. Evidently the influence of Percival was having some effect.

For two weeks thereafter she continued to bless Percival. Jack became a model son—dutiful, affectionate, neat,—that is, for Jack. If by accident he slipped into his old ways, he was always ready to make up for it. Moreover, all the other mothers in town were having the same experience. Such obedient sons ! such high-piled wood-boxes ! so many kindlings ! Grown wise by long experience, they kept their peace and made the most of their opportunities.

Only Mr. Dunton was frankly puzzled. What had come over his boys ? It was not natural for them to be so good. The bare, restless feet hung solemnly limp from the high benches. The bright, roving eyes were fastened studiously on their books. It was not natural. Jack especially worried him. He liked the boy, but he did not like such perfect recitations from him. Neither did he like Jack's quiet and composed "yes, sir's" and "no, sir's." And it was not like Jack to avoid meeting his eyes frankly, or to dodge him, out of school. So Mr. Dunton also, began to meditate.

Yet in spite of his calm exterior, Jack was not enjoying himself. His apples were turning to ashes. It was all very well to get back on a teacher who had treated you mean. But a man like Mr. Dunton, who had taken some interest in a fellow—he began to have doubts of his whole plan ; if it hadn't been for those Smith fellows saying he didn't dare—the fellows would carry it out, sure, they always did as he said, but they hadn't been very enthusiastic about this one. Stump Drew had even dared object, but he had fixed Stump all right. Well, he wasn't going to back out now.

Worse still, Mr. Dunton was treating them better every day. He had taken them fishing down at Damon's pond fifteen miles

away—great fishing there. That was Saturday. Tuesday he he had taken them all to his room to see his stuffed birds. Wednesday—Jack scowled, the habit was growing on him. It was a good thing that Friday was so near. Friday was visitor's day. In the afternoon there would be a special program. He himself was to speak Mark Antony's address. He would speak it before the committee, the other visitors, before Mr. Dunton. He would speak very clearly and loudly until he came to that one sentence, and then—and as he thought of all these things Jack's heart was sore within him, and he stopped thinking. When a man has treated you white—

As he went out of the room Thursday afternoon Mr. Dunton stopped him. He asked Jack if he would like to see a new specimen that had just come? Jack looked at him a moment, hesitated, then looked away and lifted his cap. "Yes, thank you, sir," he said. Mr. Dunton sighed. It was not like Jack to lift his cap.

Long before the opening of school that Friday afternoon, all the visitors had assembled. The school-committee was there; the minister was there; Deacon Johnson was there; Mrs. Squire Dobson was there; Mrs. Cade was there.

And Jack was there, too, but four of the other boys were not. Jack knew that Stump and Pine Drew and Mike were down cellar with most of the village band instruments. He knew that Obed Allen was sitting up in the attic with a barrel of ashes balanced carefully over the scuttle-hole. He knew there was a fire in the stove and a package of sulphur in his own pocket.—"Ambition should be made of sterner stuff." It was a good signal, and when he had said it, very loudly and clearly, things would begin to happen. They would see if he didn't dare do anything.

Now Mr. Dunton knew almost as much of Jack's plans as Jack did himself. It was not for nothing that he had watched his boys, or heard Jack rehearse so often. It was strange what a hold this particular boy had on him, but if Jack carried his plans through, he felt that his winter's work would have failed. Well, it lay with the boy now; he could only watch and wait.

But Mrs. Cade had no fear. She was happy. Jack's face and hands were unusually clean, and he knew his piece perfectly. It did one good just to hear him talk about "those honorable men," and the Romans, and the rest of it. And then Jack

spoke so clear and plain. She discussed the question with Mrs. Dobson. Percival was to speak "Goodbye, proud world, I'm going home." She wouldn't say anything to hurt Mrs. Squire Dobson's feelings, even if Percival should fail. It wasn't everybody could have a son like Jack.

The exercises began, but Jack paid no attention to them. The ashes would not improve Mr. Dunton's clothes—but they would make the deacon jump. "So are they all, all honourable men." It was a mean thing to do, after all that had been done for him, but he wouldn't have all the town laughing at him—he'd show 'em what he would do—he wasn't under Mr. Dunton's thumb yet. And yet, if it wasn't for those Smith fellows—

Percival was droning through his poem, it was almost time. A board overhead creaked gently. Obed was getting impatient. He was in an uncomfortable position. Jack's nearest neighbor kicked him. It was his turn.

"Ambition should be made of sterner stuff." He rose slowly and went up the aisle. Mrs. Cade straightened up more stiffly and tried to appear unconcerned. Ah, Jack was a son to be proud of! Now Maria Dobson would see!

Mark Antony's speech was floating vaguely in Jack's memory. "So are they all, all honorable men." He bowed to the committee. Mechanically he noticed the quivering black bows on his mother's bonnet, and caught the uncompromising look in Mrs. Dobson's eyes. "He was my friend, faithful and just to me. Ambition should—" he bowed to the school. He wondered if the boys were listening.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;"

At the first word Mrs. Cade started and clasped her hands tighter. There was a strained note in Jack's voice. He noticed it himself; his lips were dry. "Ambition should be made," he paused and began again.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I came to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them.
The good is oft interred with their bones."

Line after line he spoke, slowly, with proper emphasis.

"He was my friend, faithful and just to me."

He faltered a little, the words came uncertainly. Mr. Dunton, watching him, smiled suddenly.

"But Brutus says he was ambitious."

A board in the scuttle-hole was quietly slipped aside. Only Jack and his teacher saw it, but Jack gasped a little.

"And Brutus is an honorable man."

He stopped. His hands were cold, his head whirled. Without looking he could feel his mother's eyes fixed on him with wide-open horror. He could see the piously triumphant look creeping over Mrs. Dobson's face. He could hear the chuckle which Deacon Johnson was politely restraining. He could see the wonder in Obed's eyes as he peered down from the open hole. Some of the children laughed.

"He hath brought—" gently prompted Mr. Dunton.

"He hath brought—" Jack echoed. Three more lines, and he would be saying it. It was too hard. But he moistened his lips and swept in.

"He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept;
Ambition—"

The school-room was so still that Jack heard his hands clinch together behind his back.

"Ambition—" a flake of ash quivered past Deacon Johnson's spectacles and caught in his coat collar. There was a low murmur and stir as of preparing thunder beneath the platform boards.

"Ambition.—Yet Brutus says he was ambitious, and Brutus—"

The words halted. Jack stopped short.

"Left out a line!" whispered Percival from the front desk. The children giggled nervously again.

"Jack!" gasped Mrs. Cade.

"If you have forgotten, Jack," Mr. Dunton began; and Jack suddenly raised his eyes and looked straight into the eyes above him.

"You—you know"—he said.

"Yes," said Mr. Dunton, "I know. You may go to your seat, Jack."

Only one more ash-film slid over the deacon's bald head, and he was unconscious of its presence. He smiled outright and whispered with Mrs. Dobson, glancing covertly to see how Anna Cade was taking it. But Anna Cade was still open-eyed.

"One moment," Mr. Dunton was saying, while Jack dropped in an abandoned heap behind his desk. "I think it only just for me to explain that the accounting for any peculiarity in the recitations to-day rests entirely with me and my method of preparation for them. I myself am well satisfied with the work we are doing, especially with John Cade's presentation of Mark Antony. The next selection will be Maud Muller, by Hazel Rollins."

The school room buzzed again. Deacon Johnson discovered the ash that offended his revered pate and brushed it away with a puzzled grimace. Mrs. Dobson sat up stiffly and regarded Mr. Dunton's back with suspicion. Anna Cade, between dabblings at her eyes, glanced from Jack to the teacher, from the teacher to Jack. But Jack was not watching for her tears or smiles. He heard Obed tiptoeing across the attic floor; he heard the drum in the cellar boom faintly as the boys laid it down. Hazel Rollins's shrill little voice piped hopefully along, but Jack was not following the fortunes of Maud and her Judge.

"He was my friend, faithful and just to me"—Jack's lips moved, and he looked up from under his drawn eyebrows to see Mr. Dunton smiling, at no one in the world but him.

According to popular history, Jack Cade's Rebellion was a failure. There have been those who called it a success.

BERTHA LOUISE THRESHER.

FROM MY WINDOW

All I can see is a glint of blue,
A dazzle and flash where the light looks through,
Yet I know that a river sleeps there in the sun,
Afloat with the wonderful dreams I have spun
Of a ship, that will sail and will sail for aye,
And carry me somewhere far away
From my little world where I sit and look
From my window at life's gay picture-book.
If the screen of the cold gray trees should fall
That rises between, I should see it all,—
The river as blue as a new-fallen sky,
With myriad cloud-waves scurrying by
And my ship, just ready to put to sea,

Its sails unfurled, only waiting for me.
But the dark trees stand in a witches' row,
Their arms outstretched, and they hide it so
I wonder and puzzle and peer in vain
To discover my river. And sun or rain,
Starlight or moon-glow, I hardly can see
A sign of the ship that is waiting for me.
Will it stay till I come? The path stretches so far
To the shore where my river and dream-ships are,
That I'd fear to pass down through the witch-row alone,
From my little world here, to the somewhere, unknown,
If the glint of the river seemed not heaven's blue,
And the wonderful dream-ship communion with you!

BERTHA CHACE LOVELL.

IRISH HEROIC LITERATURE

There are some people who have become so completely civilized that there does not seem to be one drop of the old gypsy blood left at the bottom of their hearts. They have forgotten that there are "Sun and moon, brother, both sweet things; Night and stars, brother, sweet things both, there is also a wind on the heath." Although gypsy blood does not seem to have any obvious connection with love of the old legends and folk stories, it is that which in the midst of complex modern life cries out for the old days when the world was new, before, as Matthew Arnold expresses it, "The tyranny of the fact" had asserted itself.

To children, facts are not nearly so real as fancies, and although we may believe that we have left our childhood behind us when we begin to crowd our minds with ideas of natural laws, possibility and impossibility, there is still in most of us the great child waiting to spring up at the call of the folk tales and follow the prince. "A glen at a step, a hill at a leap, and the sea at a bound." It is only by letting the gypsy and the child in us have full sway that we can enter into the spirit of the Irish tales.

Although traces of the same stories are found in the folk literature of all nations, nothing could be more different than the atmosphere, say of the Arabian Nights and the tales of the north. In the one there is a sensuous langour. You hear the tinkling of perfumed fountains, and the swish of peacock feather fans wielded by black slaves. You tread on soft eastern car-

pets, through dimly lighted under-ground passages into magic gardens where the trees burn purple and green and scarlet with jewels. Wealth, peace, genii, a well-stocked harem, and the happiness of the eastern potentate is complete. In the Irish legends there is the feeling of out of doors. You are led at a gallop through shaggy foot hills, and across misty marsh lands. The sheer physical joy of living, and the glory of brute force ring out in a continual battle song. The happy-go-lucky heroes, conquer and are conquered with equally good grace. Some of them, after being deprived of their heads, pick them up from the ground, set them on their shoulders, and go on fighting. Hung-up-Naked is a favorite character. He is an enchanted man who is left to guard the walls of castles. The fact that he has been dead for centuries has no effect upon his power of speech. He exhorts the champion who is usually in quest of a princess, to stop a moment, and take the fetters from his feet. The kind-hearted victim does so and instantly finds himself bound and hung, so he writhes in impotent rage while Hung-up-Naked carries off his beloved one.

After a time the hero remembers that strength is stronger than enchantment, breaks his bonds and starts off none the worse for his hanging.

The habits of the universe are nothing to a real hero. He can annihilate time, space and the laws of gravitation as well as life and death. Finn frequently plants his sword on the ship deck, and goes at a bound, over the blue of the bay, over the hosts on the land, over the three walls of the castle and up to the princesses window-sill. The princess seems to think this method of entrance far more fitting than the romantic rope ladder or the conventional stair-case. She has no resentment whatever for the way she is carried off. Finn places one finger under her girdle and goes back at one bound to his ship, pulls up his sword from the deck and brandishes it three times at her irate father, before his ship spreads its white sail-wings and in an eye-wink is vanished. Finn also has a particularly nice method of ending a conflict. He seizes the giant by the shoulders and at the first breath puts him in the hard river bed up to his knees, at the second to his waist, at the third to his neck and with a "By your leave", he sweeps the head off him with his sword of light. There is great economy in this method, for it precludes the necessity of burying the remains.

In one story one of Finn's princesses has been carried off to the lower world by the Black Thief. With the quickness of thought he goes "Into the mist land, into the marsh land, and pulling up a reed in his right hand sinks down into the lower world." This reminds me of another story which, although not so old as the others, and not dealing with the same hero-type, deserves place here for the resemblance in the way in which the bogs are used as elevators plying between the upper and lower regions. This is the origin of the Will o' the Wisp. Not in our time, nor in our father's, but long ago it was, there lived a blacksmith whose name was Will. The Red Gruagagh (which is another name for the devil) came to him one night to have a horse shod, and Will shod the little kicking mare so lustily and withal so quickly that in reward the Red Gruagagh gave him three wishes for a year and a day, provided he would sell him his soul at the end of that time. Will agreed, and wished that nobody who sat down in his chair could get up without leave, that nobody who touched the forge handle could let go without leave, and that nobody but himself could take money from his purse. In a year and a day the Red Gruagagh came back and Will politely asked him to be seated while he said good-bye to his wife. Having forgotten the power he had given Will, he sat down in the chair from which he could not rise without leave, and Will went out and slammed the door. At the end of a year and a day he came back, and set free his victim and got an extension of time from the angry Gruagagh. The next time the Gruagagh came back he touched the forge handle and again Will went out and slammed the door, but the third time there was no help for it and it was to Hell he was going, when he bethought him there was one coin left in his purse and he asked the Gruagagh into a tavern to have a drink. "The keeper of this tavern is an old enemy of mine," sighed Will. "I should love to play one trick on him before I go. You're a dabster at changing shapes, Gruagagh. If you would only turn into a sovereign I'd pass you across the counter to the inn keeper, and as soon as you were in his hand you could change to your own shape and he'd have a start he could never get over to the end of his life." The Irish devil always has a sense of humor and is moreover game, although not usually so trustful as the Gruagagh. As soon as he was changed into a sovereign, Will clapped him into his purse and off he went, back to

his house and his wife and his children. But by and by it came time for him to die. Ah then ! The minute Will was dead, out of his purse popped the Gruagagh. He was afraid to lead Will off to Hell now for fear his black soul would stir up all Hell with his tricks, so he gave him a lantern and set him to leading poor souls to the fen bogs where they go down, down into Hell direct. Look out on dark, dank, foggy nights, you may meet him yourself.

There is an inconsequential breeziness about all these stories and a love of the incongruous that has on it the root of the Irish humor. There is no sting in them, no ill nature. They will not stand analysis or any of the other processes the civilized and hopelessly grown-up mind is prone to subject them to. You must laugh at them with the hearty child-laugh the story-teller is expecting, or not at all.

Not only the heroes are more active and simple in the northern than in the other fairy stories, but the heroines go riding horse-back instead of leaning on the cushions of their golden coaches. Trembling, who is the Irish Cinderella, asks "a dress as white as snow and green shoes for her feet." The hen wife says "I have a honey-bird to sit on your right shoulder, a honey-finger on your left. At the door stands a milk white mare with a golden saddle for you to sit on and a golden bridle to hold in your hand."

Every story is a series of pictures rich in barbaric beauty of color. "There was once a king over Ireland whose name was Eochaid Feidlech, and it is he who was grandfather to Conaire the Great. He was going one time over the fair green of Bri Leith, and he saw at the side of a well a woman with a bright comb of silver and gold, and she washing in a silver basin having four golden birds on it, and little bright purple stones set in the rim of the basin. A beautiful purple cloak she had, and silver fringes to it, and a gold brooch ; and she had on her a dress of green silk with a long hood embroidered in red gold, and wonderful clasps of gold and silver on her breasts and on her shoulders. The sunlight was falling on her, so that the gold and the green silk were shining out. Two plaits of hair she had, four locks in each plait and a bead at the point of every lock, and the color of her hair was like gold flags in summer, or like red gold after it is rubbed.

There she was letting down her hair to wash it, and her arms

out through the sleeve holes of her shift. Her soft hands were as white as the snow of a single night and her eyes as blue as any blue flower, and her lips as red as berries of the rowan tree, and her body as white as the foam of a wave. The bright light of the moon was in her face, the highness of pride in her eyebrows, a dimple of delight in each of her cheeks, the light of wooing in her eyes, and when she walked she had a step that was steady and even, like the walk of a queen."

Here is Cuchulain as Findabair saw him for the first time. "I see in the chariot a dark sad man, comeliest of the men of Ireland. A pleated crimson tunic about him, fastened at his breast with a brooch of inlaid gold, a long-sleeved linen cloak on him with a white hood embroidered in flame-red gold. His eyebrows as black as the blackness of a spit, seven lights in his eyes, seven colors about his head, love and fire in his look. Across his knees there lies a gold hilted sword, there is a blood red spear ready to his hand, a sharp tempered blade with a shaft of wood. Over his shoulders a crimson shield with a rim of silver overlaid with shapes of beasts in gold.

"'That is truly a drop before the downpour,' said Maeve. 'I know well who that man is.' And it is what she said: 'Like the sound of an angry sea, like a great moving wave, with the madness of a wild beast that is vexed, he leaps through his enemies in the crash of battle, they hear their death in his shout. He heaps deed upon deed, head upon head. His is a name to be put in songs. As fresh malt is ground in the mill so shall we be ground by Cuchulain.'"

The spirit of nature, and the love of a close observer of all its moods, comes out at every turn. "Though it was early when the songs and music of the birds began in the woods it was earlier yet when Conchubar, king of Ulster, rose up with his little company of near friends in the fresh spring morning of the fresh and pleasant month of May and the dew was heavy on every bush and flower as they went out towards the green hill where Deirdre was living."

There is not only the sense of the bright and beautiful and the terrible in the Irish folk lore, but there is a mystic note. Everywhere lies enchantment. Conchubar's shield is known as "The moaning one" and its mournful tone resounds through the brazen palace every time danger threatens the men of Ireland. Time after time Cuchulain struggles with witches and his

valor is sung to sleep by strange queens who seem to be a mixture of the Lorelei and the three queens who glide through the King Arthur story. Conaire meets a woman with the evil eye. Long hair she had and a grey woollen cloak and her mouth was drawn to one side of her head. "Well, woman," said Conaire, "if you have the Druid sight, what is it you see for us?" "It is what I see for you," she said, "that nothing of your skin or of your flesh will escape from the place you are in, except what the birds will bring away in their claws."

All of the heroes saw strange sights in the night watches, but here is one that came to Cuchulain.

"When midnight was come he heard a noise, and by the light of the cold moon he saw nine grey shapes coming towards him over the marsh. 'Stop,' said Cuchulain, 'who is there? If they are friends let them not stir; if they are enemies let them come on.' Then they raised a great shout at him, and Cuchulain rushed at them and attacked them so that the nine fell dead to the ground, and he cut their heads off and made a heap of them and sat down again to keep the watch."

I have made no attempt to tell the story of any of the adventures through which the heroes pass. Most of them are concerned with the courting of princesses and quests for apparently unobtainable things. In some of the stories there are delicious bits of character drawing. You feel the personality of Emer from the moment you first see Cuchulain courting her in the garden. Her pride is shown at the feast of Bricrin of the Bitter Tongue, where she makes good her claim to go first into the drinking hall; and her absolute barbaric simplicity comes out in her willingness to sing her own praises. "There is no woman comes up to me in appearance, in shape, in wisdom; there is no one comes up to me for goodness of form or brightness of eye. . . Your fine heroes of Ulster are not worth a stalk of grass compared to my husband Cuchulain, . . he is like the clear red blood and they are worth no more than a stalk of grass." Her jealousy of Fand later on in the story is as perfect a study psychologically of that emotion as could be found. The power of a woman's tears, which all novel writers love to discourse about for pages, is shown in these brief lines, "'I was at one time in esteem with you and I would be so again if it were pleasing to you.' And grief came upon her and overcame her. 'By my word, now,' said Cuchulain, 'you are pleasing

to me, and will be pleasing as long as I live.'” Fand’s renunciation is generous. “O Emer the man is yours, and well may you wear him for you are worthy ; what my arm cannot reach that I may at least wish well to. . . . A pity it is to give love to a man, and he to take no heed of it. . . . Farewell to you, beautiful Cuchulain ; I go away from you with a kind heart. Though I do not come back again, let me have your good will ; all things are good in comparison with a parting.”

This is not the place for lengthy analysis of character, but these quotations may serve to show the depth of emotion in them all, for perhaps the part which strikes us as most impossible, in these days when people set their teeth and try to hide any vestige of feeling, is the way they are able to say everything they think without hesitation.

Maeve, the beautiful fierce queen with power both of nobility and treachery, Deirdre, the mother of Cuchulaín, may not altogether live up to modern ethical codes any more than do the heroes, but there is a breezy bigness about them all and a naïve frankness that is as refreshing as new wine.

To one who has followed Cuchulain through all his battles and seen him when the “hero light burned around his head, and his appearance was not that of a man but of a god,” who has seen him take his salmon leap against enchanted monsters and Druid shields, nothing could be more full of deep pathos than his death.

“There was a pillar-stone west of the lake, and his eye lit on it, and he went to the pillar-stone, and he tied himself to it with his breast-belt, the way he would not meet his death lying down, but would meet it standing up. Then his enemies came round about him, but they were in dread of going close to him for they were not sure but he might be still alive.

“‘It is great shame for you,’” said Erc, son of Cairbre, “‘not to strike the head off that man in revenge for his striking the head off my father.’ . . . Then a bird came and settled on his shoulder. ‘It is not on that pillar birds used to settle,’ said Erc. Then Lugaid came and lifted up Cuchulain’s hair from his shoulders, and struck his head off, and the men of Ireland gave three great heavy shouts and the sword fell from Cuchulain’s hand, and as it fell it struck off Lugaid’s right hand, so that it fell to the ground. Then they cut off Cuchulain’s hand, in satisfaction for it, and the light faded away from about

Cuchulain's head and left it as pale as the snow of a single night."

It is impossible to mourn over Cuchulain or any of the heroes of the old tales. All who have read his adventures have had their turn at being heroes and queens and soothsayers, if the child in them is great enough to respond to the old spirit of play make-believe. Everyone has stepped out of the world of facts into a world of as real people as the world of facts presents. Everyone has had the "light of wooing" come into his eyes, and the "light of battle" blaze around his head and can cry with Laeg after his visit to the land of the Sidhe: "If all Ireland were mine, and I king over the happy hills, I would give it and that would be no small thing to live forever in the place I have been in."

CANDACE THURBER.

THE SADNESS OF NATURE

The shadows in the fragrant vale are deepening.
From pine-topped peaks the mellow light has fled,
Scarlet and gold are paling from the meadows
To paint the sky with splendor overhead.
The valley, like a princess in a story,
Has hid her jewels in a gown of grey.
And wistfully she sees the lingering glory
Fade from the western pathway of the day.
Beyond the distant silhouette of mountains
The sunset rose melts into darkening sky.
Flushed in the trembling silence of the twilight
Yearning I sorrow, though I know not why.
Afar upon the mountain's jagged shoulder,
Soft-couched, between the straggling roots I lie;
Above me, through the dark, the whispering branches
I see the yellow moon ride high.
Between the tree-trunks, rising black and spectral,
I gaze far, far below, through misty beams
Held fast in cobweb bonds of silver slumber
The dimpled valley of the Sun-Prince dreams.
Mysterious melody of swaying pine tops,
Mysterious beauty of the flooded sky;
Above the stillness of the sleeping forests
Yearning I sorrow, though I know not why.

ELEANOR HENRIETTE ADLER.

SKETCHES

THE WORLD'S KISS

This morning I beheld the world
Between the boughs of garden-green ;
Blue sky where one white dove was seen ;
Clear mountains, capped with green ; green-curved.
I plucked a poppy, pink as dawn,
And held it up against the sky ;
I could not tell you what went by ;
What from my deepest heart was born.
Yet something flew across my face,
And I cried out, it seemed so fair !—
Then I awoke, I standing there,
The poppy in my hand's stiff place.
Oh, tell me what went out from me ?
The sky was blue—skies often are !
The earth of men lay still and far ;
There was not any soul to see.
I cannot understand—how this,
A poppy, pink against the sky,
Should make my heart leap up and fly
As poets tell me doth a kiss.
The world has kissed me, I conclude.
Ah, noble world ! I pray again
The lips of thee, not lips of men,
Which I have never understood !

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS.

The Valley children had a long walk to school, but in the morning, when the wind came tearing down from the gap at the Pali, there was a strange exhilaration about it, and a wild spirit would fill them as they ran and danced down the road,—a wildness that made them seem a fitting part of the scurrying clouds and of the rough saw-edged ridges on each side of the Valley,—a wildness that made the first hour of school the hardest part of the day for gentle Miss

Hartwell, for the Valley children were still sprites of the mountains, and spelling-lessons floated afar off, on the wings of the white clouds, perhaps, or on the swaying tops of the great kukin trees.

So it was that the Valley children loved to linger along the way to school to hunt "Job's tears" growing along the roadside in the moist places, and what was most fun, to pick the caterpillar burrs for battle weapons, and strange as it may seem, the retreating army most often retreated up-hill. Thus it was that, when the roll was called there were many silent names marking the places of the Valley children, all but Brother Young. He was never late, never wild or restless. The morning run down the Valley seemed to have no effect upon him. In truth, he ran more quietly than Sally and the others. It was not the dancing, romping run of a Valley child. He merely ran because he must get to school—ran because the others did—and when he reached the little vine-covered school there was nothing distasteful to him in the long hours of sitting still. It was all a matter of course.

Brother's hair was always brushed, his broad collar always lay flat and smooth on his shoulders, just as his mother laid it in the morning. His face always wore a bland, if uninteresting, smile. In fact, Brother Young was a "sissy". Even his name showed that. "Brother" was the name his sister had called him by, and what true son of the Valley would let "the boys" call him by a pet name of that sort? All the other boys, and most of the girls as well, had regular nicknames, originated in the school, but Brother had always been content to keep his baby name.

Yet there was one instinct of Brother's nature which he held in common with the rest of the Valley boys. He adored Sally, not to be sure in as active a way as did Phil and Sam Morse, or Han'some Perry, but in a distant, on-looking way which none noticed, and of which only Sally herself was conscious. But she, being a woman, in spite of her seven years, gave no sign,—in fact she snubbed Brother Young on all occasions. Yet in Brother's placid heart there stirred no resentment. He adored Sally as a matter of course, she ignored him as a matter of course; there was no pain to him. He smiled calmly his bland, uninteresting smile. Everyone adored Sally, why not Brother Young as well?

This morning there were dark purple clouds pouring through the gap, the wind was stronger and swifter than ever, and the twin peaks of the Pali at the gap, reached out like two great arms, piling up the clouds, rolling them together, and sending them headlong down the Valley. It would not rain yet, but Sally's mother had given her an umbrella to use coming home. From long experience in the Valley she knew that the big purple clouds would blow on out to sea, but later, when the wind had died down, the steady rain would come quietly from the mountains on each side,—and Sally had a tendency to croup. The umbrella was not in itself a particularly fine one, but it was her own, and Sally's most treasured possession. Her love for it was equaled only by the love of running down the rough Valley road.

So they all started out, the strong wind urging them faster and faster, the freedom of the wind that only Valley children can know, filling their child-hearts. But there was one thing forbidden to all the children,—“catching on”. For the road was uneven and steep in places, and there was much fast driving by Chinamen, none too careful of the children hanging on behind. This morning, just after Han'some Perry had joined them on his pony, they heard a wagon come clattering down the hill behind them. It was Wong Sing's laundry-cart on its way to town. Sally tossed back her short curls. “Come on!” and she threw the crooked handle of the loved umbrella into the springs of the cart, and holding fast to the other end she ran, the sturdy bare legs went faster and faster, the white sunbonnet streamed behind, the pink dress became a blotch in the distance, the Valley children called after her, “Come back, Sally!” but Sally was out of hearing and ran on. Then there was a treacherous stone that slipped under the flying feet. Sally fell, but the umbrella hung on, hooked fast to the laundry-cart, nor did it heed the tears of Sally, or her shrieks of “Get it! get it! get it quick!” as an elderly resident of the Valley jogged by in his buggy.

“Get what?” he asked, pulling up the horse.

“Oh, can't you see it?” she cried—“my umbrella, it's on Wong Sing's cart! Get it for me! Get it quick, do you hear?” Sally was getting angry now. Seldom did people refuse to do what she asked.

But the old gentleman took up the reins and drove off, saying,

with an amused smile, "I guess it's gone by this time, little girl, and my horse is too old for races."

The Valley children had caught up with Sally now, and stood half-dazed around her. Sally, crying? Sally, who jeered "cry-baby" at the tiniest mist that threatened the eyes of the Valley child? Her leadership was not gone for long, however.

"Get it, can't you!" She stamped her foot. "Haven't you any sense? Run—get it for me!" And the boys ran, Brother with the rest. But Brother ran without the interest in running or in "getting" that was evinced by the others. His face was not red. He ran easily. His smile was still placid, bland. He was running partly for Sally, to be sure, but mostly because the others ran, and he ran as a matter of course.

Han'some Perry kicked his pony's sides and rushed past the others down the hill. He could get it for Sally easily. But at the corner where the wagon had turned stood his father.

"Arthur," he spoke up sharply, "come here!" Han'some Perry obeyed. "Is that the way to your school, Arthur?"

"No, Sir."

"Why, then, were you turning that corner? It is almost nine now."

"Well, sir," stammered the boy, "Sally's umbrella—I must get it."

"You will find no umbrellas on School Street or on Fort. Arthur—you turn your pony around and go back to school—do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," and Han'some Perry was out of the race. Then Sam stubbed his toe, and soon Phil and Pete gave out and stopped. Suddenly Brother Young's smile left him, he clenched his small fists and his face grew scarlet. This dropping out of the race had fired him with something he had never known before. He was running with a purpose now, and he looked with scorn at Phil and Sam and ran on, past the Judd Street corner into School Street and on and on. He heard the school bell, and knew he would be late for the first time in his life, but still he ran on. As he turned into Fort Street he saw that the laundry-cart had stopped by the Walton's gate. Wong Sung was taking a large bundle into the house, and there was the umbrella—Sally's beloved umbrella—dangling from the back of the wagon, supremely unconscious of all the trouble it had caused.

Brother took it off and walked back to school. It was a long way, up-hill, and he was very tired when he got there. His cap was gone, his blouse was decidedly dirty, his hair wet and tumbled, and his face cross! Miss Hartwell's "Alfred, you are very late this morning," was unheeded. He stalked up to Sally's desk and, without looking at her, thrust the umbrella into her hands. Moreover, Brother Young failed in five words out of ten in the spelling lesson.

But at recess Brother was the center of an eager group, waiting to hear his story of the umbrella, and how far he had run. That afternoon, when school was out, it was raining hard, and as they started up the road, it was Sally who commanded Brother to "come under" with her. He obeyed, and with a laugh that was quite different from the bland smile of the morning, he shared the fateful umbrella.

To the boys, and above all, to Sally, Brother Young had at last become interesting.

CHARLOTTE PEABODY DODGE.

DAWN

O, the red-rose sky! the violet sky!
And grey white ribbons of mist!
O, the perfumed dawn! the dew-wet dawn!
The white dawn, heaven-kissed.

O, the long deep grass! the cool deep grass!
And wet flowers hidden away
In emerald shadows, fading beneath
The first white light of day!

O, the cool sweet dawn! the frag sweet dawn!
The whole earth flower-strewn,
And I alone, with the heart of the world
Throbbing 'gainst mine—in June!

LOUISE MARSHALL RYALS.

A WISH

To do my best—nor look with jealous eye
On those, who up the pathway I find steep,
Run, singing gayly past while I,
Left far behind, drag on with aching feet.

To learn to joy in joy another finds,
 Who, caring less breaks off the fairest rose
 And grasps and reaches more, while I
 Must strain to even touch the meanest bud that blows.
 MARY COMFORT CHAPIN.

A fat black bug and a lazy green grasshopper sat in the shade of a plantain leaf that grew just outside the garden wall.

Over the wall a rose-bush

The Bug and the Grasshopper hung heavy with blossoms.

"See that vain rose,"

pipled the little black bug. "I hate pink roses; they always seem so self-satisfied.

"So do I," chirped the grasshopper. "Pink is such a silly color. Now their green leaves do very well, for green is the finest color in the world." As he cast an admiring look down the length of his back, he saw a dark blue butterfly with spots of pale blue on its exquisite wings, and he laughed a tiny cackling laugh so full of envy that, were the colors of a laugh visible, it would have been as green as his sleek legs.

"That's another ridiculous thing," he said, "What does she want of those enormous wings?"

"See how she spreads out her gauze for us to admire," sneered the little fat bug. "What an exhibition she makes of herself! Let us go behind this gray stone and not countenance such vanity."

The butterfly gave a sigh of pity and whispered to the rose,

"Why is it that beauty is treated with scorn? I realize how little I can do to bless the world, but I love to do what I can, so I spread my wings and flutter them in the sunshine for people to see and enjoy."

"It is so with me, dear friend," murmured the blushing rose. "The world seems full of sorrow and I long to brighten it, so I toss my leaves and shed my perfume on the air. It grieves me to be so misunderstood."

"Never mind," whispered the butterfly, laying the blue of her wings against roseate leaves. "Beauty does bless. No matter how great the virtue, beauty heightens it."

A little brown-eyed girl in a white muslin dress came tripping down the path. Seeing the rose, she stood on tiptoe to take a great whiff of its sweet breath.

Grasshoppers are particularly fond of white muslin and our little green friend gave a gleeful chuckle and skipped up the skirt and into the sleeve of the little maiden's gown. She felt his droll footsteps and with a scream clutched him tightly between her thumb and finger, giving him such a tweak as he had never felt before in all his life.

"How dare you?" she cried, and threw him into the hot sun more dead than alive, then, turning once more to survey the rose, stepped all unconsciously on the little black bug.

She stopped to count the roses and to watch the butterfly fluttering hither and thither and then went down the path singing.

The grasshopper wept in agony and despair. Never, never to hop about in the green grass again, but to lie there in the heat and dust, to be slowly gnawed to death by ants—he closed his eyes in hopeless misery.

"Let me shade you with my wings," murmured a soft voice, and the helpless grasshopper looked up and beheld such a vision of blue shadow that in spite of the pain he drew a breath of delight.

Not far away the little black bug moaned huskily over the dull ache in his back. At first he feared it was broken, but as he crawled slowly over to the root of the rose-bush, he knew it was merely bruised and if he could only hide for a time he might be able to make his own way in the world and live to be a very old bug after all.

Soon a sweet voice floated down to him saying, "Come, nestle here on my breast, poor bug." And the pink rose bent over him.

A little shame-facedly, but very gladly, he crept into the soft fragrant beauty of the rose and soon slept forgetful of his pain or fear.

Later in the autumn when the rose-bush stood bare, bereft of all its wealth of leaves and blossoms and the butterfly haunted the spot no more, under a brown and shrivelled plantain, a grasshopper and a fat black bug sat and shiveringly talked over the past.

"It has been a glorious summer, hasn't it?" chirped the grasshopper.

"Yes," answered the bug in his husky voice, "but I do not care to stay without *them*, do you? I don't know why it is but I can never really rest any more except in her pink leaves."

"It is the same with me," answered the grasshopper trembling. "I am forever missing the shadow of her blue wing."

When the beauty of life is gone, is it not almost better to close one's eyes and breathe no more?

JULIA PRESTON BOURLAND.

BEAU-TIME

'Tis when the sun is setting
And nurse calls me to bed,
When all the big out-doors
Is rosy pink and red;
When the stairs seem rather long
And it tires my legs to climb,
'Tis then the door-bell rings
And I know that it's beau-time.

I stop then on the stairway
And peek into the hall;
I listen hard with both my ears
To hear who's come to call.
I want to know which sister
Is having beaux to-night,—
If that man asks for Anne
I'm in an awful plight.

For Anne began a story—
A fairy-story, too—
And then my tea was ready
Before she was half through.
She promised she'd come up-stairs,
If she could get away,
And stay till half-past beau-time,
To finish it to-day.

Oh! dear, what's that he's saying?
He's come for Sister Anne.
Now she won't tell my story—
She'll entertain that man.
He's taking off his coat there,
It's plain he's going to stay,
'Twill be long past beau-time
Before he goes away!

ELIZABETH MARGUERITE DIXON.

THE ANSWER

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"
 "I'm going to chapel, sir," she said.
 "May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
 "Why yes, if you wish to, sir," she said.

"You love 'the dance' my pretty maid?"
 "I care for naught but study," she said.
 "Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid."
 "Would you marry a Fellow, sir?" she said.

ELSA SARAH MAYER.

THE ARCHITECT

The Baby builded of blocks and sand
 Great piles of wond'rous height,
 And in their building and their fall
 She took the same delight.

The Maiden builded gaily
 Fine castles of beauty rare;
 But out of the air she built them,
 And they floated away into air.

The Woman tenderly builded
 A humble place to abide.
 Her work was all rebuilding,
 But she was best satisfied.

ELISABETH IRMA TELLING.

Nancy had gathered the family about her under the portrait of her grandfather, the governor. She had shut Lord Bateman in the hall closet, where his barks, **A Realized Ambition** which usually adorned any exciting conversation, were unheard, and for more than an hour she had been holding forth finely, with a decided curl to her red lips.

"There's no use in your saying anything more about it—I've made up my mind, and all the talking in the world won't make me take it to pieces again," she said. "I'm tired to death of doing nothing but frivol and dawdle, and to-morrow I'm going to find a situation and go to work."

"And so good-bye to all the euchre clubs, afternoon teas, and nice young men," said Bob.

Nancy frowned. "And a good thing, too," she said. "I've played cards this winter until reason has tottered on its throne, and as for teas, I've had so much of it that I'm beginning to feel like a veritable old maid."

Martha groaned. She was Nancy's sister, and a winter spent in the breezy and hilarious occupation of chaperoning Nancy and keeping the two year old twins in the path of law and order had drawn several lines about the corners of her mouth.

"There's one satisfaction, at any rate," she said. "Having had charge of you since you wore pinafores and long braids, I am prepared for any caprice, even such an absurd one as this, and I know you will tire of it in a week. May I inquire what you intend to do?"

"This is not a caprice," said Nancy, "and I intend to do—why, as every one else does at first, of course. What are you laughing at, Bob? The next time I select a brother-in-law, I shall use a little more discrimination. Why don't you help me along a trifle? What did you do when you went to work the very first time?"

"I swept out the offices," said her brother-in-law.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Nancy, in deep disgust. "You know very well what I mean. I took a complete course in book-keeping when I was at school, and you said yourself, Bob, a dozen times, that I was very good at it."

Bob smiled.

"My dear," he said, "that was over a year ago, and I'm willing to wager that you can't add a column of figures without the aid of your fingers and toes; and besides, I don't believe that any girl who audits her engagement book in such a way that she promises to go to three different places with three different men at the same time, would be an acquisition to any office."

Martha rose hurriedly as a faint wail from the nursery struck her ear.

"I don't know what the Van Couvers and the Denholms will think, I'm sure," she said dismally, as she paused a moment by the door, "and your first winter out too, Nancy! I dare say they will imagine that Bob and I starve you. If there was any earthly necessity for it I should not mind so much, but if ever a girl had everything she wanted—"

Nancy came to where her sister stood, and put both her arms about her plump shoulders

"Be a dear old girl, and don't scold," she pleaded, "and let me have my own way just this once, and you may call it caprice, or starvation, or anything you please."

"There's another name I might give it that begins with 'F,'" said Martha severely, but she gave her pretty sinner a motherly kiss and vanished, with a worried little smile on her face. Nancy followed her brother-in-law to the hall and handed him his hat and gloves meekly.

"You haven't said as much as you might, Bob, one way or the other," she said. "Am I to have the supreme bliss of believing that you approve?"

Bob laughed and drew on his gloves.

"Nancy," he said, "during the last three months I have noticed with deep concern the rise and fall of your interest in that 'cunning sewing school in River Street,' in your 'beloved Ibsen class' and, incidentally, in Jerry Dennison, the only one of the three, by the way, that I regret."

"Here's your hat," said Nancy, abruptly.

"Ahem! yes, of course. Good morning, my dear," said Bob.

Nancy let Lord Bateman out of the closet from which he emerged with an expression at once injured and dignified. Then she went back to the library and took up the daily paper with an air of resolution. But Bob's last words seemed to dance before her in its print, and a face came suddenly between her and the "Help Wanted—Female" column—a homely, good-natured face, with a vigorous chin, honest eyes, and a little tilt in the corner of the mouth. Nancy put down the paper and picked up Lord Bateman.

In this very room, two months before, she had broken her engagement with Jerry Dennison. It had been a tiny engagement, to be sure, only three months old, and, not being seasoned by time, hardly staunch enough to bear the weight of angry words heaped upon it by two hot-headed young people, whose hearts belied the words their lips uttered.

"I shall dance with whom I please, and as many times as I please," Nancy had said with her blue eyes ablaze, and her pretty head in the air. "And I shall never marry a man who would make life miserable by his jealousies and suspicions!"

And Jerry had held his head very high and said, "As you

please, of course," and had left her, with a very white face, and a look in his face his erstwhile sweetheart had never seen there before. And Nancy had locked the door and gone up-stairs, and taken his picture in its silver frame from her dressing case, and cried her heart out all night long, and in the morning had come down with an expressionless countenance and broke the news to her family as calmly as though she were discussing an affair on the Antipodes. And though Bob had looked puzzled, and Martha had wept, and the twins, always ready to do their part, and scenting a possible loss of bonbons in the calamity they faintly understood, wailed bitterly. Nancy had laughed airily, and had gone that evening to a dance in her prettiest gown, and flirted and danced so desperately that Martha had brought her home in disgrace.

Then came the feverish round of Ibsen, philanthropy and gaiety. And now had come this new desire for "something to do," though Nancy had done everything but the right thing, and wouldn't have done that to save her proud young soul, for Jerry had made no sign. And though Nancy had danced with whom she pleased, and as many times as she pleased, and the victims of her bow and spear had been many, still time had dragged heavily somehow, and so through the stormy path of unrest she had reached her new resolution, and now held it with a grasp that had in it something of desperation.

Lord Bateman, growing impatient, shook the paper in his tiny teeth, and Nancy went back to her "Help" column.

"As for fretting for Jerry Dennison," she said, "that's perfect nonsense! I shall never get over congratulating myself on my escape from the horrid, tyrannical husband he would have made. Fretting, indeed!"

Nancy lifted up her voice and laughed. But Lord Bateman, on her lap, wriggled uneasily, for something warm and wet dropped on his ear, and he disapproved of it.

At two o'clock Nancy, booted and gloved, extricated Martha from the clutches of the twins, and bade her a brisk and business-like farewell.

"Behold my situation!" she said, with a flourish of divers clippings. "There are some gorgeous ones here! Listen! 'Wanted—intelligent young woman.' They evidently had me in mind, Martha. 'Must have good education and business ability. Apply 57 Broad Street.' That sounds book-keeperish,

doesn't it? And here's another: 'Wanted—young woman under thirty, for office work;' and—"

"You needn't read me any more. I won't listen to them," said Martha. "It's not proper, Nancy, for you to go poking about those strange offices, and talking to men you never set eyes on before, and I don't know what Bob is thinking of to simply laugh, as he does, instead of forbidding it. You are making me miserable with this whim, and I beg of you to give it up."

Nancy considered a moment, with her dark eyebrows close together.

"I don't see why you are so anxious about it," she said. "If you are going to fret so when the twins get old enough to earn their daily bread, instead of devouring it from morning to night, you'll turn them into a perfect pair of 'hoboes.' However, I'll compromise. This is Friday. If I haven't a situation by Saturday evening, I will give up the whole thing, and dance and prance and be useless all the rest of my life. Will that satisfy you?"

"It will have to, I suppose," said Martha, and Nancy kissed her and departed.

She came in as the family were sitting down to dinner, and accepted with composure Bob's gift of a huge button with "I want a situation" printed across it.

"Thank you," she said. "I'll pin it on my jacket when I go out to-morrow, and surrender gracefully to the highest bidder."

"Then you haven't succeeded to-day?" said Martha. "I'm delighted to hear it. What did all those beautiful 'Ads.' turn out to be?"

Nancy looked at her demurely, with a little smile tucked in the corner of her mouth. "Book agents, all four of them," she said. "I foresee that I shall be driven into the trade at last. Prepare yourself, Bob! If I ever do turn my intellect in that direction, I shall come to your office every morning and sell you 'The Life of Lincoln', or 'The War of 1812', or some other of those exciting works I saw this afternoon."

"Thank goodness, there is only one more day of it," said Martha. "You didn't meet any one you knew, I hope."

"Not one," said Nancy. "Every acquaintance I possess must have a soul above Twenty-third Street. There wasn't a familiar

thing down town. But I like it, I really do. You needn't laugh, Bob. I'm going to start early tomorrow."

The next day it rained drearily. Nancy spent the morning in a shower of newspapers, and in the afternoon donned her mackintosh and went forth bravely, with determination in her heart.

This day she would find something to do or perish in the attempt! Her life shouldn't be made miserable by Bob's ridicule, and Martha's "I told you so's." If there was an office in the entire city that wanted a book-keeper, and wanted her immediately, she would attach herself to it like a barnacle.

But alas! Nancy was wanted for everything that day but what she wanted. Smart, moustached gentlemen, admiration in their eyes, and business on their lips, offered her volumes the percentage upon whose prospective sales would have filled a Rothschild with glee. She was wanted to polish jewelry, to make paper flowers, to be the high priestess of a typewriter, to sell tickets for a series of madly exciting lectures on the Holy Land. Nancy enjoyed herself immensely for an hour or so, with much the same feeling that a runaway craft might have that was navigating unknown waters. But then affairs began to assume a less hilarious aspect. A stinging rain came driving from the east in little whips, the dampness encircling her like a fog, and Nancy shivered under her mackintosh as she tiptoed her way across the muddy street.

"Martha was right," she thought. "I have made an idiot of myself over this, and the best thing I can do is to go home and tell her so. There isn't any occupation on earth I am wanted for, it seems, besides peddling things. No! I'll go home and tell the truth, and let Bob joke me about the poor working girl as much as he pleases."

Nancy turned towards the corner, but stopped suddenly in the very middle of a puddle.

"There is only one place left on my list," she thought, "and I might as well do the whole thing up thoroughly and forever. It is about here somewhere, and there is one chance in a hundred that they want a woman to do something else beside scrub or sell books."

A huge building loomed up before her through the mist, and the number above the door seemed to beckon her like a finger.

The elevator boy made generous room for the dripping um-

rella, and surveyed the bedraggled young woman somewhat curiously.

"Robbins and Smith," he said, "sixth floor. Here you are, to the left, six forty-six."

"Thank you," said Nancy. She turned down the long hall with a tired little sigh. "If I look half as miserable as I feel," she thought, grimly, "they'll take me in and give me a situation out of pure charity. I believe, if Martha could see me now, she would expire cheerfully."

The gloomy winter afternoon was drawing near an end, and the figures on the doors seemed a monogram of tangles.

"Well, this looks like six forty-six," said Nancy, "and I can enquire here, any way."

The door was ajar, and Nancy pushed it open and crossed the threshold. The office was empty, with the exception of one tall figure, in a gray tweed suit, who stood at the window, looking out at the driving rain.

"Is this Robbins and Smith's?" asked Nancy timidly.

The man turned suddenly at the sound of her voice, and made a hasty step towards her.

"Nancy! Nancy! Great Heavens! You!" said Jerry Dennison.

The room seemed to whirl about Nancy's head like a merry-go-round, and her umbrella dropped to the floor. If ever confusion and amazement reigned in a damsel's heart, it did in hers. Oh, to be able to fly, to sink through the floor, to disappear in any fashion out of sight of that puzzled, uncertain face!

"Nancy," he said, "what does this mean? Is there anything the matter? Anything I can do?"

Nancy lifted her head. A touch of her old audacity came back.

"Yes, you can," she said. "Since I have stumbled in upon you in this absurd way, perhaps you will be kind enough to direct me to Robbins and Smith's office."

"It is two doors beyond, I believe," said Dennison, slowly. "We have only been here since Monday ourselves. It is Saturday afternoon, you know, and I hardly think you will be able to find them in. Of course I have no right to enquire, but may I venture to ask what you want with Robbins and Smith?"

Nancy turned toward the door. "No, you haven't any right," she said, "but I don't mind telling you. I'm looking for a situation."

"A situation!" said Dennison, "you—a situation! Is anything wrong at home? Bob—Martha?"

"No," said Nancy. "It's just because I wanted to—just—just for a change, you know." She put her hand on the door, and turned away. "Good afternoon," she said.

"You have forgotten your umbrella," said Dennison.

He picked the dripping thing from the floor and presented it formally, but as Nancy took it his hand fell suddenly on hers.

"Nancy," said Jerry, with his dark eyes fastened on her face, "people who have everything they wish, people who are thoroughly satisfied, rarely look for anything unusual to occupy their minds. It is the people who are unhappy, who have something to forget, who do that. Answer me—are you quite happy, Nancy?"

Poor Nancy! The defiant words she tried to force upon her lips refused to be uttered. She was so hot, so tired, so miserable. A great lump seemed to form in her throat. Suddenly she snatched away her hands and hid her face in them.

"I want to go home! Oh, I want to go home!" she sobbed.

Jerry Dennison, being unfortunately a young man of impulse, waited no longer, but took her—wet umbrella, dripping mackintosh and all—in his arms. Perhaps a thrill of thanksgiving that he had stayed to settle a few matters in the deserted office prevailed him. But his voice was very earnest, and there was the old, tender ring in it again.

"Nancy," he said, "I thought you didn't care. I've been a dolt and an idiot, and I've had three months of torture to realize it in. You can dance with whom you please, and as many times as you please, only dance last and longest with me. And you shall go home this minute if you like—only, will you let me go with you, Nancy?"

"Yes, yes! Oh, Jerry, you know I will," she sobbed.

Bob met them in the hall as the big clock in the corner was striking six. The mockery that rested on his lips for Nancy changed suddenly to a beaming smile of welcome as he saw her companion.

"You?" he said. "By Jove, Jerry, I'm glad to see you!"

Nancy flushed as his eyes met hers and laughed.

"I'm going to take off these dripping things," she said. "I'll be down in a minute."

She paused at the nursery door. She could hear the hum of

masculine voices down stairs, and the clinking of glasses. Jerry was evidently trying to explain things.

Inside, Martha was by-lowing both babies to sleep, but she paused as Nancy's pretty head looked in at the door.

"Martha," said Nancy, "I've kept my word. I have found a situation."

Martha groaned. "I am exceedingly sorry to hear it," she said. "Oh, Nancy, how could you! May I ask what you are going to do?"

"I'm going to keep house," said Nancy.

"To keep house!" said Martha, divided between perplexity and tears. "To keep house! For whom?"

"For Mr. Jeremiah Dennison," said Nancy.

ELSIE JOSEPHINE ROSENBERG.

WHEN I BLOW OUT THE LIGHT

When everything is ready
For me to git in' bed,
When I have read my verses
And when my prayers are said,
Then comes the awful moment
That fills me with affright,
When I must screw my courage up
For blowin' out the light.

At first I step up boldly
As though I didn't care,
Although I have been dreading it
Since coming up the stair.
It seems to me I never feel
The horrors of the night
As when the time is drawing nigh
For blowin' out the light.

I turn it down a little,
And then it comes to me
That I have really quite forgot
To peep around and see,
Behind the bed and bureau,
If everything is right
As of course I ought to do
'Fore blowin' out the light.

I look around all creepy like
But don't see anything,
So I think I'll go to bed,
And I begin to sing,
Or else I whistle something
Just hard with all my might,
But nothing seems to help me much
'Bout blowin' out the light.

I turn it down, then up again,
With very just alarm ;
It seems to me an iron hand
Is going to grasp my arm,
And I glance around expecting
To see some awful sight,
And Oh, I am so thankful
That I have got the light !

Then all at once the light goes out
And O, that scares me so !
For I really only meant
To turn it down quite low,
And then see what would happen—
That I might serve them right
And catch them in some evil act
By turning up the light.

But now I give a desperate jump
To get into my bed
Before some hand can reach around
And grab me by the leg,
And I duck my head down under
Very quickly out of sight,
For you don't know what may happen
When you've blown out the light.

Sometimes I think of heaven
Where all is bright and fair,
And I tell you I do envy
The angel-fellers there,
For if the preacher has it straight
And all is shining-like and bright,
Folks can go to bed in peace
And not blow out the light.

NELLIE BARNEY SERGENT.

EDITORIAL

The Spirit of Spring is in the air—that indefinable something that conjures up as from the earth innumerable small boys and marbles, and a little later, tops to be spun against the offending legs of the passers-by. No less regular than the small boys and the marbles are the senior sentiments which begin to be rife and which (we doubt not) afflict the minds of those who are exploiting them no less than the tops do all disinterested ankles. These senior sentiments cluster around two points of view, “What am I going to do without college?” and “What is college going to do without me?” This last is undoubtedly far more pathetic. It is like the dream where the dreamer witnesses his own death and weeps salt tears over the despair of his family.

It seems strange that the first warm day should be the chosen messenger to two hundred and thirty-nine persons in the region of twenty that, from the college point of view, they have reached a ripe old age. A few sophomores may be willing to listen to their theory as to how the universe should be conducted, but the juniors in their year of psychological preoccupation have decided that they are all empiricists, and can hardly wait for the chance to experiment for themselves. It is theirs to step into the places of control held by the outgoing class and hold the reins of the college for the year to come. With apparent meekness they listen to the counsels of their predecessors, but at the same time they wonder where that glance of authority has gone and what has become of all the lustre that has vanished with the gold lace and brass buttons of office. True the pomp and ceremony of Commencement week lends a parting glory to even the humblest members of the senior class. If they can no longer be useful they can at least be ornamental as the juniors usher them out of existence—a poor consolation surely, but one which even college does not educate out of the feminine heart.

There are a certain number of phrases used to excite senior sentiment, not unlike those in Lenten directions—"Considerations to excite contrition". Apply to a susceptible senior the phrase "Your last basket ball game", "last chapel", "last vespers", nay, even "last cod-fish supper", and you will excite that bruised feeling in the inner regions that may result in tears. "The beginning of the end" is another phrase called to senior lips by the first warm days. This is always given in that mortuary tone equally congruous with tombstones or diplomas. The view from Sun-set Hill, evening talks while drifting about the campus, a glimpse of the muddy waters of Paradise, or hearing the rumble of the college laundry—nothing is too slight or too unpoetic to excite senior sentiment. Forecasts of the future become in order. Letters are sealed and given to particular friends, to be opened at certain times, preferably the eve of engagement announcements. Delightfully impractical plans for practical life-work are discussed, and all this long train of feelings and speculations is called up by the first warm day. There are those in the college who have lamented over the late spring and the long succession of snow storms and slush, but they little realize that the kindly winter has merely been sheltering them from the position of Charles II, who begged the pardon of his court that he took "such an unconscionable time a-dying."

The Editorial Board of 1904 wish to announce the following elections for the year 1904-1905:

Editor-in-Chief, Mary Wilhelmina Hastings.
Literary Department, Bertha Chace Lovell.
Sketch Department, Katherine Hamilton Wagenhals.
Editors' Table, Eleanor Henriette Adler.
Managing Editor, Lucie Aline Tower.
Assistant Managing Editor, Martha Elliot Clay.
Alumnæ Department, Ellen Terese Richardson.
About College, Charlotte Goldsmith Chase.
Treasurer, Isabella Rachel Gill.
Business Manager, Elisabeth Hale Creevey.

EDITOR'S TABLE

As another college year is drawing to its close and the next volume of its history is being prepared for the press, those who are about to become back numbers regard with not a little anxiety the publication of the new issue. It is not in fear for those to whom the work now falls from the tired hands and worn out wit of the old workers, since they, with fresh courage and yet untortured loyalty stand ready and fit to take and carry forward with vigor and enthusiasm that which it shall be theirs to perform. But it is in fear for the condition in which the work is left. Is everything neat and ship-shape? Is there left a place for everything and everything in its place, so that new hands need not waste time in fumbling about and arranging matter which they should have found pigeon-holed, or in correcting the errors of careless predecessors? If such of the affairs of college as have been under the jurisdiction or influence of us, the soon-to-be back numbers, are not as we would have them, ours is the fault and ours the distress of self-reproach.

One of the conditions which it is not wholly satisfactory to contemplate, is the type of lyric prevalent, known as the rally song. This manifestation of effort—how may it be qualified?—hardly as literary—is like some persons, who are very apt to be offensive yet tolerated because they “mean well.” The rally song is in itself an institution of unquestioned merit, but the form of expression which it occasionally assumes is a disgrace to the English language. Fortunately on such occasions as are distinguished by the rally-song, the attendant phenomena are so conspicuous as to take the attention away from the words of the song; but when one has occasion to inspect these one is amazed to find that such words and phrases can find existence in even a comparatively intellectual atmosphere. A class is too dignified a thing, even a freshman class, to be designated “a little

peach" or worse. More often do the sophomores insult unintentionally the seniors than with intention the freshmen, and the seniors reciprocate. The chief requirements of a rally song are supposed to be force and enthusiasm, but it has never been proved that these may not be obtained without the sacrifice of correct grammar and worthy English. A day of greater love and loyalty and wit may prove the contrary. Now another nightmare rises before us,—a bruised and bleeding Alma Mater being "clubbed" to death. Scarcely a day passes without the formation of a new society of one sort or another. Even now a considerable education is required to enable one to recognize immediately every college pin that one sees proudly displayed upon the undergraduate. There are probably enough clubs in college to-day to supply every student with some office, not that these offices are by any means so distributed. It is like that early time when we played "ship" and one was the captain and the other the pilot. Our class-book becomes a ridiculous collection of caricatures. Let the young and ardent founder of societies remember that not one of these confers one-tenth as much direct satisfaction all in all as it does indirect bitterness, and let the same look upon this picture of her alma mater and see if there be thorns or jewels in her crown.

THEATRICAL NOTES

At the Academy of Music, March 4, "When Knighthood Was in Flower". The dramatization of a novel is well known to be attended with great difficulties and with very rare success. The fact that this play has been revived several years after its first run goes to prove it an unusually good example of its kind. Nevertheless, the regret was almost universal that it was not a new play in which Miss Julia Marlowe should appear. Although the support was inadequate except in a few instances, the character of Mary Tudor had as great a charm as ever, and the grace and naturalness of Miss Marlowe's acting won its usual applause, and that, too, from an audience most of whom had seen "When Knighthood was in Flower" at least once before. The part of the Jester was well taken, and the duel in the first act was effected with more than usual skill.

At the Academy of Music, March 10, "The Pretty Sister of Jose". This play was everything that adroit stage management, beautiful scenery, a most artistic musical accompaniment,

an excellent cast, and the personality of Miss Maude Adams could make it, and yet it has probably received more adverse criticism than has any other production in which Miss Adams has starred. Whether the fault lies in the interpretation of the character of Pepita or wholly in the construction of the play, may not be determined. As a drama it lacks substance in its plot, and unity, but is very cleverly held together by means of a certain consistent symbolism in the treatment of episode and details. In the action one finds a prodigality of emotion expressed which is hard to reconcile with ideals existing in northern latitudes, and notwithstanding the strong atmospheric illusion produced by clever manipulation of local color, one feels the constant effort of making allowance for Spanish temperament. However, Miss Adams' way of doing things is all her own, and its merit is to a great extent a matter of personal opinion. Her magnetism is so strong and so individual that it would fail inevitably to appeal in the same way to everyone. This magnetism could have no more striking opportunity for its manifestation than is offered in several instances in this play, when the main action is being carried on at the back or off the stage while Miss Adams alone at the front succeeds in keeping the attention concentrated upon herself. For example, in the scene outside the bull-ring, although the extraordinarily effective mob action almost reproduces in the audience the horror supposed to be experienced by the spectators at the bull-fight, yet it is in the face of Pepita that the interest is wholly centered. Yet, however intense the illusion produced by any dramatic effect, this cannot help being annihilated by the raising of the curtain after the end of the scene. After the proof of such excellent taste in scenic effect as is displayed during the progress of the scenes in "The Pretty Sister of Jose", it is very strange that a miserable anti-climax like that should be permitted at the end.

At the Academy of Music, March 17, "Lord and Lady Algy". More and more one has cause for reflection concerning the work of the modern playwright in its quantitative aspect. Is the supply diminishing or is the demand exorbitant, that non-classic plays which were abandoned several years ago are again being presented? But to discuss the performance of "Lord and Lady Algy" without regard to its *raison d'être*, its cleverness is of a sort which is sustained to the end without wearing,

and, with the exception of an occasional bit of sentimentality, the amusement which one may derive is continuous. Each character shows the touch of a connoisseur in the selection of significant type, while the treatment is distinctly original. Above all, the heroine who can understand the situation without the application of either apology or explanation is an unusual and gratifying conception. This rôle seemed as well adapted to Miss Opp's talent as did the delightful part of Lord Algy to that of Mr. Faversham.

At the Academy of Music, March 19. Miss Nance O'Neil in "Hedda Gabler". The action of Hedda in drawing the curtains in the first act to close out the sunlight is typical of Ibsen's treatment of the plot of this play, if not of all. It may be true, but it is true for only one aspect of life—the utterly sunless side. The plot takes its course and the characters fulfil their destinies as logically and inevitably as might the eyeless fish that have their being in the cold waters of some subterranean stream. Miss O'Neil's was a wonderful portrayal of a personality abnormally developed on the side of self-consideration, which deformity naturally works out its own destruction. Such was the quality of the acting that it seemed to be Hedda Gabler whom one saw, rather than Miss O'Neill. The latter is undeniably an actress of extraordinary ability in tragedy.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

The five following articles were contributed by the Smith College Club of Washington, D. C.

On a hill overlooking the surrounding country, stands a cluster of buildings devoted to university purposes. In the distance one sees the tall, graceful

Smith's Youngest Sister needle of the Washington Monument,
An Impression of Trinity College and the Soldiers' Home is visible from
a favored point. This group of build-
ings form the Catholic University of

America, one large building of which, standing in its own campus of thirty-three acres, is devoted "to the higher education of women". This latter institution is called Trinity College, and bears scholastically a similar relation to the Catholic University that Radcliffe does to Harvard; the professors are the same as in the men's college near by. Trinity is empowered to grant degrees. The internal government is in charge of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur (Belgium).

It was what southerners call "a pretty day" when a Columbia College chum and I made our way out to Trinity College, and sending in our cards, asked to see the institution and to meet some one who could tell us about the work and life.

The parlors in which we waited resembled the usual convent reception rooms, save for a cabinet of shells and another of ornaments in the third room. The conchological exhibit and the scrupulous cleanliness reminded me of a Massachusetts "best room" fitted with the presents of a seafaring grandfather, and as innocent of the slightest particle of dust, or the least disarray of its furniture.

After an appreciable wait, the sweet-voiced portress who had opened the door for us ushered in the Dean of the college, Sister Mary, who proceeded to shake hands with us cordially and proposed to cicerone us about herself. It seemed like an imposition to take this intellectual-looking woman from her more congenial duties, but of course we appreciated how much more we could learn of the real spirit of the place by putting our questions to her, than if some lesser person were to be the guide.

First we saw the dining-hall, which is a vast chamber capable of seating perhaps three hundred people. At present one-half of it is used for recreation, and a grand piano and beautiful palms and rubber plants mitigate the severity of its proportions.

A little peep into a small but well-fitted laboratory came next. Strange to say there was no suggestion of H_2SO_4 , whose penetrating odors always

seemed to permeate the laboratory at Smith, and the red and blue litmus paper must have been neatly put away before our arrival! But test tubes and individual sinks and blowpipes were there in abundance, and I thought that Professor Stoddard would at any moment put in a chemical appearance at the very least.

In one of the class rooms Dr. Paice, professor of philosophy on the university faculty, was giving a lecture on pedagogics. My Columbia chum is vice-president of the New York Public Education Association, and I despaired of ever getting her to "move on" without a New York policeman's club after she heard a few sentences on her enthralling subject. The room was sunny and pleasant; the chairs of the same pattern as ours at Smith. About thirty students were busy taking notes, while on the last rows were seated a half-a-dozen sisters of the order, whose sober black gowns, wide, round white collars and simple black head-dress made a picturesque group as they too followed the lecture with attention, their pencils keeping pace with the lecturer, and their entire effect in the room being like a restful shadow in a brilliant sunshiny painting.

There are four classes of students, graduate, undergraduate, specials and "hearers". All but the last named must pass the entrance examination which is on a par with those of Smith, Yale and others. There are no admissions on certificate. Specials must elect at least sixteen hours a week; hearers, twelve. To us this seems rather full measure for thorough work. In the regular courses all work in the first year is prescribed; and, by the way, the catalogue recognizes the terms freshman and sophomore which are so carefully banished from our catalogue. From the end of the first year, the group system is maintained, the students having eight groups of studies from which to choose. At the end of the course the degrees given are A.B., B.L., and B.Sc. Nine scholarships are offered prospective students. Upon the payment of a fee of five dollars a matriculating student need not journey to the college for her entrance examinations, but can take them at some one of thirty-three centers in the United States and Canada.

The Bible (including questions of authorship, genuineness, etc.), philosophy (including logic and psychology), and church history are prescribed studies throughout the entire four years. There are special Biblical lectures on Women of the Old Testament and Women of the New Testament. Economics, history and language work are strongly represented both in prescribed and elective courses.

Each lecture room has a "professor's room" near by, where the lecturer can sort his notes, or write between periods. This seemed to us an especially happy idea. How often at Smith and Barnard have I seen a harassed lecturer, with arms full of a sheaf of loose papers and books full of book-marks, waiting outside of a lecture hall while a resistless stream of girls poured out, their swinging wraps nearly sweeping the whole educational paraphernalia out of his encircling protection.

The college library is tiny, but attractively arranged, with alcoves and broad windows; and there is "room to grow". Library and reading-room are one, and there are two long tables covered with the current magazines.

The students live under the same roof with the lecture halls, but this is probably temporary. As the college grows the cottage system will undoubt-

edly have to be installed. The girls' rooms are most attractive, furnished as those of any college girls would be, with a bewildering riot of small objects, personal and patriotic memorabilia of every variety. Of course the tea-table, with its plethora of cups and saucers, and its chronic lack of a spirit lamp, was in evidence in every room, and brought back many a memory of a spread at Smith, and our hostess tripped from the bathroom with water which we vainly pretended was "warm enough to brew tea with"! Each student's room has an alcove in which the bed can stand in undisguised frankness; half-drawn portieres separate this from the study, in which the college furnishes a desk, besides the usual chairs. Many of the bedrooms have immense connecting bathrooms, which give room for a bureau, a dressing table or two, besides the usual fittings. These bathrooms are all tiled and have mosaic flooring. The same general care of her room is required of each student as at Smith. At first some of the southern girls, it seems, objected to this, but when they found all the other girls making their beds it did not seem such an indignity, after all.

Basket ball and tennis are both played in the open air. We saw no gymnasium, and to our discredit, be it said, were so interested in all that we did see and hear that we forgot to ask whether there was one or not.

The Dean asked me some questions about the chaperone system at Smith, but our provisions would scarcely do, I imagine, here. The little hamlet of Brookland is a dirty, shiftless sort of place, but small enough to make a walk in it perfectly safe. But as to Washington, I have lived long enough in our capital city to realize that it more nearly resembles Paris than Springfield, and that its municipal government and its whole atmosphere are foreign rather than American, so that I think that the present liberal policy of the Trinity authorities will have to be somewhat modified. Perhaps a board of lay chaperons will be appointed, or at least a list of people approved by the house officers, as at Smith, West Point, etc.

The college was founded in 1900 with eight students. Now there are twenty in the senior class, which will be the first to graduate from Trinity. Of these, about ten are preparing to teach. Altogether, there are ninety women pursuing collegiate courses, of whom the majority are from Massachusetts, many from the west, and a scant few from the south and New York.

Before we left we were presented to the mother superior of this Chapter of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, and she seemed much pleased and interested when she heard that we were both college women. We were invited to register our names, and there any readers of the SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY may find them, modestly inscribed, without our degrees or titles to honors, as domesticated wives of our respective husbands, for, after all, "that is what it all leads to".

ALICE STERNE GITTARMAN '91.

The first thing that impresses a true born Bostonian in Washington is the streets. They are wide; they are well paved; they are not over-crowded; there are no trolley wires; and, wonder of wonders they are straight. Now up to this time

The City of Washington the Boston girl has supposed that city streets, from the nature of them, had to be narrow, dark and serpentine. Fancy, then, crossing a street and looking on and on, over an ever-narrowing tract

bordered with trees, till it ends against a blue shaft of horizon. That must be what the guide books mean when they call Washington a "City of magnificent distances".

In a day or two of getting about in Washington, one comes to classify it in a different way. In New York one is hustled into a street car and then carried on in a mad career of short stops and jerks and sudden starts. In Boston one hurries into a street car of oneself. But in blessed Washington you take your ease in getting off or getting on street cars, and no important conductor puts his fist into your back and bids you "step lively". In fact, this adventurer has seen a gentleman signal a car to stop for him, then step back to post a letter, and finally step to the car with deliberation and dignity. But woful is the lot of the person who having an appointment for a specified time allows only the length of time in which she would expect to make the distance in New York or Boston. She will fume as the car moves on at its leisurely pace; she will be tempted to get out of the car to walk; and she will certainly *not* keep her appointment. For if she expects that any native of Washington, high or low, is going to hurry, she is doomed to disappointment. In the first place they can't, and in the second place they won't.

But the most interesting part of Washington is the people one sees,—on the streets in walking or driving, or in the street cars,—everywhere in fact. It's a surprise at first to find oneself sitting at lunch in the Senate Restaurant opposite a quietly dressed gentleman who looked as if he loved his country and brother man as well as most of us do, and then to make out suddenly that this is the person whose caricature one is accustomed to see in the "comic" papers; and who, one is told, is leader of vice, corruption, graft and all other evils known to politicians.

Or you are rather alarmed when after staring at a familiar-looking face across the aisle in the street car and your bow of recognition has gone so far it is inevitable and must come off, to find yourself nodding to the Secretary of State, whose picture you have seen so often in the magazines that it's in your mind like the face of an old friend.

You come out of the theatre and get fearfully cross at a large man who is blocking your way quite hopelessly; one glimpse of his face and you find you have been railing against the new Secretary of War. And so on till one gets wholly accustomed to living, moving, and having one's being in the midst of Eminence.

But to really know Washington one must go deep into the mysteries of society,—and I use the word mysteries advisedly. There are seven commandments which *must* be kept. Mondays thou shalt call on Foreign Ministers and no others. Tuesdays thou shalt call on Representatives' wives and no others. Wednesdays thou shalt call on Cabinet ladies and no others. Thursdays thou shalt call on Senators' wives and no others. Fridays thou shalt call on somebody else and no others. Saturdays thou shalt call on Justices of the Supreme Court and their wives and no others. Sundays thou shalt go to walk and call on your most Bohemian friends and no others. (For the benefit of those desiring accurate information on this subject, the writer acknowledges that the proper days are quite hopelessly mixed in her own mind, and Monday may be Representative day or some other day, for all she knows.)

But once reconcile yourself to this red tape and the society is said to be most simple and charming. One need not have gorgeous apparel, one need not have a coach and two, one need not have a "Buttons". If only one has common sense and agreeable manners and time. Time is very necessary. Afternoon calls in accordance with these regulations specified above is the vocation of every judge's and senator's wife. And it may be said that after a week in Washington the visitor learns that there is such a thing as rank in America, and justices and senators are the people who hold it. Also the visitor comes to have such respect for titles that she knows she might better address the Duke of Marlborough as Mr. Marlborough, than to address Senator Lodge as Mr. Lodge.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS CLARK '93.

Of the various occupations which have arisen with the progress of education, there are those which especially appeal to the mind and heart of the college woman, and for which she

The College Woman's Opportunity in Deaconess Work finds herself peculiarly fitted because of special training. Most of these vocations lie within the realm of true

philanthropy, while many are also within the borders of the church. The deaconess movement is one of the latter class, which for more than fifteen years has offered to intelligent Christian women a splendid opportunity for humanitarian service. It is not difficult to trace the origin and development of this movement, since in the life of the apostolic church those women who served as "deaconesses" became one of the strongest factors in the progress of early Christianity. Their ministrations in the training of women converts, in the public services of the congregation, and in aiding the destitute, the afflicted and the persecuted cannot be over-estimated. But in the light of modern Christianity, of how much greater importance is such a calling when undertaken by women who, deliberately and of their own free will, because prompted by strong inward convictions, give of their time, their talents and their strength, to be used in a genuine work of helpfulness to the world at large! Such is the purpose of the modern deaconess movement, and the opportunity is so large as to necessitate that each worker be well trained and competent in herself to carry on some special line of work with permanent success. It is obvious, therefore, that the college woman finds her place more easily and becomes adjusted to the existing conditions of her work as a deaconess, with a facility which would not be expected if she were without the experiences of a collegiate training, while her opportunities are largely proportionate to her individual resources.

Primarily the business of the deaconess is that of a messenger of truth. Her mission is to present light and hope to benighted souls and bewildered minds, wherever these be found. She may find it essential to the fulfillment of her object that she bring into use diverse means and methods which are at her disposal. So we find from the beginning of this movement in modern times a natural division of the work into departments, each of which is a unit in itself, yet all blend together. We have not only the Settlement worker in our cities to-day, but also the Settlement deaconess, with great

similarity in methods, except that the deaconess stands upon a religious basis, and seeks above all things to arouse within her people an appreciation and understanding of the Kingdom of God.

Then there is the Travellers' Aid deaconess. She takes her place at the gateway of the country, where the immigrants land, and reaches out her hand to many friendless women and girls in a strange home; or she stands in the public thoroughfare of some of our large railway depots, and seeks an opportunity to advise, guide and befriend the inexperienced traveller, whether she be old or young.

Then there is no phase of the deaconess work more satisfactory to those who choose it than the department of nursing. This may be done in either of two ways—as a hospital deaconess, or as a city or district nurse, making daily rounds in the homes of the sick poor. We have reached the place in our history at which the most intelligent among us appreciate the professional nurse, and realize that she has a large and individual place to fill. But the average trained nurse to-day is looking to her profession for her liberal support, primarily, and is not willing, therefore, to answer the calls which come from wretched and poverty-stricken homes. Our public institutions are open to the poor, it is true, but must everyone be forced into an institution who needs temporarily, perhaps for a few weeks or days, the ministrations of a skillful nurse, merely because there are no trained women of this profession who are willing to give their services when occasion requires, without material recompense? The deaconess, therefore, may be an expert nurse, if she be trained for this, and at the same time be an example of charity as wide in extent as the suffering and misery of mankind. The office of the deaconess is eighteen hundred years old; the trained nurse is the product of the last fifty years, and is but the logical development of a single phase of deaconess work. Here again we cannot fail to notice the advantage of the nurse deaconess, if she be a college trained woman as well as a graduate of one of the best hospitals. She often has freer access to public institutions, and her claims are more speedily considered by all charity bureaus, because she is known to be judicious in the use of the means afforded her as aids in the relief of the sufferers.

But perhaps the larger demand for women as deaconesses at the present time comes for those who are willing to become "visiting" or parish deaconesses. We have our large city churches of every denomination, and we have splendid men in charge of these, as rectors, pastors, teachers. But it is impossible for these men, specially trained as they are, to carry on such an enormous work without much assistance. Within a small radius of any city church there are hundreds of men, women and children who are ignorant, poor, neglected. They are not to be seen by the passer-by as he goes to and from his church on the Sabbath, but nevertheless they make their homes even in the shadow of the church. They become possessed with the idea that the church is for the rich, or a select few, and are frequently so prejudiced against clergymen in general that no minister has an entrance to their dwellings. How the church shall come into close, helpful, loving relations with these people and finally win them over to a different life, is one of the problems of the age. We are trying various means, by way of experiment, and

it has already been discovered that the parish deaconess is becoming one of the most successful. She finds it possible many times to form the connecting link between the people and the church, by becoming herself not only a pastor or an almsgiver, but a *friend*. She must be as occasion may require teacher, preacher, nurse, confidential adviser; in other words, she must, like St. Paul, be "all things to all men", if by any means she may save some.

To say that there are already enough good women, who are doing creditable work along all these lines, yet without belonging to any organized movement such as this, is to state what is partially true, but to fail in appreciation of the fact that the deaconess is not merely an earnest Christian woman, desirous of doing good, but she is a trained worker. She must take at least a year, and in most cases two years, of consecutive study in Biblical and sociological subjects, which will fit her for a teacher and assist her in whatever line of the work she chooses to pursue. Then another advantage of the deaconess is that when at her work she wears a simple but distinct garb, by which she is known in the sections of the city she frequents. This is merely a protection to the worker herself as well as the introduction into many a home and heart which would have treated her as a stranger had she gone in her usual dress. Finally, there are no vows which are binding upon the deaconess. She chooses to enter the work, and at the beginning she is asked to declare what are her purposes, and if after three months of probationary training she shows herself capable of filling her allotted place she continues in it until for some sufficient reason she may desire to withdraw herself at the end of few or many years of service. It has been the experience of many, however, that having once realized the privileges of this calling, its need in modern times, and having entered fully upon its activities, there is no work more satisfying to brain and heart, even after the years of student and collegiate life.

The college woman, entering upon deaconess work, may start with a broader outlook and creed than do some others, but she soon realizes that this conception of truth and life is a help to her success rather than a hindrance. Her mission is not to determine for men and women where they shall live and to what creed and church they shall be converted, but it is to show them how to live, and for this the understanding of the great essentials alone is necessary,—to teach men to recognize God, their Creator, the Father of all,—and the simple, yet wonderful and uplifting conception of life that "in Him we live and move and have our being". If we as college women, have found the essence of truth, and the joy of life in this conception which has become so much to us as individuals, then we are indeed glad of an opportunity such as this movement and others offer us, to become useful to state and church, by our efforts to alleviate some of the existing evils and sufferings.

May the spirit of helpfulness, and the breadth of sympathy which has been so characteristic of our beloved college, and which many of us have borne from out its halls, continue to live and grow, that there may be many more women who in the next few years shall share with us the opportunities and privileges of the larger life in uplifting ministry!

BERTHA SANFORD '00

Hidden away in the upper stories of a business block in Washington's favorite shopping district is one of the scientific divisions of the government's departmental service. So different in ap-

pearance from the usual imposing white-columned government structures is this building that it would hardly be noticed in passing. Perhaps, however, your eye, attracted by the display of trunks, dress-suit cases and fancy leather what-nots in the large show windows on the street, might also catch sight of a pair of swinging doors at one side, the transom of which bears the inscription, U. S. Geological Survey. It is about the library connected with this bureau that I purpose to give you a little sketch.

The rooms devoted to the Survey library are on the first floor above the street at the back of the building, its windows facing the south. Here are arranged the desks of the staff, and as there are no tall buildings immediately in the rear, plenty of air and sunshine make this a pleasant working place. But the books are not so well cared for as the cataloguers. Some one has said that a book should be treated like a person—given air, light and room. Alas, I fear the Survey must plead guilty to the charge of cruelty to books. The light and air are furnished by electric fans and burners, and the space—but did any one ever hear of a library having room enough, save a Library of Congress or a newly finished Carnegie?

Starting with a nucleus of four hundred volumes, the Survey library now numbers its books in the fifty-five thousands, and has in addition many thousand unnumbered pamphlets and maps. A pamphlet, by the way, means with us an unbound book of less than fifty pages.

Organized with the purpose of furnishing a technical working library to the scientific investigators of the office, the books have been collected more or less strictly along the line of geology and kindred subjects. The field of geology in all its phases—mineralogy, petrology and paleontology—has been thoroughly covered. Our collection of official reports of government and state surveys, both American and foreign, is the most complete in the world. Works on chemistry and physics come next in importance, with a goodly showing of treatises on surveying, hydraulic engineering, botany and zoölogy. Since the establishment of the Reclamation Service in 1902 as a sub-office of the U. S. Geological Survey, special effort has been made to gather together books on irrigation and hydrography.

In the early days of its existence the library was fortunate in securing valuable collections owned by eminent scientific men. It fell heir to a large part of the libraries of Dr. F. V. Hayden, who had charge of the survey of the territories, and of Dr. Isaac Lea. It purchased in 1883 the geologic collection of Mr. Robert Clarke, the well-known book-seller of Cincinnati, and in 1888 several hundred volumes from the library of M. Jules Deanoyers, for many years librarian of the Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle and late secretary of the Société Géologique de France.

But the appropriation for the purchase of books has always been small, and the bulk of the library has been acquired by means of the system of scientific exchanges, for which provision was made in the statute originating the office. We have on our exchange list over seventeen hundred correspondents, and

receive in the course of a year several thousand books, pamphlets and maps, sending in return our various publications—bulletins, professional papers, annual reports, etc. It is perhaps this feature of the library that marks its scientific spirit, receiving weekly hundreds of contributions from learned scientific societies of England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Norway—in fact from every civilized country on the globe. It keeps in touch with the modern scientific thought and activity of the world. Our files of society publications and scientific and technical periodicals are remarkably complete, and form in fact the backbone of the library.

Does all this strike you as rather dry reading at best? But if our fossils have no attraction for you, and even our bird and tree books seem dull, perhaps you would enjoy those of travel and exploration. Here are Nansen's, Peary's, Stanley's, DeWindt's, and Livingstone's narratives of exciting voyages and discoveries. And on another shelf you will find descriptions of the fearful delights of mountain climbing, of perilous trips over glaciers and ice gorges—altogether cool and refreshing reading on a hot afternoon. For those of you who are history students as well as adventurous explorers we can provide books describing early expeditions into the wilds of our own country in the days before the West was subdued. The accounts of the Lewis and Clarke expedition are here in various editions, including those in German, French and Dutch, some of which are rare and costly—a delight to bibliographers.

I should like also to tell you of the publications of the Survey, its bulletins, professional papers, monographs, water supply and irrigation papers, topographic maps—but can only mention them in passing. The maps are perhaps of the most general interest. These may be obtained by purchase at the rate of five cents a piece. If you wish to know all about our series send us your scientific publications and we will gladly enter you on our exchange list, mailing you every other month a printed list of our publications, from which you may choose those which specially interest you.

ELLEN HEDRICK '92,

Cataloguer in the U. S. Geological Survey Library.

For many years the only bond of union between the Smith women of the capital city was an occasional tea. After a while a more ambitious attempt

**The Washington Smith
College Club**

was made in the shape of a luncheon, which occurred at Christmas time when many friends from the college were likely to be in the city.

The growing custom of going south to meet the spring has increased the number of visitors from the north, so that this year the Christmas greeting is deferred until the Easter vacation in the hope that representation from the college will be larger.

A year and a half ago, when there was a prospect that President Seelye would be at Washington, the club organized formally and permanently. Its first official function was a reception given President Seelye, an occasion most gratifying to the club because it called forth many expressions of interest in the college and of highest regard for President Seelye. Other meetings have been held at the homes of different members. Many of them have been

devoted to a discussion of college matters which were suggested by the Annual Report and the admirable address of President Seelye at the Mount Holyoke Founders' Day celebration. It seems well worth while to get the point of view of the graduates in this way and it helps to make the alumnae feel that they are really in touch with college matters, while their opinions are helpful to the alumna trustee who represents them in the official board.

Plans for the annual reunion, which comes in the second week of April, are not quite matured, but it is hoped that the attractions of a more southern city will bring a generous representation from the college.

This club, though small, has pledged itself to meet its share of the fifteen thousand dollar fund which it was voted to raise to strengthen the scholarship at Smith, either by establishing a fund for a graduate fellowship or a non-resident professorship.

J. R. HILL '80.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'02.	Mary Gove Smith,	Feb.	28
'08.	Emily F. Drew,	March	1
'02.	Gertrude Ogden Tubby,	"	7
'08.	Grace Gordon,	"	9
'98.	Josephine M. Clark,	"	11
'08.	Ruth Stevens,	"	16
'08.	Anna Holden,	"	16
'08.	Margarite Safford,	"	16
'08.	Florence Dunton,	"	16
'02.	Nann A. Smith,	"	16-18
'97.	Elizabeth Redfern,	"	19
'02.	Flora Bradford,	"	19-21
'79.	Kate M. Cone,	"	
'08.	Bessie Boies,	"	24-26

Contributions to this department are desired by the last of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Ellen Richardson, Hubbard House.

ex-'86. Florence Merriam Bailey has recently published a "Handbook of Birds of the Western United States". (Houghton, Mifflin & Company.)

ex-'95. Martha Reynolds Clarke was married March 9, to Mr. Leonard Worcester Williams, Ph.D., assistant professor of comparative anatomy at Brown University.

'96. Mabel Landers was married February 27, to Mr. John Mason Ross.

'00. Alma Hoegh has announced her engagement to Mr. Frederic Murray Ayers of Indianapolis.

- '01. Grace E. Lord has announced her engagement to Mr. Donald Palmer Cameron, Yale '99, of New York City.
- '02. Juliet C. Patten has a desk at the National Museum, Washington, D. C., where she is studying botany and drawing, with the object of becoming a botanical draughtsman. Just at present she is making a study of the maples, both natural and foreign, found within the District of Columbia.

BIRTH

- '97. Mrs. M. D. Dunning (Mary Kingsbury Ward), a daughter, Dorothy Woodworth, at Doshisha Kyoto, Japan.

DEATH

- '01. Mrs. Walter A. Dyer (Ethelind T. Childs), died March 10, at Brooklyn, New York.

ABOUT COLLEGE

On Wednesday evening, March 9, Der Deutsche Verein presented Hans Frei, by Otto Ludwig. The club deserves hearty German Club Play praise, for the scenery, and more especially the acting, made the play a remarkable success. The cast was

as follows :

Theophilus Pirkheimir, Ratsmann in Nürnberg.....	Marjorie Allen
Albrecht, sein Sohn, ein Mahler.....	Florence Lord
Sibylle, seine Base, eine reiche Wittib.....	Olive Beaupré
Lebaldus Nerskirch, Ratsmann und Pirkheimer's Freund und Nachbar	Rosamond Denison
Engeltrant, seine Enkelin.....	Elsie Elliot
Fellicitas, seine Base und Engeltrauts Gespielin.....	Belle Lupton
Hans Frei, ein Verwandter der beiden Häuser....	Elizabeth Babcock
Desiderius Leblank, ein Vergolder.....	Florence Mann
Zwei, Bursche Leblanks.....	{ Susie Starr
	{ Ruth Fletcher

Committee ; Chairman, Helen Marble 1904, Elizabeth Biddlecome 1904, Emma Hirth 1905, Anne Alden 1905.

At no point did the play drag. The by-play on either side of the wall which separated the two lovers, Albrecht and Engletrant, was well managed; there was always some incident to claim the attention.

Elizabeth Babcock made a very attractive hero. Her voice was low and well modulated, as indeed were the voices of all the actors. By her facial expression and gestures she conveyed her meaning to those who could not understand German. She was always the center of interest when on the stage. Florence Lord's acting was stiff in the first part of the play, but in the scene where Albrecht feigns drunkenness she made it amusing, and not at all jarring to the audience. Florence Mann, by her expression and excellent pronunciation, made her part one of the best in the play. Engeltrant and Fellicitas lent much charm and gaiety. Elsie Elliot was particularly good in her scene with Albrecht over the garden wall. Belle Lupton made a clever, vivacious little heroine. She did her part remarkably well, and was always a match for Hans Frei. Olive Beaupré made the most of her part, and her scene with Leblank received hearty applause from the audience. The minor characters were well chosen, and contributed to the general excellence of the play.

The Italian department of the college has received a gift of photographs, engravings and etchings from the Italian University of Public Instruction.

The collection contains forty large photographs of Roman Faculty Notes architecture and sculpture from the Roman museums; forty etchings and engravings reproducing the Piranesi etchings of monuments and ruins of Rome from the original plates now in

possession of the Italian government, the Raphael and Michael Angelo frescoes in the Vatican, and famous pictures in Roman museums and palaces by Guido Reni, Leonardo and others; also a set of richly illustrated official publications and reports on the monuments of Italy.

Mr. Chalfant Robinson, Ph. D., lecturer at the Yale Graduate School, has taken the place of Mr. Sioussat of the history department.

Miss Wood attended the meeting of the American Mathematical Society at New York in February.

Mademoiselle Vincens was present at the meeting of the Federation of the Alliance Française, New York, March 31.

At the annual meeting of the New England Association of Teachers of English, Boston, March 19, Smith College was represented by Miss Jordan, Miss Cheever, Miss Rumsey and Professor Mensel. Professor Mensel read a paper entitled "The Affiliated School in Theory and Practice: Its Influence on Examinations in School and College". Miss Jordan gave the first part of the Report of the Standing Committee on College Entrance Requirements; her subject was "Facts and Fiction." These addresses will be published in the School Review for May.

On March 18, Miss Jordan attended a meeting of the School Masters' Association at Boston and led the discussion upon the topic, "College Preparation in English".

At Northampton, February 11, Miss Hubbard gave an address before the Library Association of Western Massachusetts upon "Reference Material for the Study of English Literature."

Miss Williams gave a lecture at the Holyoke High School, February 13, on "The Development of Painting in Italy," and on February 20, on "The Development of Landscape Painting".

On February 20, Professor Mensel addressed the New England Modern Language Association at Holyoke on "Text Books in Each Year of the Preparatory Course in German".

On March 5, Miss Berenson gave an address before the Amherst Institute at Holyoke upon "The Ideal of Physical Education".

Professor Pierce gave an address, on March 17, at Wesleyan University, on "The Doctrine of Submerged Consciousness".

Professor Sleeper has been invited to read a paper before the New York State Music Teachers' Association at its annual meeting in June at Niagara Falls.

Miss Bernardy has been asked to be one of the staff contributors to the new literary and historical review, *La Romagna*.

A recent number of the *Kritischer Jahresbericht über die Fortschritte der romanischen Philologie*, edited by Professor Vartragen of the University of Erlangen, Bavaria, contains an appreciative criticism of Miss Scott's studies in Comparative Literature. The German reviewer mentions as of especial interest and value a monograph on Poetry, Plays and Metrical Romances, in Miss Scott's Elizabethan Translations from the Italian. (Publications of the Modern Language Associations of America, 1896.)

Science for March 11, contains a full account of the Philadelphia meeting of the Society for Plant Morphology and Physiology, with abstracts of the papers presented at that time by the secretary, Professor Ganong.

The Philosophical Review for March contains the Official Report of the Proceedings of the Third Meeting of the American Philosophical Association by the Secretary, Professor Gardiner, and a Review of Renouvi's "La Personnalisme" by Miss Cutler.

Macmillan has in press "Selected Sermons of Jonathan Edwards", edited by Professor Gardiner.

Popular Astronomy for March contains an article by Miss Byrd, "Astronomy in the High Schools: Diurnal Paths of Heavenly Bodies".

Lippincott's Magazine for March has a story by Mrs. Lee, "A Court Lady", and the Century for April, "The Scientist and the Moth".

Modern Philology for April and June will contain a Spanish play entitled "Los Moriscos de Harnachos", by Francisco de Tárrega, printed for the first time from the original Spanish manuscript 1649, with introduction and notes by Miss Bourland.

During the first two weeks in March when we saw girls hurrying between snow drifts with mandolins and banjos under their arms, we could hardly realize that the time for "the concert" was

The Glee Club Concert drawing near. In fact it seemed the middle of the winter and as if ice carnivals with muffs and sweaters would be more appropriate than afternoon cotillions and muslin gowns. But when March 16 did arrive the sun shone just as brightly as he ever did in the years before when the earth had laid off its winter covering to greet him. Everyone seemed in an especially holiday mood; and the cotillions and muslins, and receptions appeared just the same,—even the "men", "Boyden's" and the "Copper Kettle" assumed their usual importance, and one had to walk by on the other side with longing eyes unless she had enrolled herself well beforehand on the sacred list for tables.

As usual soon after seven o'clock in the evening flocks of people were seen hurrying down Elm and Main streets. The floodgates of college seemed to have been opened and the current was all in the direction of the Academy of Music. The concert began promptly at half-past seven, opening as in years before, with "Fair Smith", the only unusual importance of the first number being the increased size of the Glee Club. They sang exceptionally well, except that there was some disappointment at first, because with the addition of so many voices, the strength of the club seemed scarcely greater than before.

The second number on the program was by the Mandolin Club, and was enjoyed by everyone. The club was very favorably criticised for its playing during the evening, by out of town guests as well as by those of us who had heard it before. The Banjo Club played next and showed a great deal of practice. Most of the pieces were new, and this is a fact of no small significance for an audience which passes Music Hall at least once or twice a day.

The topical song, written by Mary Pusey 1904, was looked forward to with much interest, and if applause is a fair sign of appreciation, the song was certainly enjoyed. The next number on the program also received a great ovation. It consisted of a medley by the Glee Club, which was arranged by Ellen T. Richardson 1905. It is one of the cleverest medleys which we have had in many years, and everyone was delighted when the club repeated it.

The concert closed with a song to Smith, written by Clara Winifred Newcomb 1906, which ended the evening most appropriately. On the whole the concert was a great success; and although it was felt by some that it would have been better had the program not been so long, after the concert the crowds returning home were even more enthusiastic than those which had filled the streets earlier in the evening.

On March 18, Miss Addams of Hull House, Chicago, spoke in the Students' Building on the subject of "The Later Developments in the Chicago Settlements". Two of the problems confronting resi-

Miss Addams' Lecture dents at Hull House of which Miss Addams spoke are problems that have grown out of the fact that the house is situated in the midst of a neighborhood settled almost exclusively by a foreign population. What to do to enable these colonies of foreigners to reveal themselves to the native residents; and what to do to stimulate those native residents to seek to know and to understand these foreigners in their midst, are two of the vital questions that have to be dealt with.

In connection with the Greeks Miss Addams told several stories in illustration of their intense interest in the past of their native land, and their keen desire to make that past real to the Americans. As an expression of this the Greeks under the auspices of the Settlement recently gave the Greek play, "Ajax". The extensive knowledge and the feeling displayed in this connection was further evidence of the vital nature of their interest, and that they are not Greeks merely for a few years until they shall have become Americanized. Miss Addams spoke strongly of the Settlement's attempt to reveal this fact to others.

Miss Addams spoke next of the Settlement's attempt to reclaim some of the wonderfully beautiful handicraft which many of the women have brought with them,—old traditional methods of weaving and dyeing, survivals of old time-immemorial fashions of Syrian spinning which these women have guarded as a sacred trust. To this end a labor-museum has been started in one of the Settlement houses. There are two other purposes, besides the one of preservation, which this museum serves. One of these is to introduce cultivation in the industrial classes through the desire, as one of them aptly phrased it, "to know where the stuff you work with comes from". The other is to make the children see their parents in their proper background. Most of the children have no knowledge of the exquisite beauty of the things their mothers make and wear, and since their parents are not able to speak English which the children have learned in the public schools, their respect for their parents wanes and they become ashamed of them. The Settlement tries through the museum and the value thus set upon the parent's abilities to bridge over the gap between parent and child by opening the child's eyes to the value and significance of that ability.

The next activity of the Settlement which Miss Addams treated was that in connection with the women's club. This club is composed of the more prosperous women of the neighborhood, and represents a newly awakened sense of civic responsibility. Among the undertakings of this club is the

support of a juvenile court officer, the giving of considerable help in keeping the ward clean, and a decided effort to establish relations with the public school teachers. In closing Miss Addams stated that the Settlement had eight buildings and that its activities were very diverse,—as diverse as the interests of the community in which it is placed.

In 1899, Mrs. Clarke, who has done so much for the college in various ways, and has always been so keenly interested in it as a whole but especially in the Physical Training Department, most generously

The Gymnastic Drill offered to give a beautiful silver cup, for which all the classes in gymnastic work were to compete. This gift served as a tremendous stimulus, and the whole tenor of the work in gymnastics changed, since there was now a goal to reach, an object to attain. But the virtue of Smith College—the spirit of doing the very best—when pushed to an extreme, becomes almost a fault. This was seen during the past two years, for a certain nervous effort had crept into the gymnasium—the place of all places where joy and recreation should be emphasized above all things.

Since the girls had now formed the habit of taking their gymnastic work seriously, it was felt that the object for which the cup had been given had been accomplished. In consideration of all this and of the fact that the winter had been an unusually hard one, and the consequent effect of any additional nervous strain harmful, it was decided to omit this year the competitive part of the drill. Fears were expressed at the time of this decision that a simple exhibition would be a comparative failure—that the interest would be slight, and consequently the work be of a lower grade than in previous years.

But these fears were not realized. For when the representatives from all four classes gathered upon the floor of the Alumnæ Gymnasium promptly at 3 P. M. on Saturday afternoon, March 26, the running track, the stage, and the seats on either side of the stage were filled by interested spectators. The floor work itself, done by the four classes at once under Miss Berenson's command, surpassed all expectations. For the sight of 150 girls all working together is tremendously impressive, and the rhythm of such a vast number so inspired each individual that the exercises were performed with an accuracy and unity never seen before. Above all the gymnasium was filled with college spirit, that spirit which we need to emphasize as much as possible, in which all class distinctions are buried. So the work of training such a vast assembly to perform together was amply repaid by the effect it produced.

After the floor work the classes gave individual exhibitions of their marching, commanded by their respective captains, Jeannette Welch 1907, Elsie Elliott 1906, Edna Capen 1905, and Emma Dill 1904.

A new feature of gymnastic work was then presented, namely an exhibition of the work in aesthetic gymnastics introduced two years ago into the college by Miss Elizabeth Berenson. It proved such a valuable course, bringing out certain features not emphasized in the regular gymnastic work, that this year it was given to the sophomores once a week instead of their regular gymnastics. It was a surprise to see how wonderfully well the girls went through this part of the exhibition. The audience were most enthusiastic

and pleaded for an encore which was not permitted since the watchword of the drill was brevity.

The apparatus work followed directly, and the three upper classes sent two representatives into each of the events as follows :

EVENTS.	1904.	1905.	1906.
Climbing ropes (form),	Brainerd Norris	Rumsey A. Day	Cruden
Climbing 14 ropes,	Dill Dana		Beers Cooper
Somersault,	Dill Alden	H. Dill Evans	Wilson Cooper
Window ladder (horizontal),	Alden Southworth	Wing Chick	Harrison
Window ladder (zigzag),	Hudson Duryee	Perry S. Tower	Putnam McBee
Window ladder (head first),	Dana, Leatherbee	Evans S. Tower	Cooper McBee
Jump between double booms,	Hudson Crawford	Donohoe Barclay	Gager Allen
Balance-Weigh.	Haynes	Capen Rumsey	Wilson Elliott
Vaulting Box.	Cushing Hudson	Evans Donohoe	Wham Fillebrown
Oblique Vault	Dill Alden	Pooke H. Dill	McBee Gager
Saddle Vault	Cushing Brainerd	De La Vergne	Wilson Loomis
Swing Jump,	Crawford Southworth	Barclay Capen	Elliott Beers
Running High Jump,	Crawford Haynes	Barclay Donohoe	Beers Walther

The spirit of light-heartedness and enjoyment which pervaded the gymnasium affected the apparatus work which was performed with an ease seldom seen. The swiftness with which the apparatus work took place is due to the excellent management of Alice Boutwell 1904, the vice-president of the G. and F. A., who directed all the mechanical details.

If in ensuing years this experiment should fail, the classes will again compete for the cup. But the experiment certainly did not fail this year, since the drill went off with splendid spirit, and with the keen enjoyment of all present.

On Saturday evening, March 26, "Il Tricolore", the new club in connection with the Italian department, started by Miss Bernardy, gave a reception in the Students' Building for Count Onorato Gaetani di Cas-
 "Il Tricolore" telmola d'Aragone, the wife of the vice-consul, Rocco Brindesi, and the secretary of the consulate, Luigi Mairo Vitoli, and his sister Miss Rosina Vitoli. The reception was especially inter-

esting in affording to the guests the opportunity of seeing the large and beautiful collection of etchings and photographs given to the college by the Italian government through Miss Bernardy, comprising many pictures of the master-pieces of Italian art, ancient monuments of Rome, and reproductions of plates made by Piranesi, a famous Italian engraver of the eighteenth century, and now in the possession of the Italian government. The collection also includes several volumes relating to Italian art. The bestowal of a gift upon a college by the government of a foreign country is very rare, and Smith College is most grateful to the Italian government for its generosity.

To those who enjoy a combination of poetry and music, Miss Dyar and Mr. Story offered a very enjoyable evening on Tuesday, March 22. Enoch Arden is difficult to read on account of its lack of variety, Enoch Arden Music and its single moment of deep, passionate outburst. Miss Dyar's rendering avoided the melodramatic without ever dropping into the monotonous or unsympathetic.

In his interpretation of the Strauss music, Mr. Story caught the spirit of the poem. We could hear the washing of the breakers, the laughter of the children on the beach, the mother rocking the cradle of her fatherless baby. And when the shipwrecked mariner came back to the cottage which was no longer his home, the refrain "Never to let her know; never to let her know," haunted us in the music as well as in the poem.

An interested audience, overflowing the hall into the ante-room and out on the stairs attested to the hearty interest with which the college welcomed the reading.

On Saturday, March 19, the "big game" between the sophomores and freshmen was played. At the request of the Council no decorations were seen on the college houses, and for that reason the Basket Ball Game morning seemed strangely quiet. Still there was that atmosphere of suppressed excitement throughout the college which always ushers in a great event. By the time two o'clock came there was just as much open excitement as there had been in previous years.

Long lines of girls formed at the different entrances to the "gym" at 2 o'clock, and at 2.30 the doors were opened. The seniors and sophomores had one side of the gymnasium, the juniors and freshmen the other. The decorations were unusually pretty and effective. As usual the singing began as soon as the running tracks were full, the seniors and sophomores being led by Margaret Hotchkiss 1904, and the juniors and freshmen by Lora Wright 1905. This singing continued until the game began, the enthusiasm becoming more intense with each song. Just before the game began the sophomore "sub" team entered, bringing the sophomore mascot, a little Indian. Then the freshmen "subs" came in, drawing a little warrior, who was to be the 1907 mascot. A few minutes later the sophomore and freshman teams rushed in amid loud applause, and the game began.

It was a good game all the way through, and a very exciting one. There were very few fouls and the playing was clean. The score was pretty close throughout the game, and this added to the intense interest with which every play was watched. When the umpire's whistle was blown and the game was

over the excitement redoubled. The score was 26-19 in favor of 1906. The winning team was carried in triumph around the room, as was also the freshmen team, and the wild shouting and singing lasted for quite a while after the game was over. Finally all the classes joined in singing the new college song, and then went home. Everyone left the "gym" feeling that there had never been a nicer game or better spirit shown.

The fouls made during the game and the score in detail were as follows :

	1906.		1907.	
	First half.	Second half.	First half.	Second half.
	Fouls.	Fouls.	Fouls.	Fouls.
Running,	1	0	1	0
Knocking out of hand,	0	1	1	1
Bounding,	0	1	1	0
Holding,	0	0	0	0
Line,	0	1	1	3
Close guarding,	1	1	0	1
	<hr/> 2	<hr/> 4	<hr/> 4	<hr/> 5
Points from goals from floor,	16	6	8	8
Points from free throws,	2	2	2	1
	<hr/> 18	<hr/> 8	<hr/> 10	<hr/> 9
	8		9	
Total,	<hr/> 26		<hr/> 19	

A departure from the traditional, if it succeeds, is to be doubly praised, and the Haven House, in its presentation of a play as out of the ordinary as "Alice in Wonderland", has succeeded.

Haven House Play The costuming, perhaps the most important feature of the play, was admirable, and the setting was in accordance with it. The scenery and costumes together produced most telling effects—impressive as a whole, ingenious and satisfactory in detail. Not once did the curtain rise on a new scene without a burst of applause from the audience.

The parts were all well taken. The birds and animals in the first scene were good, the mouse especially so. Tweedledum and Tweedledee were very attractive. The caterpillar's part was made interesting and was sustained by good by-play. Humpty Dumpty was excellent; force of circumstances not permitting much change of expression as to countenance, he made manifest his emotions by a very expressive use of legs and feet. In the mad tea party the hatter and dormouse acted especially well. One of the best characters in the play was the mock-turtle, whose sad voice and solos were creative of much sympathetic laughter. Alice was good throughout; some of her gestures and little motions were childlike and amusing, yet the part could have been made more interesting had she been more frightened, more joyful, more individual. Careful training rather than individual acting was manifested in various characters. The effectiveness of the Queen of Hearts depended entirely upon one gesture, and the King failed to make the impression that his lines would have warranted.

The grouping was always good; there were exceedingly few of the dull spots which make a play drag, and the cast and committee deserve hearty congratulations upon the success of their undertaking. The cast was as follows :

Alice,.....	Marion Woodbury
Queen of Hearts,.....	Helen Baine
King of Hearts,.....	Ruth McCall
Duchess,.....	Alma Bradley
White Queen,.....	Grace Smucker
Hatter,.....	Mary Perry
Dormouse,.....	Alice Barnes
March Hare,.....	Florence Sternberger
White Rabbit,....	Blanche Valentine
Caterpillar,.....	Lucy Smith
Mock Turtle,.....	Katharine Wagenhals
Gryphon,.....	Elizabeth Graefe
Tweedledum,.....	Katharine Wing
Tweedledee,.....	Jessie Murray
Humpty Dumpty,....	Jean Pond
Cheshire Cat,.....	Helen Wright
Mouse,.....	Helen Shedd
Knave,.....	Abigail Ferrell
Executioner,.....	Emma Hirth

Manager, Florence Lord; Chairman of Costume Committee, Lora Wright;
Chairman of Scenery Committee, Louise Kingsley.

The junior frolic was held in the Alumnæ Gymnasium Saturday evening, March 12.

CALENDAR .

- Apr. 19, Song Recital by Mr. David Bispham.
20, Lawrence House Dance.
22, Open Meeting of the Mathematics Club. Lecture by
Prof. Gale of Yale University. Subject: The Rôle
of Transformation in Modern Geometry.
23, Annual Business Meeting of the S. C. A. C. W.
23, Alpha Society.
26, Lecture by Prof. Hopkins of Yale University. Sub-
ject: The Hindoo Drama.
27, Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.
30, Phi Kappa Psi Society.
- May 4, Joint Play of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
11, Junior Promenade.
14, Alpha Society.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

EDITORS:

MARY WILHELMINA HASTINGS,
BERTHA CHACE LOVELL, ELLEN TERESE RICHARDSON,
KATHERINE HAMILTON WAGENHALS, CHARLOTTE GOLDSMITH CHASE,
ELEANOR HENRIETTE ADLER, LUCIE ALINE TOWER,
MARTHA ELLIOT CLAY.
TREASURER, BUSINESS MANAGER,
ISABELLA RACHEL GILL. ELIZABETH HALE CREEVEY.

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***Some Issues in regard to the Proposed Reunion of
the Anglican and Russo-Greek Churches***

We are all familiar with the saying which tells us with so much assurance that there is nothing really new, that things seemingly the newest are but fresh forms of older truths, ideas and questions, in a different dress perhaps, but animated by a world-old spirit. So this discussion of the possibilities of reunion between the Russo-Greek and Anglican churches has behind it the innumerable prayers for unity of the whole church and the increasing sense among all Christian people of the harmfulness of division, one expression of which is the collect, "For the Unity of God's People", added to the Prayer Book in the revision of 1892. But the question even in its present form is not a new one, for as long ago as 1862 the General Convention appointed a joint committee "to consider the expediency of opening communication with the Russo-Greek church and to collect authentic information bearing upon the subject", and reports were made in 1865 and 1868, the latter, which was "extended, hopeful, and very sympathetic," being signed by five bishops of the American church. The proposals then, like the

ones we are about to consider and which are, in their present form, only a few weeks old, were entirely academic. No immediate action is now expected or indeed wished for by those who have the cause of reunion most at heart, but a fair examination of the points at issue by the clergy and people of the churches involved is much to be desired before any further steps are taken towards a practical result. This consideration of a purely academic question is the very thing that it is difficult to get people, particularly Americans, to attend to, for as Matthew Arnold says, "The mass of mankind will always treat lightly even things the most venerable if they do not present themselves as visible before its eyes."

The academic nature of the proposals involved in the present question is shown by the fact that the advances on both sides were unofficial. Bishop Grafton on his late visit to Moscow bore no formal commission from the American church, and the expressions of the Russian ecclesiastics, while very friendly and energetic, were not made as final and authorized statements of the Russo-Greek church. It is reported, however, that a special commission, consisting of three members and a president to consider questions in regard to the union of the Russo-Greek and Anglican churches has been officially formed by the Holy Synod. This, if true, may lead to more definite action, but hardly in the near future.

Another fact that must keep the question of reunion for a long time entirely academic is the degree of difference between the position taken by the theologians in either Russia or America and that assumed by a majority of the people, who cannot be considered thoroughly educated along theological lines, however jealous they may be for what they hold as the belief of their church. A certain number of Christian people anywhere are ill-informed as to the true theological position of their religious body and the logical results which would follow from that position, and this difference between theologians and people is seen not less where the latter are educated and enlightened along other lines of thought than where they are superstitious and illiterate. Thus many popular Roman beliefs are neither authorized or defended by Roman Catholic theologians as, for instance, the worship sometimes paid to pictures or statues or to the persons of saints. This is contrary to the doctrine of the Roman Catholic church, which says that veneration in its highest

form or what is generally called "worship" can be paid to God alone but that honor is due to the saints and in a lesser degree to representatives of them and to things used in the service of the church. Again the idea often held by ignorant Roman Catholics that the repetition of certain prayers is of value apart from the spirit with which they are said is plainly contradicted in the teachings on the Mass which distinctly state that the disposition of the soul is the essential thing and "without these (right dispositions) all outward worship is unprofitable and vain." So in the Anglican church there is a great difference between the written theology of its ecclesiastics and much generally received by its people. Many calling themselves Anglicans do not accept the authority of the church, though the statement that the church possesses authority is made in the Articles, and the unique character of the priesthood as compared with Protestant clergymen is very often overlooked in spite of the teaching of the Anglican church concerning their sacred functions. With Protestant bodies the condition is much the same for almost anywhere it is possible to find people holding views distinctly opposed to those taught by the religious organization to which they belong. This is often seen to be the case with Calvinists, many of whom do not hold or seem to be acquainted with certain distinctively Calvinistic doctrines though they consider themselves members of that body. This difference between people and teaching makes any union on exclusively theological grounds extremely unwise, and a campaign of instruction leading to greater sympathy between the people in both Russia and America would have to go before and prepare the way for any practical action on the part of authorities in both churches.

The conditions which are, so far as can be seen now, favorable to ultimate unity between Anglicans and Greeks are the bonds of sympathy which draw them together as opposed to Romanists and Protestants and the actual points of likeness in doctrine which they possess. The Eastern branch of the Catholic church has, of course, unceasingly protested against the presumption of the Latins in the West in claiming supremacy over the whole church and the fact that there is in the West a branch of the church holding ancient tradition and belief, but objecting to the claim of supremacy by one part over the others, is in itself a powerful reason with the Greeks for wishing to reunite with

it. The desire for Catholic unity follows from this position since neither branch of the church desires to absorb or do away with the other, for though there is a strong pro-Roman party in Russia and a less vigorous one in the American church, the same sort of unity between one of these churches and Rome could not be effected, for the latter demands as a condition of unity complete submission and not merely friendly relations with equal rights. In the same way, the conception of the church as held by Anglicans and Greeks is a bond of sympathy between them, for in neither is the church believed to be a "body under one visible Representative of Christ to whom obedience is due, but the church is one spiritual organism embracing all Christ's members," united to their Lord by sacraments and preserved from schism by canon law. The East, never having been under the influence of feudalism, developed throughout its whole history a sense of apostolic equality between the national branches of the church, while the Anglicans made a protest against the assumption by one bishop of powers over his brethren in the episcopate and revived the equality of bishops in the West. The orthodox church does not ask that Anglicans submit to its customs or government, but it does ask whether they hold the same ancient faith. Bishop Grafton says in his paper on the reunion of Oriental and Anglican churches, "we may differ,—must now differ in matters of discipline, ceremonial, ritual; but the essential matter is, do we profess the same scriptural and traditional faith with themselves?" This question the Easterns are eagerly waiting to have answered and the burden of proof rests with the American church because it, free from the political and historic complications which retard the action of the church of England, can examine into the reasons for and foundations of its faith and clear the situation of much that now causes grave misunderstanding and consequently scandal between the scattered branches of the Catholic church.

But among the doctrines which are held in common by the Russo-Greek and Anglican churches, those which they consider essential must be ones held also by the Roman church, for to be Catholic "they must be doctrines put forth or believed in as essential by the whole and undivided church, not by any one part Latin, or Eastern, or Anglican," thus the doctrines and practices in which two of the branches of the Catholic church differ from Rome are not essential, from the point of view of

belief, however important as matters of discipline or expediency. The most important of these differences is the question concerning the authority of ecumenical councils. The Greeks have always held that a council of the whole church was the only authority binding on all parts of it and that nothing could be considered as of faith which had not been decreed by such a council. This view is held by Anglicans and was so held by Latins before the separation of East and West, the modern belief among them being that the authority of the Pope, speaking *ex cathedra*, is equal to that of a council of the whole church. This pretension cannot, of course, be accepted by either Anglicans or Greeks as it would overthrow the principle of equality among the bishops of Christendom and would do away with the test, so long received, of universality, antiquity and consent, as applied to any doctrine or practice of the church. Another point in which Easterns and Anglicans differ from Rome is in giving the chalice to the laity, but this is not an essential matter, for the whole Body and Soul of Christ is believed to be present in the bread and wine separately, so that communion in either kind is a receiving of Him, though whether the Roman custom can be proved to be ancient or advantageous is a debatable question and it certainly departs from the practice of the undivided church. The marriage of the clergy, which is allowed to certain grades of those in holy orders in the East and to all grades of Anglican clergy, but prohibited by Rome, is a matter of discipline and rests on the idea of the sacredness of a priest's calling and the devotion demanded of him, but has no binding authority. So with the case of the language used in the liturgy, Easterns and Anglicans celebrate divine service in a tongue understood by the people in contrast to the general use of Latin by the Romanists, and since either method may be used as far as any ecumenical authority goes, the matter may be decided by each national branch except as greater unity in practice is desirable for the whole church. In common with Rome and the orthodox Greek church, Anglicans hold a belief in the Holy Scriptures as the inspired word of God to be interpreted by the church; in the apostolic succession of bishops and the threefold order of the ministry,—with the result that the latter have lawful administration of the sacraments; in the sacraments themselves as means of actual grace; and in the historic creeds. Anglicans, with the other branches

of the Catholic church, have a liturgy for the orderly conducting of worship and follow the seasons of the Christian year. They also, like Latins and Greeks, repudiate certain Lutheran and Calvinistic errors such as those respecting church government, predestination, justification, and good works.

This strong likeness in doctrine would naturally create sympathy between the Anglican and Greek churches but there are certain difficulties in the way of a complete understanding which would need explanation from both sides. The character of the two peoples, with their race tendencies and historic development, has much to do with the way in which they look at religious and ecclesiastical questions. To the Greek the church is of paramount importance for its own sake, and no slightest deviation from her sacred teachings or ways can be tolerated by him, so that the difficulty of making him see that the West does not mean to be disloyal to the Catholic church by its lesser insistence on details and greater toleration of change in unessentials is very great. On the other hand, American churchmen, living in the midst of radical thoughts on all subjects and accustomed to meet questions on every point of faith and practice and to attempt to relate them to the conditions of modern life and thought, find it difficult to understand the intense feelings of the Easterns on subjects that Western churchmen discuss and weigh without excitement. The political positions of the Russo-Greek and American churches are so different that another cause of misunderstanding easily arises, and lack of sympathy for the political principles of the country may tend to make the attraction towards the church less energetic on the part of the people of the other state and church, especially where the conditions both politically and theologically are not clearly understood.

In regard to the points where Anglicans and Russo-Greeks differ in doctrine either of two explanations may be made — the two seemingly opposing positions in regard to a doctrine may be the same at bottom and the difference easily explained by unlikeness of race and history or, they may be actually antagonistic in some points which must be explained so as to satisfy both sides that it is not essential, or must be given up by the offending side if found to be quite unwarranted. To the first class belong the greater number of differences which actually exist between Anglicans and Greeks and they are capable of an immediate explanation for they are only different ways of look-

ing at the same truth or are simple misunderstandings. The position of both churches in regard to the number of the sacraments is of this kind. Everywhere there has been a distinction between the two greater and five lesser sacraments and this distinction has been so emphasized by the Anglican church as to obscure somewhat the value of the five lesser sacraments or mysteries, as the Greeks prefer to call them, but in each case an outward sign is believed to confer a spiritual grace, the gifts of the Spirit in confirmation; the power of the Holy Ghost in holy orders; absolution by the priest in sacramental confession (for the power to forgive sins in Christ's name as given to him in his ordination); grace given to those united in holy matrimony; and the refreshing of the sick in the visitation of the sick, though administration of unction has fallen into general disuse among Anglicans. The two greater sacraments of baptism and the holy eucharist are held with the same faith by Anglicans and Greeks with only slight variations in the mode of administration in one case and of terminology in expressing the belief in the other. The position of the Anglican church in regard to the sacraments as given in the catechism can thus be harmonized with that held by Greeks and the question as to transubstantiation is one of terminology not of doctrine, for that form of belief common in the Latin church in the Middle Ages (but since condemned by it) which was so called, is the doctrine protested against by the Anglican and is not the belief of the orthodox church whose language concerning this sacrament is controlled and guarded and in no way like that used by many Latin writers who attempt to explain exactly how the change in the elements takes place. The Greeks insist on the fact of the real presence but do not attempt to explain its nature and this is the precise position of the Anglican church only the expressions used are somewhat different as is natural where such a dissimilarity in temperament and associations is involved.

A somewhat different class of questions is introduced into the discussion when it is asked by the Greeks how many councils the Anglicans consider ecumenical. The Greeks hold that there are seven, and in common with the entire West, Anglicans have up to this time accepted only six of the general councils as ecumenical, but it is realized now that the seventh, the second of Nice, was rejected through a misunderstanding by a Gallican synod at Frankfort, for it "received the recognition both of

Eastern and Western Christendom, which is all that is necessary to render a council ecumenical." It would seem therefore that the question of the number of councils should not be difficult to settle.

Another point requiring better understanding on both sides is the amount and kind of reverence to be paid to sacred things. The Greeks being an Eastern people are naturally more unrestrained in their expressions of devotion and in the marks of honor paid to Icons and other sacred things than Westerners would be, but they never pay them any degree of worship and no Eastern theologian of authority "advocates more than due reverence"; thus they say, "While we look on them (i. e. Icons) with our eyes we should mentally look to God and the saints, who are represented in them." Anglicans too pay reverence to sacred things for they do not use their consecrated churches for secular purposes or the altar and its vessels for anything but the service for which they were made, and many of the furnishings of their churches are blessed and set apart for the adornment of the building or the use of the clergy in worship.

The practice of invocation of saints is based on the doctrine of the communion of saints which Anglicans profess just as truly as do Greeks, for in the liturgy of the Book of Common Prayer there are various references to it and implied prayers in common with the saints as, "with Angels and Archangels and with all the company of heaven" of the communion office, and the prayer that "we and all Thy whole church may obtain remission of our sins and all other benefits of his passion," for the saints and departed faithful are as much members of the church as are those still on earth, so this prayer must include them and shows the belief of Anglicans in the communion of saints. The Greeks pray for the saints and ask a part in their prayers which is a different position from that taken by Rome, for in the latter no prayers are offered by the church on earth for its members in heaven, though it asks for their prayers. The Anglican position in regard to this matter is well shown in the words "the communion of saints embraces the whole family of God,—the glorified saints, the holy angels, the faithful departed, and the faithful still on earth," and "the Church of England condemns that system of prayer to the saints which led to their being regarded as otherwise than as exalted suppliants," but the Greek church does regard them as just this, exalted suppliants,

so the two churches, though with different expressions, hold to and show forth the same faith.

But the question that requires more careful explanation is that generally called the Filioque and refers to the clause in the Nicene creed, "the Holy Ghost — proceeding from the Father *and the Son*," which the Greeks say is an unlawful addition to the creed because it stands there on the authority of the West alone and not of a general council as do all the other points of the creed. There is a question of doctrine involved in this also for they ask if the West considers that there are two sources of life in the Blessed Trinity as this clause would seem to indicate. The explanation is returned that the procession of the Holy Ghost is believed to be from the Father alone but through the Son so that there is only one source of life in the Godhead, and this the Greeks are willing to concede, but they maintain that true or not this clause has no right to stand in the creed, and logically they could not accept it on the authority of the Bishop of Rome without also accepting papal infallibility and other innovations which rest on Roman claims to supremacy. Whether the Greeks would allow it to stand in the creed merely as a custom and with the explanation that it had no authority for being there, or whether the Anglican church which appeals as strongly as the Greek to the authority of councils would strike it out as a Roman addition, which stands in the way of unity, remains to be seen.

Of the other differences between Anglican and Greeks none is of very great importance, for both branches believe that "the church teaches with authority but allows diversity of opinions in things unessential," and these differences are not important matters of faith and would probably be easily compromised if the above questions could be understood and settled on grounds satisfactory to both churches. One of these unessential differences is the form of baptism, which is always by immersion in the East. This form they believe to be the ancient custom and that there is therefore no good reason for changing it, but there is a possibility that the form other than immersion might be permitted by them in regard to the West though immersion would remain the rule in the East. The use of unleavened bread in the eucharist is also considered by the Greeks a Roman innovation, but since the Anglicans hold to it by custom only there might easily be a compromise made in regard to its use since no doctrinal question is involved.

The results of reunion on Anglicans would be twofold, the breaking down of their isolation by unity with another branch of the Catholic church and the deepening of spiritual life through a broader outlook than the contemplation of American or Anglo-Saxon religious conditions affords. The Anglican church has long suffered on account of its isolation from the other parts of Catholic Christendom for, deprived of the influence of other races and their systems of thought, it has tended to become formal and less far-reaching in influence than it might otherwise have been. Rome has the life of many nations to draw from, and the East has various races and national churches in communion with it so that neither of them needs reunion as positively as does the Anglican church, and a wider sympathy and broader way of looking at things might certainly be expected from a reunion which would bring before the minds of English-speaking people the thoughts and lives of others quite as important to the whole church as themselves.

And on the Greeks the results would be equally advantageous, for they too would learn sympathy with things outside Russia and the East, and by being thrown into closer contact with men living in the world of affairs and obliged constantly to fit conduct to life and to keep up with the times in all kinds of thought and knowledge they would very likely come to a better understanding of the relation of the church to the conditions of modern life and would not fear to examine the truths of religion in the light of every new advance in human knowledge, because they would see that the faith of the Catholic church, in its essential parts, cannot be affected for harm and that only those things that are human additions, and therefore necessarily subject to error, are not able to withstand attacks and are thus being prepared to be swept away, leaving behind them a faith brighter because unobscured.

FRANCES ALLEN.

A PRAYER

Not only in Thine holy house, O Lord,
In penitence before Thy dear cross bent,
Surrounded by the prayerful calm, may I
Take of the sacrament.

But out amid the struggle of the day,
Wherein I cannot stand through strength of mine,
In crowded street, in busy room, dear Lord,
Give me Thy bread and wine!

CLARA WINIFRED NEWCOMB.

FAME

Long have I prayed to touch the stars
And long, to feel their stellar thrill;
To climb the midnight ladder to success
And gain my will.

I saw the sable darkness pale,
Fate's ladder dim against the sky.
One rung was wanting—he who strove to climb
Was I.

When lo! I looked and at my feet
Lay one I loved whom I must mar
To seize the fatal ladder and climb on
To touch my star.

How could I know that if I rose
You fell, to be Fate's stepping stone?
Ah! Think you I could climb to fame and leave
You crushed and prone?

Nay, I have thrown success away—
What matters fame or failure now?
Unmoved I see fate's ladder fade
And stoop to kiss thy brow.

LOUISE MARSHALL RYALS.

A COMPARISON OF THE RECITATION AND TEXT-BOOK SYSTEMS

It is a significant fact that the methods of teaching differ widely among the various colleges, and that in some the lecture system is preferred, while in others the recitation and text-book system is adhered to in the majority of courses. This is exemplified in the two colleges, Radcliffe and Smith, both of high standing, and both possessing many ideals in common, but with this marked contrast, that at Radcliffe, lecture-courses predominate, while at Smith they form a very small proportion of the curriculum.

That lectures must necessarily form a part of many courses is to be admitted, and it must also be admitted that in these courses they are beneficial, for where a broad survey is desired, or where a long period of time must be covered briefly, they doubtless are the most satisfactory method. On the other hand, many so-called lecture courses have to be supplemented by outside reading, papers, conferences, and so forth, so that for this reason it is very difficult to agree upon a fixed definition for either one or the other system. The courses in literature, history, and kindred subjects are perhaps the fairest examples upon which to base the discussion, since the sciences naturally depend largely upon laboratory work, and the languages as a rule require some recitation.

Before considering the relative merits of the systems, it may be well to recall some time-worn sayings concerning the aim of a college education, and to lay especial emphasis upon the fact that mere acquisition of knowledge is not or should not be the sole end in view. The college is a training-school in which the student should gain a recognition of her own faculties and power, and the ability to adapt what she has gained to a definite use.

Among the first advantages aimed at by the recitation system, combined with the study of a text-book, is the acquirement of regular and systematic habits of study. ' A certain fixed demand

is made upon the student for each meeting of the class and her response to this demand determines largely the amount of good which she gains from the course. This daily assignment of work is considered essential in the preparatory school, and experience seems to show that with the college undergraduate, the continuance of it keeps the student up to the mark better than any other method. To be sure it may lead to a routine, which makes the work monotonous, but after all, the habit of doing a definite amount of work at a definite time does not seem inconsistent with a true scholarly spirit.

The amount of individual work required of the student is naturally greater whenever she is obliged to contribute her share to the work of the class-room. Thus in the recitation, a large part of the labor devolves upon the student; in the lecture system, on the contrary, the professor occupies the time himself. The text-book work also requires individual study, such as only the student herself can work out, and this process of personal application does away with superficial and desultory studying.

A third argument for the recitation system is that it affords practice in the arrangement of material and in the adaption of it for immediate use. This prevents the study of the text-book from becoming a mere "process of absorption," and requires the student to put the information acquired to the test at once. It gains additional emphasis by this method of reciting, and impresses itself more deeply upon the mind. This ability to utilize information and especially to extract it readily, to synthesize it into a concise form, is a most helpful faculty, out of college as well as in it.

It may seem somewhat paradoxical to state that the recitation system affords a broader survey of the subject in hand, when it is admitted that in a lecture, the professor may cover infinitely more ground than the student possibly could in the same or even greater length of time. And yet the study of one or more text-books, under the supervision of the instructor, is on the whole more conducive to a broad outlook than the more personal point of view emphasized by the lecturer. His ideas and opinions must naturally dominate the subject to a greater or less degree, according to his own personality, and while he may be broad and liberal-minded, the impression gained by the student is after all chiefly one man's opinion and is very apt to be somewhat biased or prejudiced. In the recitation, individual views

are brought out, the results of outside investigation are introduced, and a much broader scope of opinion is allowed. This is especially noticeable in a literature course; here the intrinsic value of the lecturer's view may be greater than that of others, but nevertheless the emphasis of his opinion alone, narrows the limits of the study.

The most potent argument for the recitation system is to be found in connection with the examinations at the close of the term. The place which these occupy in the lecture system is in marked contrast to their position in the other system. In the latter case, they obviously do not form the sole criterion of the student's work, since her daily recitations are considered the most important phase of the course, supplemented by the required papers and so forth. In the lecture system, on the contrary, the professor has practically nothing else by which to form his estimate of the student's work. For this reason the student necessarily assumes a very different attitude toward the examinations in the two colleges. At Smith, they take the place of a summary of the course and are of advantage in giving the student a unified view which establishes a sense of proportion very easily lost sight of where a large amount of subject-matter has been considered. At Radcliffe, the examination is the student's response to the demands of the course, in which she has practically the only chance to transfer her attitude from one of "somnolent receptivity to responsive activity." Since her standing for the whole year is at stake she applies herself to aggregate the largest possible number of facts which may be of use to her on the required day. This tends to the worst aspect of "cramming", a recognized evil in connection with examinations. At Smith this practice cannot be indulged in to any great extent since examinations last but little longer than a week, so that any long sustained "cramming" is impossible. At Radcliffe, however, the time is far more extended. Thus, with several days of uninterrupted application, the student can gain a vast amount of that superficial knowledge which is often entirely adequate to passing the examination. Throughout the year the student has had little incentive (in comparison with that given by the recitation system) other than the individual conscience, always a variable factor, so that at the time of examination the stimulus brought to bear results almost invariably in a more pernicious "cramming" than is employed when

daily recitation has formed the foundation of the course. Where so much stress is laid upon the outcome of the examination, the loss of physical and particularly nervous energy, has to be reckoned with as well. The recitation system tends to minimize the importance of the examinations in connection with the student's standing and hence aims at a calmer and more normal attitude toward them.

The advocate of the lecture system sees many weak points in the opposite method. Foremost of these is the criticism that the work done in the class-room is in many cases, a waste of time. Now to an outside visitor the intrinsic value of a discussion carried on during the recitation hour may seem to be very small, and even to members of the class may seem utterly fruitless at the time. We have to consider, however, the case of the average undergraduate, not the college genius who undoubtedly finds the class-room somewhat of a bore. To the ordinary student it offers an excellent opportunity for her to give expression to the results of individual thinking and to receive the criticism of her fellows and the instructor upon it. She is thus constantly pitted against others, and to keep her own ground must learn adequate methods of expressing herself. The recitation often brings to light misconceptions, which in the lecture would be entirely passed over, and hence gives the instructor opportunity to correct erroneous impressions.

Another advantage of the daily recitation is that its tendency is to reduce, in so far as anything may, procrastination, that insidious foe of many an undergraduate. The emphasis is put upon the systematic allotment, and the student soon recognizes the futility of putting off the work assigned. In the lecture system, however, no particular retribution follows this practice, since more or less adequate preparation can be made in a few days before the final "day of reckoning," namely, the examination.

It is very true that in many courses a more comprehensive view of the subject-matter can be afforded by the lecture, but that this is an altogether desirable feature is to be questioned. The material may be so organized by the lecturer as to present only the most vital and valuable points, and thus concentrate the attention of the students on what is really important and worthy of attention. On the other hand, the function of the lecture in its highest concept, "should be primarily a directive,

not an informative agency," and the more emphasis placed upon the subject-matter itself, the less stimulus is awakened in the individual. The resulting knowledge is very apt to be cursory and to leave far less lasting impression than when the student has been obliged to gain it by herself from a text-book. A course covering a vast amount of ground does not begin to carry with it the force or give the mental training, which a less comprehensive one, demanding a more active response, offers.

Then, too, it is urged that a true scholarly spirit is made impossible by the routine of the recitation system, whereas the lecture method allows more free play in the student's habits of study. Undoubtedly there is some truth in this, and it is also true that the recitation system has a considerable drawback in not allowing opportunity for extensive research carried out according to the individual's pleasure. Thus, for example, in a literature course, it might be very interesting and profitable for a student to follow out an extensive line of reading in connection with certain aspects of the course, but this is utterly impossible when daily preparation within prescribed limits is required. One feels that the student ought not to be too closely "tied down" if she is to attain a scholarly ideal and undoubtedly the lecture offers one of the most pleasant modes of acquiring information. Yet as one of Harvard's professors has expressed it, "Research work, the study of seemingly unimportant and lifeless facts, is not only the very foundation of all truly vitalizing scholarship, but is at all times inseparable therefrom." This seems to imply that even drudgery has its place in the struggle for education, and that the scholarly mind is developed by it with more satisfactory results than by traversing the less rugged roads. If the fact is true, which was recently stated, that "not more than three students in ten go to college because they have a genuine and abiding interest in the pursuit of scholarship", it is evident that the remaining seven need a more or less constant application of incentive to make the four years bear fruit of any value, and that a freedom to roam where fancy may lead, would not carry these students very far in the pursuit of learning. Hence it seems that the definite methods insisted upon by the recitation system, are more likely to inculcate in the average student scholarly ideas than the somewhat lax method which is often compatible with a lecture system.

It is affirmed that the lecture represents the best which the

professor has to give and that with this tool, he can do the most for his students. According to this, the value of the course to the undergraduate would depend almost entirely upon the lecturer himself, and very little importance would be attached to the individual's work. A further difficulty is found when it is considered that the profit derived from the lecture is largely dependent upon the student's ability to take notes, and that these are apt to be very unsatisfactory in many cases, so that essential points are easily lost sight of when the time comes to study them. By this method the professor has no personal contact with those taking the course and what is even more important, he has almost no opportunity for passing criticism upon individual work, which is one of the most helpful results derived from the recitation system. In addition to this objection, the lecture by frequent repetition soon loses all its vitalizing power and becomes merely mechanical, which is not conducive to arousing much enthusiasm in the hearers. "The natural craving of every student for personality in teaching" is a direct appeal which the average lecturer is very apt to overlook, substituting in its stead pure information which could be gained elsewhere with no loss to the student.

In returning to the two colleges, Radcliffe and Smith, it may be noticed that on the average the Radcliffe student carries a larger number of courses than her Smith friend. Allowing for differences of environment and other factors, the total amount of work done strikes a closer average. This would seem to show that more work on the part of the student in the separate courses is required by the recitation system than by the lecture system and that the study is therefore more thorough. This tendency to attempt too many branches of study is a harmful one and its outcome is a "dissipation of energy and distraction of attention." Concentration on fewer subjects is more likely to lead to results which will wear well in the future.

As has been stated, the worst features of the lecture system appear at the time of examinations. "Cramming" is encouraged since it yields far more satisfactory results in meeting the demands of the average Radcliffe examination than of a Smith one. In the case of the former the effect of the examination is intensified by the marking system. Related to this more closely perhaps, yet showing too, the strain which accompanies an examination where the whole semester's work is at stake, might

be stated the case of a Radcliffe girl last year who although usually maintaining a high standing, received a low mark in one of the June examinations as the result of a poor physical condition. Hysterics followed the news of the mark and by making the most of this the professor was finally induced to raise the mark. Such a thing is impossible at Smith on the face of it, since there is no striving for "marks", and the unhealthy atmosphere created by the examination period under such conditions cannot be a benefit to any college.

Again, the inadequacy of the lecture to supply reliable material to meet the demands of the student at the time of examination is proved by the important position occupied by "printed notes" and other more or less legitimate means. At Radcliffe, to be sure, these do not begin to play the part that they do at the men's colleges, yet the want of something definite, such as a text-book would offer which had been discussed in class with the professor, is strongly felt.

Of course opinions differ and many would regard the recitation system as adapted only to the secondary schools, and yet there is a wide-spread feeling that in many cases the lecture fails to attain the best results. Professor French states that "mere pouring out of facts, however important, and principles, however sublime, upon the devoted heads of our students will not teach them to think. There is no way to learn to think but by thinking." Hence the system which demands the most thought from the individual is calculated to be the most helpful, and just as far as the recitation method seems to call for more personal attention and emphasizes individual opinions, in so far it seems superior.

The strongest advocates for the lecture system emphasize, as is natural, its somewhat ideal phases. For example, Professor Pratt of Worcester says of the lecture, "Its province is not so much to impart knowledge as to inculcate methods by which knowledge may be gained — methods of observation and interpretation, and methods in the use of literature." But cannot this be done by the professor even better, when practically all the subject-matter is acquired by the student, and his sole duty is to have a careful oversight of this, to guard against misinterpretations, and by criticism to stimulate the student to exert her individual powers to the utmost? This is one of the aims of the recitation system, "to change the student from the

merely receptive attitude of the lecture room to an active attitude of mind."

A combination of the two methods is strongly advocated by Professor French, yet the balance of weight is usually given to one side or the other. "Students taught chiefly by lecture become effectively trained in but one subject—the passing of examinations." This is certainly not the aim of the college education in its highest sense, and yet if by "recitation" is meant "a mere recital of things diligently garnered from the pages of a text-book", it is to be doubted if the results would be any more satisfactory. Much is left for the professor, but the main thing is the response of the individual student, which the recitation system not only desires, as does the lecture system, but also demands.

The tendency toward the lecture method is undoubtedly increasing in the universities of to-day, but in the college, especially for women, where thoroughness and at the same time breadth of view is desired, the recitation still holds its own. The lecture in advanced work is a very different thing from what it is for the average undergraduate, whose needs are necessarily of a less specialized order. "Mental training", that old by-word which has followed us since our childhood days still remains a feature in the college, whose business it is to "train men rather than specialists", as it has been expressed. The latter are the offsprings of the university, which has methods of its own to pursue, but let the college still continue to emphasize the "expression" of the individual as well as the "impression", that education in its highest and broadest sense may be attained.

MARGUERITE ELIZA EMERSON.

A SPRING SONG

Clear through the odorous night of spring
The white road runs glimmering straight and long.
Hawthorn branches their fragrance fling,
Apple-tree blossoms are sweet and strong.
Strong rings our song along the way.
What is life but a night in May!

Scattering foam flecks along the way,
The joyous white stars go rioting,
Riding in state, though elate as they,
The moon hears the vehement planets sing,
Sing as we, singing, swing along,
What is life but a song of song!

Alice Morgan Wright.

ADEIRAN AND THE LORD OF THE COUNTRY OF THE YOUNG

(Done after the fashion of the Irish)

It was I, Adeiran, the son of Adeiran, who had been wandering to be away from the sorrow of living that came upon me in my own land; and I went down a rude hill and forded a fast river, and I was suddenly in the Country of the Young, where the grass is not brown on the moors and the streams are not dry in their beds, and if on the roads you meet a man or a woman with a wrinkled face, you may know that it is no Christian soul before you, but one of the Strange People going masking.

On the green slope of a hill I saw an apple-tree, a tree in blossom, full of red and white pleasant flowers; and beneath it in the grass I saw a young man lying and asleep, and he was the goodliest young man that the eyes of earth have ever seen. Then I, being drowsy with journeying, and with the rising of the day across the roof of the sky, laid myself in the grass on the other side of the tree from him, and slept soundly there,

and I dreamed good dreams until afternoon came upon me. Then I awoke with the sun in my face, for it was a low sun in the west of the world; and my face was covered with red and white petals from off the tree, and I sat up and shook them away, and I laughed, being become young and merry as the flowers that flew in the wind. Also he who lay beyond me raised himself upon his elbow, and the red and white rained from off him, and he opened his eyes; he being truly the most comely youth that the eyes of the earth have ever beheld. Tall was he, and strong in the back; and the width of his shoulders was as the good width of a firm young oak-tree's trunk, yet was he lithe and fair withal. His hair, that was dark as the hair of Night, fell softly about his face; his face was young enough and white and ruddy; his eyes were young enough and great and gray, and you could have looked into them from that day till this and never have come near to sounding the depths of them, for they were as deep as the well of the Sisters of Tullain; that which goes down to Hell and out at the other side of it into Heaven. So he raised himself upon his elbow, and his cloak that was green like the deep grass, and wrought about the hood and the hems with many wheels and stars and courses of gold, fell down beneath him, so that the comely shape of his shoulders and his limbs showed through the dark green undercoat he wore. And I was thinking, "I have never seen so comely a youth, no, not in this Country of the Young, where all is fair and pleasant to behold";—and I could not speak for the beauty of him; and the apple-flowers fell across my face, and they fell across his head, and the sun was getting low as the great candle that burns away at Easter time.

It was he who said to me: "Who then are you, that sit beside me and have lain beside me all of the day? For you are young, yet you are not of this land; and you are young, yet in your eyes sorrow has been and sorrow shall be; and you it is who must tell me of yourself, or I shall be wishing that you were away from here where the world lies beyond and the sun comes close at the ends of the days."

Now the sound of his voice had been as the voice of love that is proud; as the sound of glad shouting, far-off over a wide plain, at evening. And I was well charmed with it that I could not speak; and I, sitting and brushing the red and the white away from my knees, and looking down, like the children whose

souls the Strange People have taken away. It was he who said to me again :

"Tell me, whence is it you come, and is it in our tongue that you can speak, for it is not fitting to keep silence before me. For I am the lord of this land, and a great lord, truly. Therefore tell me, if you can in any way speak the words."

If he had been a tall angel out of white Heaven, it would have been less of a fear for me to speak, though it is not I am a small coward in most days ; yet I looked up at him at last ; and then I was not hasty in speech ; but he smiled, and I began upon my words, and I said :

"It is in your tongue that I speak, oh, you who are the fair lord of this most fair land. In truth, it is I who have seen sorrow with my eyes. For I come from the Land of Youth and Age and Living and Dying and Unfilled Desire, and that is a good land, even as it is also a good country to look upon that has many green and sweet valleys, besides many deathly bristling hills. There I had seen a great sorrow with my eyes, and I was wandering to be away from it, and I came over a hill, most bare and horrible, oh young lord. That is why you have known me for no dweller in your domain, that is always warm with joy if I see it rightly. And I think that if I had not come into your land — and it was suddenly that I came, having walked down my sorrowful hill with pain and halting, and having forded a fast river, and so I came suddenly to your land—I think I would never have been young again, for it was a great sorrow. But here I see much joy, and I pray you that it be not you who drive me away. Adeiran is my name, and I am the son of Adeiran, and I am counted a comely man among my people ; but before you, fair lord, I am as the dwarfed dry pod is to the tall white flower of the tulip-tree. Nevertheless, fair lord, let me not vex your pleasant goings."

It was so that I ended my speaking ; and I had dared to look upon him but once or twice as I spoke it, for fear of being struck dumb was upon me. Now then I looked upon him ; and he lying tall and fine in the grass with the last light warm upon him and smiling at me, yet with sorrow in his smile. His smile came over me like a great glory of fire, and encompassed my heart till I thought I would be dying of the good burning. Nevertheless it was not so near to dying I was then as when he spoke again to me.

"My grief!" he said, and he plucking with his long fingers at the red and the white that was fallen about him, "it does me great sorrow to say what I shall say, — it does me as much sorrow as you have had done to you before you came hither. My grief!" he said, and he turned his face away toward the setting of the sun; and my heart fell cold as the ash the fire has passed through and away from; and I did not move as I sat in the deep grass, but it was to him that I said:

"Fair lord, tell me and I will be obedient to you, even unto dying. For I am bold now to tell you that I have found a love for you surpassing any love I have borne to womankind, and that was a great love for me."

He turned himself about, and his eyes went forth to meet my eyes, and I thought, "Surely if it is sorrow of living that I have seen, it is sorrow of dying that he sees," and I forgot my cold heart that lay in me, and I said:

"Fair lord, if in any manner I can serve you, I will be your man until death."

But his eyes that went forth to meet my eyes bade me be silent, and he said:

"Perhaps it is but the sweet air of this country that has put enchantment upon you to be loving me; perhaps you will be forgetting me soon. But for myself, it is not I who had thought to meet sorrow again. In truth, I had thought it was all done away when I left the land that is hot and cold, and the land where the people starve and grow old for lack of the rain, and the land where they that are dead are carried away to the earth. My grief! for the sorrow is come upon me again, and I must be telling you what I must."

"Fair lord, you must be telling me what you must," I said.

Then he raised himself upon his feet; he stood up tall against the flame of the sunset, and he said:

"It is that you must go away from here," and the face of him was dark and high against the flame of the sunset, for the last of the sun was behind him. I raised myself, and I stood up, and I cried:

"Oh, fair lord, why is it that I must be going away from here? Why is it?" and I was leaning against the trunk of the tree, and a white blossom fell from my hand. He swung his arm about him, and pointed to the pleasant land, where the last light left it still and sightly, and it is what he said:

"Truly I am the lord of this country and it is the Country of the Young, and it is not right for one who has sorrow in his eyes to stay here; for after him would come winter and dying; and the young maids would sicken in the cold, and the young children fall in the summer heat, and I should grow old, as I now am young. And so it is you that must be going, and that soon, though I tell you, Adeiran and son of Adeiran, that the love of you has twisted itself with a flame about my heart, and the desire of you has smitten me as a sword smites, and I am thinking that if I do not forget you soon I will be burnt away as the torch that the feasters dance by. It is you that must be going, Adeiran."

Then I stood out and spoke high words; the sunset was done from the sky, and the last light was letting the starshine through; and it is what I said:

"Fair lord, it is I that must be going for there is sorrow in my eyes. But shall I tell you a truth, fair lord?" and he said, "Yes, what do we need of false words?" and I said, "This is the truth, fair lord. For one sorrow in my eyes, I have seen three in yours, and for one woe on my lips there have been three on yours; and I say to you, that if it is not right that I abide here, it is far less right that you abide here. Therefore I say to you, lord of the Country of the Young, that you must be coming away with me to the Land of Youth and Age and Summer and Winter and Unfilled Desire, or the young maidens will sicken in the cold, and the young children fall in the summer heat. And I say to you, fair lord, that it is no such evil land that lies behind your mountains; and I bid you to be coming away from out of here, lest you do a harm by abiding."

When I had said that, I went through the deep grass to him, and I put my hands upon his well-shaped shoulders, and held him as he leaned against the trunk of the tree; and I held him until he said:

"Oh, Adeiran, the son of Adeiran, would you be taking me back to living and dying? Would you see me grow old and travel slowly with a knotted staff for company and dust to run before and behind,—me, who can run now for myself? Is it that you would be doing, Adeiran?"

Now his voice was not all a sorrow, yet there was grief in it nevertheless. I thought, "It is a young heart that is in him, truly," and I held him still, and said:

"Yes, fair lord, it is there that I would be taking you. But if you stay here, the whole land will bear the burden of the woe I have seen in your eyes." Then he sighed, and he said :

"Oh, Adeiran, the smell of the apple flowers is sweet, and the deep grass is pleasant, and all my days go glad beneath a blue sky. The fighting that I do is less than the clamor of blue-jays in the wood. I go out at morning armed splendidly, and I come back no less splendid, for my fighting is with fair shadows of brave men, and is no hurt to any. And, Adeiran, you would be carrying me away to horses and chariots and swords and blood and the dying of strong men. Is it not truth, oh, Adeiran ?"

And I answered: "Yes, truly ; you have said. But if it is here you stay, you will be letting the whole land be your grief, for the woe I have heard in your voice." I was holding him fast by the shoulders ; the last light left only starshine coming through, and I could not see his face. Then I felt him move beneath my hands, and he said, "Adeiran, let me go now."

But I held him the more and I said : "I will not."

He moved mightily beneath my hands, and laughed, as does a man who is at a loss for his strength, and he said, "Adeiran, I will go free !" But I held him the more, and I said : "You will not."

Then I felt that he grew hot beneath my hands, and he moved like the stream that will not stop at the dam, and he cried, "I will be free !" and he made out at me hugely, and took me about the waist ; and we wrestled together in the dark, and I not seeing him at all until I had caught his arms down to his side and had thrown him upon the grass, as a miller throws a bag of bran upon the mill floor ; but it was not all of an easy victory for me, for my right arm felt as loose as a broken twig that dangles by a thong of dry bark, and many great stars seemed to be hurrying before my face. But I sat down in the grass beside him, and I said, in the voice of one who has stuck a new feather in his cap, and is vain :

"It is not often that I meet so good a wrestler, fair lord. For I am called the best of all at the feat of wrestling in my own country," I said, and my voice was a vexing voice to him, and I knew it, and I was glad when he moved in the high grass and said—and his voice was not far from anger :

"You will find a proper wrestler one of these days, Adeiran, and it is not I shall be away from that bout," and he moved

angrily in the grass, and could not rise up, for I had given him a fair fight that was not all a comfort to his bones.

But I was not one to answer him at all. The long grass stirred above my head, large moths went by on soft wings, and through the apple-tree there were two bright stars to consider us. So we were lying for a good while, until other stars had come there, and I said :

"Fair lord, I have not forgotten that I must be away from here. You shall tell me the shortest road, that I may start before the day dawn." My voice was still and humble as a maid-servant's to her queen mistress.

Then he bestirred himself in the grass, and he moved nearer, feeling about, until he touched my feet, and he said :

"Oh, Adeiran, you have done what strength I had all away from me. I can fight no more than the broken reed at the race of the river ; but, oh, Adeiran, son of Adeiran," he said, "I have tasted the love of love, and that was a joyful sorrow ; and I have tasted the love of war, and that was a sorrowful joy ; and it will not be more than seven days before I overcome you at the feat of wrestling, and you going away at sunrise too," he said, and he laughed.

Then I sat down beside him in the grass, and I covered him over with that fair green cloak, for the night was cold upon the setting of the stars ; and I could not sleep for the love of him that was burning around my heart, like a fire around a treasure that the gods guard.

So it came near morning, and he slept ; and it came morning, and the morning star was out of the sky, and he awoke, and we went away together ; and went far enough away.

But it was no sorrow that was in his eyes as they came out to meet me ; and I am thinking that it was none in mine, and I said : "Fair lord, I am thinking that had you let me stay in your land I had done no great harm."

He answered me, and it this that he said — the gold of the wheels and stars and courses glittering across his green cloak like threads of the sun, and his hair blowing back in the wind :

"Oh, Adeiran, I am thinking that wherever the sorrow goes away from eyes, and the love of love and living comes in, there is the Country of the Young," he said.

And I answered, "Fair lord, that is true."

So we were going away together.

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS.

SKETCHES

A SPRING MORNING

'Twas morning, and I hastened from my bed
To open wide the shutters and let in
A wealth of glorious sunshine. I was filled
With awe—as when we look upon a child
New born, or hear the note of praise from some
Rejoicing bird, and feel 'tis straight from God.
The sky o'erhead was rich in roseate light
Which tinted in its own ambrosial hue
E'en the sere leaves. And thro' the grass I saw
The violets smile, then hide their blushing heads.

LAURA JOSEPHINE WEBSTER

It was late one spring afternoon. The small children of the neighborhood were playing a last game of base-ball with all their might—a rather restricted form of base-

The Leakage ball to be sure, since the diamond was a city street, but still they were playing as hard as though they were a professional “nine.” Little Charlie Warner batted with all his strength knowing that the end was soon to come. He had already been allowed to play much longer than usual. Once he saw his father looking out of the library window at him and he hastily slid behind Johnnie Birks. “Gee!” he said, rather out of breath, “if dad saw me then, it’s all up with me.”

But the expected call did not come. Mr. Warner was gazing abstractedly out of the window without seeing anything in particular. In fact he was discussing a serious matter with his wife and hadn’t even thought of young Charlie. Presently he turned to Mrs. Warner thoughtfully, as if to say something. Mrs. Warner waited expectantly, as she usually did when her husband looked at her in that way. He was an alderman, and in her eyes that atoned for any little deficiencies of speech that he might have.

"You see it's just this way," said Mr. Warner at last, dwelling with evident relish on every word, "if that skinflint Birks once finds out what piece of ground the council is apt to want for the new library, he'll buy it and then sell it to the city for twice the amount he paid for it. He says he has certain means of getting a tip! How, heaven only knows!"

"Well," replied his wife, as soon as she had recovered from her surprise at such a lengthy speech from him, "I can't imagine any one having enough love for old John Birks to tell him such valuable secrets."

"No one in the council at least, and they are the only ones who know," said Mr. Warner reflectively. "He said another funny thing, too"—again pausing.

Mrs. Warner waited.

"He said another funny thing," repeated Warner. "He said I was just as likely to tell him as any one. What do you suppose he meant by that?" he said, suddenly turning to his wife.

"I can't imagine. How perfectly ridiculous!" exclaimed Mrs. Warner, "as if you, of all people on earth, would help that mean and grasping John Birks to get any more money than he has now!"

Just then a wild shouting outside reminded Mrs. Warner that she had a young son. "Charlie! Charlie!" she called, running to the window. There was no answer. She called again, and a great thud was heard outside the door. Then the door opened and Charlie appeared, attempting to hold down several stray locks of hair with one grimy hand while he held his clean hand out in front of him as if inviting inspection. Mrs. Warner was not deceived. "Charlie Warner, where have you been?"

"Out playing ball with some of the kids."

"How did you get in without our hearing you? What was that noise I heard just now outside the door?" said his mother, who was an adept at cross-examination.

"Oh, I went upstairs by the back way and I slid down on the banisters and here—here—well, here I am."

"So I see," remarked Mr. Warner, dryly, while Mrs. Warner proceeded with a lecture on the destruction caused to one's garments by the evil practice of sliding on the banisters.

"By Jove!" said Mr. Warner, so suddenly that both Mrs. Warner and Charlie jumped.

"What," said his wife.

"Oh, nothing at all, my dear. So you've been playing baseball, have you, Charlie? Well, you certainly look it!"

"Yes, sir," said Charlie, meekly, expecting a lecture.

"Well—well—who else has been playing with you?"

"Oh, Pete and Jake and Doxy and Johnnie Birks."

"So you play with Johnnie Birks, do you?"

"Yes, sir," stammered Charlie, obviously embarrassed.

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Warner, again falling into a reverie.

"What is the matter, Charles?" said Mrs. Warner.

"Oh, nothing at all, my dear," said Mr. Warner, speaking very distinctly. "Only I thought it might interest you to know that the new library is to be built on the old Erick place." "Charlie, you are not to repeat anything you have heard, do you mind?"

"Of course he won't," said Mrs. Warner, defending her child with righteous indignation. "Charlie isn't like other children in that respect. Other children tell tales, but he never does. You never tattle, do you, Charlie?"

But the supper bell rang just then and spared Charlie the pain of adding another white lie to his account.

The next day Charlie and young Johnnie Birks were building houses in a sand pile. Johnnie's house was a remarkable structure with wonderful paths and drives and towers. Charlie, alas, in his attempt to outdo Johnnie and make a real palace had been too ambitious and his palace had caved in and fallen to pieces like the "one-hoss shay." This fact was rankling in Charlie's brain and making him feel rather cross.

"My house," said Johnnie, "has towers and all sorts of conveniences"—he paused for breath—"and it didn't fall in, either."

"Huh!" said Charlie, contemptuously, "I guess mine was just as good as yours, every bit. If I hadn't put in a subtr'anean cellar in mine it wouldn't 'a fell, either. You was scared to put a subtr'anean cellar in yours—you're a 'fraid cat."

"I ain't, neither," said Johnnie, resenting the insult. "I'll bet you two hundred dollars, Charlie Warner, that I can"—but alas! in his eagerness to think of what he could do, he leaned too hard against the castle and the whole beautiful dwelling caved in, leaving no trace of what it had been.

"There, you did that, Charlie! It's your fault."

"I guess not. You did it yourself," said Charlie. "I'm glad your old house has busted—so I am. I hate you."

"I hate you, too," said Johnnie.

"My dad says your dad is a regular old skinflint," said Charlie, still wishing to exchange compliments.

"And mine says your'n is a rascal, too."

"A skinflint's wors'n a rascal."

"It ain't neither."

"My mama says it's not proper to say 'ain't," reproved Charlie, speaking in his most company manner. "I'll bet you I know something you don't know, anyway."

"I'll bet I do know it," said Johnnie, recklessly.

"No you don't—and your pa wants to know what it is dreadfully, but I'll never tell."

"Well, I know, anyway."

"You don't. You don't know where the new library is going to be."

"I do. It's going to be—right—right on this vacant lot on the corner," said Johnnie, rising to the occasion.

"It ain't at all. It's going to be on the old Erick place."

"Rubber!" said Johnnie. "Who said 'ain't' now, I'd like to know, and I thought you weren't going to tell so fine."

"You're a horrid boy! I'm going home."

"Mad—mad!" jeered Johnnie, as Charlie went away. Finding that Charlie paid no attention to his remarks, he went his way, too, swaggering along proudly with his hands in his pockets and feeling rather sorry for that poor little Charlie Warner, who was just like a girl and couldn't keep a secret. In this pleasant frame of mind he mounted the steps and encountered his father sitting on the veranda. At the sight of him all of Johnnie's good nature disappeared. Mr. Birks certainly looked ugly, and his eyes had a dark look which was always the signal to Johnnie to disappear. This time, though, it was too late to flee. The only thing to do was to pass by without speaking.

"Here, you young scamp! Been in some mischief, I suppose, and want to sneak past me for fear you'll be discovered. Nice way for a son to do," he said, pleasantly.

Johnnie gasped, but recovered himself soon, for he was used to such pleasant little breezes. He shuffled uneasily and said,

"Yes, sir," and nothing more.

"What have you been up to, you rogue?"

"Nothing, sir. I've just been playing with Charlie Warner."

"Charlie Warner—h'm—old Warner's son. Well, what did he have to say? Something pleasant about me, no doubt, which his rascally father said."

"He didn't say anything about you," fibbed Johnnie.

"He said his father said that the new library was to be on the old Erick place."

"What's that! Aha!" said Birks, "the old Erick place. Well, that's good. Here's a nickel for you, sonny. You may be almost as much of a success as your father some day."

With this paternal blessing Mr. Birks picked up his hat which was lying on a chair and started down town.

Some days later Mr. Warner was called to the telephone. Mr. Birks was at the other end of the line.

"It may interest you to know, my friend, inasmuch as you are a member of the council, that I am now owner of the Erick lot and that I will sell it to the city for \$12,000. I understand that is the site which the council has chosen."

"I congratulate you," said Mr. Warner, politely. "I have no doubt that the council will be pleased to learn of your very generous offer. Good-bye."

"Charlie," said Mr. Warner, turning to his young son, "do you play often with Johnnie Birks?"

"Yes," said Charlie, "me and the kids here play a lot together."

"Do you ever, by any chance, tell him anything I say?"

"Sometimes—but honest, papa"—then he stopped, remembering that sometimes was always.

"I see," said Mr. Warner, "'sometimes' I thought as much. You see, my dear, your son isn't such a model for not telling tales after all, and I think a certain wise man said that 'little pitchers have big ears.' Luckily it's all right this time."

"What on earth are you talking about?" said Mrs. Warner, crossly. There were times when she forgot he was an alderman.

"Nothing at all, my dear, I assure you. I was merely talking to amuse myself, that was all. Restrain your curiosity until to-morrow, I beg."

The following morning Mr. Birks picked up a newspaper and read, "The city yesterday purchased the site of the old Myers homestead on which to erect the new public library. The price paid for the site was \$10,000." Mr. Birks read the lines over three times before he fully understood their significance. Then

he went down town in a dazed sort of fashion. As luck would have it, the first person he met was Warner.

"Pleasant morning," said the latter, politely.

"Good morning" snapped Birks.

"You've read the papers, I suppose."

"Yes, confound that young scamp of yours! I thought you told him—"

"Precisely so. I told him that the city would purchase the Erick place of which you are now the proud possessor. Well, it will make a wonderful piece of ground to hold on to. In time it may become valuable,—in a hundred years or so. But you see I told my son that fact on purpose. Fortunately I discovered where the leakage was before it became too great. Good morning."

SUSIE B. STARR.

"I always said when I was a young girl that I never could stand it, noways, if I ever got blind. I've always dreaded it, though I never thought the Lord

"Cheerful Yesterdays" would see fit to afflict me with it. But here I am, a-waitin' and a-waitin' till I *do* get blind, and the doctor, he said as like as not I'd wake up blind some mornin'—I shouldn't call that wakin' up at all, I tell him.

The plaintive old voice wandered on, not as if it were talking to anyone, but as if the old woman were thinking out loud. Mrs. Groves sat in a big chair at the window, where she could hear all that went on in the neighborhood, although her failing eyes did not let her see what went on around her. Her daughter Lydia sat beside her, bending over a long white apron which she was hemming. Occasionally she lifted her eyes and looked up and down the street.

"You've had a pleasant life, mother, anyhow," she said presently, trying to find some grain of consolation in her mother's lot.

"Yes, I have," the mother returned earnestly. "I have had a pleasant life, Lyddy. Seems as if no one ever had so much happiness; just chock full, every day has been. And when I do get blind—I shall have all my long happy life to think over. Why, I could sit and think how pleasant to-day has been, and

yesterday, and yesterday before that, and *all* the yesterdays. Why, it won't be so terrible, Lyddy."

The girl dropped her sewing and looked up and down the street, then she began sewing again briskly, as if to make up for lost time.

"Lyddy, I tell you, you'd ought to do all you can to make your life happy, so's if you ever get blind you'll have something nice to think of. I come mighty near not making a good job out of mine, that time I quarrelled with your father and told him I wouldn't have him. But he told me I'd got to have him, and I did. I'd 'a' spoiled my life if I hadn't. Lyddy, you—you'd ought to have Hilary Adams if he asks you."

The girl's fair skin flushed suddenly, and her fingers shook so that she could not take the next stitch.

"Probably he won't ask me, mother."

"Sho! Do you suppose I'm a fool, if I *am* nearly blind?"

The girl's mouth set in a firm, straight line. She rose suddenly and left the room. In a moment or so Mrs. Groves heard the murmur of voices out in the garden.

"It's him," she murmured exultantly. She worked her chair nearer to the window and leaned out, but she could hear only indistinctly.

"You won't think of it, anyway, Lydia?"

"I tell you I can't." She stopped and moved a little farther from him, so that he might not see her quivering face.

"I'm not a-going to saddle you with two helpless women. You know the doctor said mother would be perfectly blind very soon, and—" she drew a long breath that was almost a sob.

"I didn't mean to tell you, but I went to see the doctor myself to-day, about my headaches, you know, and he said I have the same trouble with my eyes that mother has, so—I shall be blind, too, sometime."

"You poor little thing!" The man sprang forward, and would have caught her in his arms, but she shrank back.

"I—care too much for you to put this burden upon you, Hilary," she said. "There, I've said it, though I never meant to. Now, go, while I can let you."

She turned quickly and fled into the house. She meant to go straight up to her room, but an insistent old voice called her back.

"Lyddy, was that Hilary Adams?"

"Yes, mother."

"Did he ask you to have him?"

"Yes, mother."

"You're going to, ain't you?"

"No, mother, I'm not."

"Lyddy!"

In the darkness the girl crushed the flower in her hand till it was as flat as paper.

"Lyddy, you like him all right, I know, because I've felt you jump when I spoke of him quick like, and—oh, Lyddy, you'd ought to have him. You'll never be happy if you don't."

Lydia started to speak, then thought better of it and stopped.

"You ain't said you wouldn't because of me, have you?" queried the mother, a sudden thought coming to her. The girl did not answer.

"Because I tell you I don't believe the Lord'll let me live to be blind. So I'll not be a burden to you, Lyddy."

The girl's shoulders heaved, but she made a tremendous effort and recovered herself; her voice was quite calm.

"Hilary Adams and I wouldn't get on well together, mother. Don't talk about it any more, please."

"You'd get on full as well as your father and I did, anyhow," insisted her mother.

Lydia turned and went upstairs. From the landing she leaned over and called, "I've made up my mind, mother, and I sha'n't marry him."

She said it almost lightly, but it was a heavy heart that she carried upstairs to bed.

The next day her mother began on the subject early, and spoke of it from time to time, although she seemed to be speaking to deaf ears, for Lydia did not once reply.

In the afternoon a neighbor came in to chat a while with Mrs. Groves. She looked curiously at Lydia who sat quietly sewing, her eyes red and tear-stained. Finally she remarked casually, "You and Hilary Adams had a fallin' out, Lyddy? I seen he didn't stay long last evenin'."

"Not as I know of," said Lydia, not raising her eyes. But her mother chirped in briskly:

"Yes, they *have* had a fallin' out, Mis' Holmes. Lyddy is—"

"Mother," said Lydia suddenly, "do you want the biscuits mixed for tea?"

Her mother sniffed. "Hilary—" she began.

"Mother!" said Lydia.

The neighbor rose, thereby stifling Mrs. Groves' reply.

After Mrs. Holmes had gone Lydia rose, and standing before her mother, looked at her a moment in silence. Mrs. Groves put up her hand and pushed her away.

"Don't stand there a-gapin' at me, child," she said, "you make me fidgety."

"Mother," said Lydia slowly, "I don't want you to speak about Hilary and me to any of the neighbors again. Everything's all over and gone, and I don't want it dragged up to every one that comes in."

"Well, she began it, anyhow," whimpered the old lady.

"I don't suppose you can help talking about it to me when we are alone, you can't seem to help it, anyhow, but I wish if you could you'd never bring the subject up again."

Lydia sat down again and began to sew. It was getting time for Hilary to pass, but she did not look up. She heard his step going by on the walk, but she only sewed the faster. As he got opposite he looked up at the window and saw Lydia as she sat sewing, her eyes fixed steadfastly on her work. He hesitated a moment as if to come in, and then passed out of sight. Lydia knew exactly how he looked, tall, swinging, muscular, a fine, manly figure.

"He's passed, ain't he?" babbled Lydia's mother.

Lydia made no reply, but went out and began to mix the biscuits for tea.

Thus day after day passed, and Lydia sat, an unwilling martyr, sewing impatiently away, using up her near-sighted eyes, and listening in silence to the oft-repeated chatter of Mrs. Groves, now about her daughter's love affair, now of her approaching blindness. Lydia scarcely knew which was worse, either seemed enough to wear her life out.

"There ain't a mornin' comes," her mother would say pettishly, "but what I wake up and wonder if I'm blind yet. Then I open my eyes quick and look at the apple-tree by my window, and I know I ain't blind yet. I sha'n't ever be blind. The Lord won't let me be blind. Even if I should be, I'd have lots of nice things to think about. You'd ought to make your life happy and cheerful, Lyddy, so's if you get blind you'll have it to think about. I remember"

Then would follow reminiscence after reminiscence of her happy past, stories that Lydia had heard dozens of times before and now heard every day. She always listened in hideous suspense, for she knew that each story would end with the tale of Mrs. Groves' quarrel with Lydia's father and an exhortation to Lydia to marry Hilary Adams.

"It's your duty, Lyddy, your plain duty to yourself. You'd ought to be happy."

And Lydia, sitting by the window, nightly heard Hilary's tramp as he walked by and knew that he was looking at her, though she never looked up.

As time went on people began to say that her mother's affliction was beginning to tell on Lydia Groves. Her pale face grew paler and thinner, and her frail shoulders bowed with much bending over her sewing. Into her eyes there crept a hunted, hungry look that she had come to wear since her mother's ceaseless chatter had begun to torture her. Sometimes, when the pressure grew too heavy, it seemed as if she *must* tell her mother why she would not marry Hilary Adams; tell her what the doctor had said about her own eyes, but then her better self would prevail, and she held her peace, for fear of ccausing her mother as much suffering as she was enduring herself.

During the long summer days Lydia grew more and more tired and frail and longed more and more at evening for the touch of Hilary's hand and the sound of Hilary's voice. Finally she began to look up again as he passed. He it now was who never glanced up, but plodded doggedly by, his head bent, his shoulders resolute. It seemed to Lydia that Hilary's face was older and sterner, but no one ever mentioned any change in him. Her mother often noticed her as she watched Hilary pass, and never failed to remark, "It's your duty to have him and make your life happy, Lyddy. You'll want something happy to look back upon if you ever get blind. Your father and I . . . " But Lydia sat patiently in the twilight, listening to Hilary's retreating tread.

Lydia's trouble had made Mrs. Groves recall more and more plainly the quarrel she had had with Lydia's father. She went to bed with it and she waked up with it fresh in her mind every morning. It seemed to Lydia that she could not stand her life another minute, and finally, against her own will, she began to think that perhaps, after all, if Hilary were willing to take

upon himself such a burden, and if it were to mean life happiness or unhappiness for both of them, why then—why then perhaps it was her duty to marry him. Every day, every hour, every minute, almost, she thought of this, and a growing resolve strengthened in her heart.

At last, one evening, near the time for Hilary to pass, she smoothed her pale gold hair and took off her gingham apron.

"Goin' out?" queried her mother. Her quick ear had caught Hilary's coming tread.

"Yes, a minute." Lydia's voice had a suppressed excitement in it. As she rushed past her mother, Mrs. Groves touched her hand and felt it cold and trembling. "She's going out to see him," she whispered, as Lydia slipped out of the front door into the dim sweet garden and waited at the gate for Hilary, as he came swinging along. Suddenly she stepped out in front of him into the path. "Hilary!" she said.

Her voice caught. Hilary started violently and dropped his carpenter's kit.

"Why, why, Lyddy," he stammered, his voice low and uncertain.

"Hilary, I've changed my mind," she said, tremulously. "I—I'll marry you, Hilary, if you want me to. I—I've not had a very pleasant summer without you, Hilary, and—and I don't want my whole life to be like what this summer has been."

He said nothing,—only looked at her. She waited. A strange, foreboding fear began to overwhelm her. Her face burned, but under cover of the darkness she faltered, "Hilary, will you marry me?"

Hilary took a step forward, and flung his arms blindly before his face.

"I can't, Lydia," he groaned, "I am going to marry my cousin, Frances Lyndon. My mother wanted me to, and we were engaged last night." He brushed past her and flung away into the darkness.

Lydia stood just where he left her, still, white, motionless. The night wind sprang up and blew the scent of cinnamon roses to her across the garden. All her life after, Lydia hated the scent of cinnamon roses. Suddenly Mrs. Groves' voice broke the silence. "Lyddy! Lyddy! Ain't you ever comin' in?"

She started violently, and her mind came back to the terrible reality of it all. Mechanically she turned and went into the house and shut the door.

"I'm here, mother," she said wearily, and took up the burden again.

"Was that Hilary with you just now?" queried her mother, sharply.

"Yes, mother."

"Be you goin' to have him?"

"No, mother."

The old woman flinched as if some one had struck her, and drew a long sobbing breath.

"Oh, Lyddy, Lyddy," she groaned, "I thought you'd kinder gotten over your quarrel lately, and I hoped you'd have him. You'll never be happy if you don't. You'd ought to make yourself happy so's to have something to think of if you should get blind. You needn't think I'd be a burden on you, for I shan't live to be blind.

I—I've had a happy, happy life, Lyddy. *You'd* ought to. Your father and I quarrelled once . . . " The querulous voice plained on, and Lydia stood, tense and rigid, listening, listening, listening.

"So you'd really ought to had him, Lyddy," finished her mother. "It's your duty, and—"

"Mother, stop! I can't stand it another minute. If you ever say another word about Hilary I think I shall go mad! Don't ever speak of him again. I tell you I can't bear it!"

Her voice rang shrill and high in the quietness. Then, her outburst ended, Lydia kissed her mother penitently and left the room. The old woman sat shuddering in her chair till her daughter's step died away. Then she gradually settled back into her accustomed quiet mood, and continued her old reminiscences, till Lydia came down again to put her to bed.

The next afternoon, as Lydia was drawing water at the well in the back yard, she heard a step on the path through the orchard, and listening, stood face to face with Hilary Adams. His face was resolute and beautiful, his eyes triumphant.

"Lydia," he said, abruptly, "I've just been over to Ware. Frances Lyndon has run away with a man from Clark's Falls. Will you marry me?"

She clung to him, sobbing.

"Hilary, Hilary, haven't you heard? Mother died last night. Her last words to me when I said good-night were, 'I shall never live to be blind'—just 'I shall never live to be blind.'"

RUTH POTTER MAXSON.

A WISH

Oh, to be a gypsy maid —
And live without a single care,
In shady nooks and meadows fair,
Loving every little stream —
Lying on its banks to dream,
A little woodland maid!

Oh, to be a gypsy maid —
Fleet of foot and keen of ear —
Playmate of the gentle deer;
Cradled in the forest deep —
Lulled by sighing pines to sleep:
With the whole world for a home,
To cheerily, forever roam,
In the woodland glade.

AMY GRACE MAHER.

Miss Humphrey was a match-maker by instinct rather than by avowed profession. Any woman can be a match-maker.

All that is required is a summer boarding-house and a knack of scattering hammocks and rustic chairs about in sweet secluded nooks so as to appear as if they came there by accident. On Miss Humphrey's premises there was not a bench that would not accommodate two persons and not one that would comfortably accommodate three. The same was true of the little boats that rocked on the lakeside at the foot of Miss Humphrey's terrace.

Yet if you had intimated to Miss Humphrey that you thought her a match-maker, she would have looked at you with dismayed, reproachful eyes. It doubtless brought her a sense of satisfaction when the guests who had come to her summer home one by one went away two by two, but she never regarded it in a personal light, nor thought of herself as instrumental in its accomplishment. On the whole she was an unselfish believer in the doctrine that a company of two is ideal, as a result of which she was never known to intrude.

But to-day Miss Humphrey's gentle soul was unusually perturbed, and this perturbation was caused by no small matter. It was late in September, and only two idlers lingered at "Osweganocheegog", Miss Humphrey's summer resort. They had been there all summer and had come to be known as the

Philosopher and the Butterfly. The Butterfly's approval of the Philosopher was equalled only by his disapproval of her. It was this that pained Miss Humphrey. She could not understand it. People of opposite tendencies, she had always heard, were admirably suited to one another. Yet that afternoon she had been grieved on coming out of the house to find the Butterfly embroidering at one end of the long piazza, and the Philosopher smoking at the other. The situation was rendered all the more pitiful by the fact that the Philosopher was to depart on the morrow. Miss Humphrey sighed, but true to her old policy of withdrawal, got a book and followed the path along the lakeside through the woods. The path started near that end of the piazza at which the Philosopher was sitting, but it is unlikely that he saw her, for his eyes were closed.

After a time Miss Humphrey sat down to read. The book, however, failed to hold her attention, for presently she found herself thinking about the pair on the piazza at home. "It is a shame that he can not be more polite to her," she reflected. "Of course, being so much older—but a man ought to be older."

Just then she descried a row-boat approaching slowly, keeping in the shade near the shore. Her face brightened. She had misjudged him, she thought in quick self-reproach, and after all he had invited the Butterfly out for a row. But as the boat drew nearer she saw that it held only the Philosopher, and her heart hardened against him. She bent her eyes upon her book. The dip of oars came nearer. She did not look up. Then the keel struck the pebbly shore, and a moment later the Philosopher was standing before her. Miss Humphrey did not look up. There was a long pause, then the Philosopher said:

"There is a matter which I must speak about before I go." Miss Humphrey looked up, but there was something in the Philosopher's eyes which made her feel strangely dizzy.

"You—you paid your bill, Mr. Lowell," she said.

"Carolyn!" His voice was low and reproachful. Miss Humphrey's brain whirled and her temples throbbed. She thought she was losing consciousness, and could scarcely understand what he was saying.

"Why have you always avoided me? I love you. You know that I love you. Can you never care for me?" Her head sank back against a tree and her eyes closed.

"Oh, I have told you this too suddenly! Blunt fool!" cried the Philosopher. "Don't try to answer. Only think." And in order to help her think his arm encircled her. When Miss Humphrey was able to think she decided that this was a very easy solution of the problem of getting the Philosopher a wife, though she would never have thought of it.

Later, when they came to look for the boat, it had drifted far out upon the lake, but the Philosopher said that they would stroll homeward through the woods and go for it after supper. And if Miss Humphrey had been doing such things for twenty years she could not have done them more simply and naturally.

A maid came out, when they reached the house, with a note from the Butterfly. Miss Humphrey took it with a little pang of compunction, for she had entirely forgotten the girl. The note explained that the Butterfly was awfully sorry not to say good-bye, but her fiancé had come to take her home, and would Miss Humphrey please find check for board enclosed. Miss Humphrey breathed a sigh of content, and assuming her new station with the ease and grace of a connoisseur, handed Charles the note to read.

INEZ HUNTER BARCLAY.

IN DE SPRING

Dey comes a time when dis heah earf
Seem like it am a chille,
When ev'yt'ing am young an' green
An' de apple orchards smile
Till yo' can't hol' in no longa,
An' yo' laff so loud an' long
Dat yo' scares de muvva bluebird
In de middle o' huh song.

Den's de time yo' feels yo's young once mo'
Dough yo' haid am white's snow,
An' yo' mind, it gits a-wand'rin'
Wha' it's allers sho' to go—
To dat day when yo' deah Mandy
'Lowed, as sho' as she wuz black,
Dat she'd love huh Rastus allers
Till de spring stopped comin' back.

ETHEL FANNING YOUNG.

EDITORIAL

"Some are born great; some achieve greatness; and some have greatness thrust upon them." It may be desirable to be born great, and satisfactory to achieve greatness, but how vastly more gratifying is the thrill of having greatness thrust upon one! It is so much pleasanter to be sought than to seek; so much more comfortable to sit back with folded hands and reflect that this thing gravitated uncontrollably to us and that our dignity and reputation are unimpaired by any striving after it.

This attitude is essentially feminine and is due in part to a sensitive reserve, a nice reticence, and a shrinking from any form of publicity or self-advertisement. It is a perfectly proper feeling at times when it takes the form of discreet silence as to society preferences, and is greatly to be encouraged, but it is quite another thing when it hampers effort in legitimate lines of college activity through fear of failure and resulting comment. There are certain occasions, of course, when a frank announcement of endeavor is necessary. We must play basketball openly to make the team, and we must undertake the dramatic trials to obtain a part, but all manner of sensitiveness and self-consciousness overwhelms us in our literary work, and prevents a great deal of material from ever reaching the MONTHLY through the proper medium of the MONTHLY box.

This failure to offer available work may have back of it a lack of interest or ambition, but it is caused in the main by a disinclination to be known as a candidate and possibly a disappointed one. Then too, the knowledge that some contributions have been definitely asked for, fosters the feeling that it is better to wait to be asked than urge the claim of our own work. The casual remark, "I don't care much for it myself, but they wanted it in. No, it wasn't in the box; I never have put anything in the box," plays havoc with a group of possible contributors.

Exactly the opposite of this stand-offishness prevails generally at men's colleges where the election of editors is regulated

entirely by the amount and character of published work. Candidates offer their contributions freely, grumble as freely if they are refused, record their opinion of the editor's ability, and then try again. A man is always more impersonal in his college relations than a girl. He does not spend so much time in wondering what an instructor thinks of him personally after a disappointing examination paper; he knows pretty well that the instructor isn't thinking about him at all, and that his failure has not been to the faculty but to himself and his own responsibilities.

It would give much healthier and freer expression to our own powers if we too could lose sight of the personal element to a greater extent. We magnify our failures and their effect upon other people. We do not enjoy the white envelopes on the bulletin-board that proclaim the return of unavailable material; we avoid meeting the editor whose name was affixed to the rejection slip; and if she is an intimate friend we may even refuse to offer our tender verse for her too familiar criticism.

A little of this feeling is only natural, but carried to such an extreme it becomes exaggerated and absurd, and detrimental to the success of any organization or magazine. We shun all attempts at direct achievement but wait for greatness to be thrust upon us,—and so necessitate a continuance of the old way of asking for material that happens to be known.

The only way in which a college magazine can be an expression of the college as a whole and a medium of recognition for all literary ability is through the active coöperation of the entire college and the multiplication and variety of material offered. To render this coöperation easier, the MONTHLY box has been taken from the Students' Building and placed outside room twelve, Seelye Hall, beside the English theme-box; the bulletin-board system of return is to be abandoned, and as far as possible solicitation is to cease and selection to be made from the material offered. And just as it has been said that "War needs three things, money, money and again money,"—so it is true that a magazine needs material, material and again material, and it is earnestly desired that the college will recognize that the content and reputation of the magazine depend not upon a certain clique or class, but upon the interest and support of the entire student body.

EDITOR'S TABLE

"False standards! Artificial life!" This is a common criticism, upon which many an outsider claiming to consider impartially the advantages and drawbacks of a college community lays his greatest stress. College, he says, is at its best a side-track of life, a busy and important place, it is true, but still switched off from the main road, where the big runs are made, and great lives, like mighty engines, sweep past on their way through the world. It is when we forget that we are still in the workshop that we make our mistake. The various trials of speed and other preparations must not be thought of as the race itself.

There are many ways in which the overestimation of college achievements manifests itself. We all know how the pins and dramatics and athletics dwindle down in importance when we are at home, and come in contact with different and more fundamental interests. In a slightly varied manner, false emphasis is often laid upon the literary work put forth by undergraduates. Where many try, and comparatively few succeed in any way, it is natural to overestimate the worth of the work as literature. The performance itself is cried up, the meaning of its promise (and that is surely the important part) is forgotten. Yet it is the rare exception in college work that can be measured by the standards of the outside world and meet with any recognition. It is natural that this should be so. We are studying English now to learn how to write, and we must not expect to build permanently when we have not yet mastered our tools.

The advantages that would accrue from a shifting of interest are many. If writing were considered more often as a practice for expression of one's self, of one's vision, what a harvest of interesting essays and tales the MONTHLY box would yield! Fads and commonplace plots, would grow happily fewer,

and more work would be stamped with the true interests and ability of the writer. The tendency to produce certain stories because they take well, because they can be used for printing or reading in various courses, would be effectually lessened. He and She need wander no more through most of women's college magazines, saying amorous nothings between many soulful pauses. Little Harold and small Alice could take their supper in the nursery undisturbed, their college sister no longer listening to every word of their guileless chatter for copy. In retired ease the cowboy and the miner could recuperate, after the landslides and prairie fires they so nobly endured at the hands of the Western collegiates. The poor, thread-worn sonnet might rest in peace for a time. It is not that attempting such stories is without its uses; it is only when they are produced to the exclusion of so much else that would be interesting and convincing that these questions might appear timely. Are we writing because our subject is popular and can be used, or because we have something to express and wish to express it well?

In reading through the many college periodicals, where presumably the best work is printed, it is surely not unfair to say that their interest lies more in their promise of future power than in any artistic merit of their own. There is no danger in remembering that we are still learning to understand and to handle the various stops; there is peril of mistake in losing our perspective and fancying ourselves in full control of the machine.

It is remarkable how little good verse has appeared in the March and April issues of the college magazines. Some essays of value, many attractive stories, and bits of description that are both vivid and captivating, make the reading pleasant; but where is the flood of song that we have expected to overflow the periodicals in these days of spring?

Among a number of excellent essays "The Passing of Absolute Leadership", in the *University of Oregon Monthly*, is commendable for its note of wide interest. It gives a clear account of the evolution of leadership, from Charlemagne, "who, with inexorable dictatorship, spoke to the masses", to "Lincoln, of Republican principles, himself of the masses, and speaking for them".

A thoughtful article in *The Radcliffe Magazine* discovers that the decline of national spirit in English poetry marks the limits of her present poetic greatness. In fact, the question whether there is any great literature in the process of production—or for that matter ever will be—seems to trouble many. *The Bruonian* takes comfort in the thought that at least “we are paving the way for a great outburst of literature tomorrow”.

Stories and sketches are to be found in abundance and in excellence. “Mary Ellen”, from *The Minnesota Magazine*, is a charming bit of character portrayal. She reminds us of wayward Rebecca as she rushes away to the woods and defiantly vows that she will never, never come back.

“Then Aunt Elmira raged and reviled while Peter plunged in, shouting terms of parley as he went. After a bit he returned.

“‘Well?’ asked Aunt Elmira.

“‘She’ll come out,’ answered the boy between chuckles, ‘an’ go home if—’

“‘Well?’

“‘If she won’t have to shell peas, while she’s at your house—’

“‘What?’

“‘Shell peas, ner chase chickens, ner do patch work, ner—I forget what else, only you’re not to whip her neither.’

“‘Well!’ said Aunt Elmira. She faced about and marched to the house. ‘You make tracks for home,’ she ordered the Meers boy, who still hovered, tremendously amused by the situation. When within the house she lit the lamp, pulled the curtains close, and sat resolutely down to a piece of knitting. Once she arose, went to the kitchen and drew the apple switch out of the wood-box, glancing grimly at the clock as she did so. It was nine o’clock.

“‘We’ll see,’ Aunt Elmira said aloud.”

“Maiden Versus Machina”, from *The Radcliffe Magazine*, is a strong love story, of the sort it would be pleasant to see written more often. “Material for his machine, or a ring for his sweetheart!” It is too hard a choice for the young inventor. He likes to eat his cake and have it, too; but the false diamond is accidentally detected in an X-ray exhibition, and in the bitter hour that follows he finds that he cannot serve two mistresses at once. The scene with the machine, before he sends it crashing into fragments, is well done.

Among the descriptive sketches, "Little Canada", from *The Radcliffe Magazine*, and "A Child of the Canyon", in *The Wellesley Magazine*, are most striking. The latter is a touching portrayal of a child's love for what she deems her own discovered spots in nature.

"Little Canada" is a city within a city, leading a life of its own.

"The wobbly tenements of Little Canada are separated by alleys, never over six feet wide. Crowded clothes lines, strung from house to house, shut out the air, shut in the damp. Children swarm in the alleys, their bright dresses giving startling touches of color to the damp darkness. The Canadians have no desire to shop outside their own quarter. The shops, which occupy the lower floors of many of the houses, supply all their needs, ranging from the white casket and 'burial slippers' to the hideous, much-liked Lamprey eel.

"In the people of Little Canada, a mixture of French and Indian blood gives rise to perplexing contrasts. The Indian shows in the coarse, straight hair, high cheek bone and wiry build; the small stature, bright black eye and vivacious manner are French. The women, when young, are pretty, with that natural white transparency of skin which arsenic produces artificially. They have the inherent love of the French for dress, but their taste is corrupted by the Indian love of hideously bright colors. They are light-hearted, dirty, improvident, but better workers than the men. . . .

"On the narrow bit of grass along the canal, old people and women with babies stroll or sit. They do not mind the penetrating odor nor the slimy green walls. Children dance to the music of a hurdy-gurdy in the circle of electric light. Over on the dump, by the falls, the young people are gathered. The breeze coming down the river is cool. Here and there a bonfire of refuse throws a red light on little girls and men. The tinkle of a goat bell is heard. Shrill voices and excited laughter are softened by the rush of the rapids.

"To-morrow work begins at six; to-night the Canadian is at play."

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

THE SONG OF MY HEART

I made a song that the folk shall sing
When home their hero comes,
When out the scarlet guidons fling
At the roll of many drums ;
I sang of the foes that his sword has slain
In the hurricane of war,
I sang of a nation with loosened chain
And mightily broken bar ;
I sang of the strain of the central fight,
And the charger flecked with foam :
And this is the song they shall sing to-night,
When their hero he comes home.

But the song of my heart I could not make
Though men should kneel and pray ;
Oh, the lips may sing though the heart may break,
But the song must needs be gay !
I'll sing the din of the battle-field,
The night of the battle-blow ;
More terrible things than sword or shield
The song of my heart should show !
My song be sung where the brave lights shine
All down the banquet-hall !
A song for the lips that quaff the wine,
Not having known the gall !

When veiled with darkness was all the sky,
Nor dared we hope for morn,
Together we trod it, thou and I,
The way of the Crimson Thorn ;
Thou and I together, soul by soul,
The thorn-stings grew delight ;
Come sting, come blindness, we knew our goal ;
What cared we for night,
Thou and I ? Then, my steps made pause ;
A star on thy forehead shone :
Thy hands, they are serving a brighter cause :
I—I am here alone.

Or whether shall mine be the starry call,
 When the journey shall be done,
 Or whether the stars call not at all,
 But the great consuming sun,
 I'll make these songs that are naught of mine
 For them that be naught to me,
 To be sung by the lips that quaff the wine
 At the feast of victory;
 Ay, the lips shall sing though the heart may break,
 And ever the song be gay,
 But the song of my heart I cannot make
 Though men should kneel and pray!

ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR '08.

My experience in studying in Spain is limited to work done in libraries and with private individuals. Women are admitted to the University of Madrid both for graduate and undergraduate

Research Work in Spain work, but very few of them take advantage of this opportunity and those who do, go to lectures and classes accompanied by their fathers or by a chaperon.

Mr. Menéndez Pidal, with whom I wished to study, was to give no lectures at the university during the year that I spent in Madrid, so I was spared the difficulty of making arrangements to attend classes there. It was my great good fortune to go to Mr. Pidal once a week for private instruction, and I found him, as I did every other scholar from whom I sought help, most courteous, kind, and ready to be of service. Through his kindness I obtained permission to work in the Royal Library, as well as an opportunity to study some valuable manuscripts in private houses. The National and University Libraries are open free for purposes of study to everybody. The librarians are in general polite and obliging, though their surprise that a woman should do research work is often amusingly evident. I was frequently offered, as much more convenient and appropriate to my needs, a clean modern edition of some specific work, in place of the *princeps* I had asked for.

My most unique experience was spending three weeks in the village of the Escorial, and studying in the monastery library. As I was unwilling to stay alone in the hotel, my good friend Mr. Pidal helped me to find a boarding place in the village, and I was finally lodged, the first week in December, in the small front room of a very humble household—that of a carpenter's widow, who washed the table and bed linen of the monks. Though I was living only a five minutes' walk from the monastery, the señora always sent her youngest son, a lad of twelve, to accompany me to and from my work, for I could not be permitted to traverse that dangerous distance alone. I was the only woman, frequently the only person, working in the library at this time. The weather was very cold, and the fireless room in which I studied contained, I am sure, the accumulated chill of the three centuries since the building of the monastery. The monks, Augustinian brothers, passed in and out with their black cowls thrown over their heads, but they did not seem to mind the cold, though my fingers grew almost too stiff to write.

My second visit was in the spring, when the rugged landscape had taken on a faint green, and the country was full of the song of the nightingales. By dint of much persuasion I obtained permission to spend five hours a day in the library, instead of four, the doorkeeper coming every morning to let me in, and locking the huge door behind me when he had admitted me. From the monks I met with the greatest politeness, and with perfect and unobtrusive readiness to give me any assistance I might need. I was proud to learn later from my landlady that they had commended the industry of the foreign señorita and had said she *appeared* to be intelligent!

There is no lack of opportunity for women, either native or foreign, to study in Spain, provided they have the patience to face the small, but daily and continuous annoyances to which they are subjected, such as various and somewhat trying expressions of curiosity, and not a little rather contemptuous comment and criticism. For the attitude of the Spaniards toward women who study, long centuries of a peculiarly fixed and distinct idea of what a woman's life should be, are responsible; it is due to no ill-will or unkindness, but to an absolute incapacity on the part of the rank and file of the people to understand that a woman should wish to be busy about matters of learning. To find fault with them for their point of view upon this subject would be as unreasonable as to blame them for having no conception of the proper way in which to heat their dwelling houses and their public buildings, whose very low temperature is a serious trial to any American spending the winter in Spain.

Properly informed in advance about Spanish conventions, and ready to accept the social limitations of life in Spain, as well as its material discomforts, two women together could spend a very pleasant year or more of study there, for many of the disagreeables that beset a woman alone would cease to exist if she had a companion with whom to walk on the streets and to go to the libraries.

CAROLINE B. BOURLAND '93.

It was my good fortune to spend six months of last year in Naples, where I held an appointment from the Association for Maintaining the American Women's Table at the Zoölogical Station at Naples and for Promoting Scientific Research by Women. This formidable title denotes simply an association of generous-minded women in this country which, by the annual payment of five hundred dollars toward the maintenance of the Stazione Zoologica, has the privilege of sending its "scholars" or other appointees to this world-famous laboratory for longer or shorter periods of study. The appointments are freely granted, upon proper application to the secretary, to women who can show proof of ability to carry on independent research work along biological, zoölogical, botanical or physiological lines.

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The general plan of the institution of which Professor Anton Dohrn was the founder and is still the able director, is familiar to many, but the details of its work, management, resources and aims may be of interest to some of the readers of the MONTHLY.

"Stazione Zoologica" is the official name which appears on the white stucco front of the open-porticoed building in the midst of the palms and holm oaks of the city park on the shore of the beautiful Bay of Naples. To most strangers and to the Neapolitans, however, it is more familiarly known as the "Aquarium," the only part of the institution which the ordinary visitor sees. The Aquarium is a factor by no means to be despised by the scientist, and almost as full of wonder and delight to the worker from an inland biological laboratory as to the novice in things pertaining to the organic life of the sea. Nevertheless, if we resist for the time the attractions of this exhibition and, passing its entrance door, go up the stairs to the right, we shall find ourselves in an upper portico, the walls of which are colored a warm Pompeian red and under whose open arches we may look through the trees to the sea. Here a polite Italian *portiere* whom we learn to know as Michele, is in readiness to answer our summons. And here we shall find ourselves at the entrance of the real Stazione Zoologica.

On my first visit to the Stazione, Michele ushered me into Dr. Dohrn's private laboratory, after he had taken in my letter of appointment from the American Association as a card of introduction. It was a keen pleasure to meet and be welcomed by this genial, great hearted, broad shouldered and broad minded founder of the Stazione Zoologica and friend of all scientific workers great and small. The members of the governing staff of the institution are with one exception Germans, — Signor Le Bianco is an Italian. This remarkable man has charge of furnishing marine material to the investigators, and is also director of the Aquarium. He knows more, probably, than any other man alive, of the life, habits and habitats of the fauna of the Mediterranean.

There are at present two buildings, uniform in style of construction, and a third is being erected. The larger and older building is connected by a bridge with the smaller one added about ten years ago. The new building is to be of the same size as the larger one. It was begun in the summer of 1903 and will probably be ready for use in 1905; its laboratories are for physiological research. In the basement of the larger one is the aquarium and in the corresponding part of the smaller ones are the headquarters of Dr. Le Bianco and his assistants. Here are rooms for the preparation and preserving of zoological and botanical material, which is sent away in large quantities to laboratories and museums, also a large room where each day's haul from the nets and dredges is looked over and sorted preparatory to distribution to the different investigators. The rest of the space in both buildings is taken up by the library and a large number of private laboratories, which are either entirely separate from one another, or connected as alcoves of one large room. The library is a sunny room, with walls decorated above the book shelves by frescoed scenes depicting the various activities connected with the place. On one wall a long rowboat is skimming over the blue waters, manned by a crew of sturdy fishermen all rowing standing, in the Neapolitan fashion. On another wall are the beginnings of the first building with a group consisting of Dr. Dohrn and some of his co-workers sitting at a table near by. Bronze busts of Darwin and von Baer look down from the high shelf tops. But the true beauty of this library consists in its complete-

ness and in its convenient arrangement whereby all the books are easily and quickly accessible. Here one finds almost all known books on biological subjects and the scientific periodicals in every language in which such work is published.

The laboratories for investigators, fifty of whom can be accommodated at one time, are well lighted and well appointed. Floors, walls and ceilings of stone and plaster, with marble finishings, make a cool pleasant interior. There are in each laboratory taps of fresh water and also tanks where salt water, pumped up from the sea, is constantly running. The work-tables are abundantly supplied with reagents, glass-ware, and all the paraphernalia necessary to marine biological investigation. Requisition blanks are on each table and the investigator may at any time fill them out as further wants become apparent and send them by one of the laboratory servants, who look in for such duty from time to time, to the department of chemical supplies. About twenty-five men are employed by the Stazione, including the house servants, fishermen, collectors, and the crew of a small steam launch, the "Johannes Müller", which is a valuable part of the equipment.

The situation and appointments of this center of marine biological study are ideal. Its quiet, clean, beautiful location, and its geographical position at a point where in the rich life of the Mediterranean the forms both of temperate and tropical waters are easily accessible, combine to make it worthy of the choice of its founder and of the high patronage which it has received. Its success is not due, however, to its equipment, perfect and complete as that is, nor to its situation alone, but to the personnel of its staff and of the investigators who yearly enjoy its privileges. They have gathered from all civilized parts of the globe. During my stay, there were scientists, some world-famous, from England, from America, from France, Belgium and Holland, from Russia, from Italy and from Japan. The members of the staff are accomplished linguists, speaking with ease and correctness, at least German, French, English and Italian. Each investigator is given absolute freedom. He may work on any subject, publish his results afterwards through any medium he pleases, and there are no examining questions asked except to find out his needs. There is no general meeting place for the occupants of the different tables, no lectures nor formal seminars, no common social gatherings. There are sometimes informal meetings held by a particularly congenial group of young investigators, when work and methods are compared and discussed, but such a coming together is purely private and personal. Social intercourse there is of an informal and delightful kind, due largely to Dr. Dohrn's kindness and courtesy. He often invites members of the biological community, a few at a time, for charming excursions on the "Johannes Müller", to the surrounding coasts and islands.

There are two other members of the staff besides Professor Dohrn who must be mentioned. Professor Hugo Eisig is the executive head of all the details of daily routine in the Stazione. It is he who makes frequent visits to each investigator and is tireless in his efforts to make serviceable the facilities of the institution. Dr. Paul Mayer, the specialist in microscopical technique, has been connected with the laboratory ever since the early days of its foundation. One of the kindest of men, he is filled with a spirit of large interest

in scientific matters and is unailing in resource and suggestion in modern technical methods. Under his editorship the Zoölogical "Jahresbericht" is published at Naples, a work involving enormous industry, patience and learning. Two other publications are carried on by the Stazione, one is a periodical, appearing intermittently as required, the "Mittheilungen aus der Zoölogischen Stazione zu Neapel," and the other is a series of very complete monographs of the fauna and flora of the Gulf of Naples, a single volume of which sometimes costs seventeen thousand dollars to issue.

Finally the spirit of the place is what one feels immediately as a stimulating influence. Generous, unbiased interest in the many forms of original research is prevalent, and it is this broad, zealous devotion to his science that the investigator carries away with him as the most valuable result of his connection with the Stazione Zoölogica.

ANNE IDE BARROWS '97.

It is two years since a report from the Western Massachusetts Association of Alumnæ and Non-graduates appeared in THE MONTHLY. The principal activity during this time has been in the interests of the Students' Aid Society, the same direction in which New York, Boston, and other clubs are working, but its methods have been somewhat different.

Interest was aroused at our October meeting in 1902 by earnest words from some of the officers of the Association, who were our guests. We then voted to make it our object to help the Students' Aid Society and to devote all our energies to this work. A beginning had to be made here in Northampton, where, for various reasons, we did not think it advisable to attempt any sort of entertainment. So instead of trying to add to its funds directly, we planned to increase if possible the membership. First we had a circular letter printed containing the statements and appeal which we had heard from the officers of the society. In order to reach those of our members who were not present at the luncheon, a budget of these circulars, accompanied by a personal note, was sent to alumnæ in eight different towns for distribution. As a result twenty-three new members and two life members were added to the Students' Aid Society from our own association of sixty-eight. This was a very satisfactory per cent. of increase, and we were encouraged to go on in the same direction. In the spring a large number of personal letters were sent out by one of our energetic members, and during the short time before the June meeting over fifty new members and eight life members were added. In these two ways \$381 was collected last year. We hope other associations and college clubs will not assume that we are doing all that needs to be done in this direction. The membership is still less than 500. If it could be doubled, the association would have a source for half the sum needed annually, and the real interest in the work which we are confident exists would be fairly represented, and about one-third of the Alumnæ Association would be members.

We naturally take a more lively interest than the other branches of the Alumnæ Association, on account of our nearness to the college and the oppor-

tunity thus given to know personally the needs of the Students' Aid society. These facts make us realize how helpful we alumnæ might be without any great effort on our part. For if the Alumnæ Association, including all its local branches, should make a strong effort for a year, by turning in all special gifts to the treasurer, and by largely increasing the life membership, a great advance would be made toward putting the society on a permanent basis. The breadth of interest in the work of the society would be so widened that the normal growth of the society in future years would probably obviate the need of special appeals. This year, through such appeals, gifts from different branches and from individuals have enabled the secretary to lend \$1,700, the requests being scaled down from \$2,000.

I have recently learned from the officers of the society that, in their opinion, this latter sum is the very least that will meet the needs of the society. This seems, to one who has given attention to the subject of students' aid in other colleges, a very conservative estimate, considering the size of Smith College. The Aid Society of Vassar College lent last year through its different branches over \$4,000. The work of the past year has been done individually rather than collectively, and while we have no results that we can publish at this time, we trust that it has not been without effect.

The luncheon at Plymouth Inn October 17, 1903, was a delightful social affair. We wish all members of the Alumnæ Association would choose that time for an annual visit to Northampton. Sixty-five were present, and our guests were President Seelye, Laura Gill '81, Dean of Barnard, and Martha Wilson '95, President of the Chicago Association. President Seelye spoke of the development of the college, especially in regard to the recent changes due to the absorption of the music and art schools. Miss Gill, by request, told of the work done by the relief committee in Cuba, and the changes in the conditions there up to the present time. In a discussion which followed as to the next work of the Alumnæ Association, the creation of traveling fellowships for graduate study in American or foreign universities commanded most interest.

We do not exactly "pride ourselves" on having only the October and June meetings as the "Register" said of us this year, but because we are nearest in point of location, and are closely associated with the college, it has not seemed advisable to have more. In the interim, through our news committee, of which Miss Sophie Clarke is chairman, items of interest have been gathered for a news letter, which is sent to all branches of the general association in time for their winter meetings. If anyone else would like these letters sent to her they can be had by addressing Miss Clarke. We should be glad if the alumnæ who are not able to come here would regard the members of this Western Massachusetts Association as a committee of information and ask us about matters relative to the college which may seem too trivial for official correspondence.

N. E. HIGBEE '80.

It was in Mexico on a warm afternoon in January, the month of orange bloom, that we went unbidden to the *baile*. We had started for a desultory ramble, keeping to the shady side of the street, and languidly

The *Baile* conscious of a subtle fragrance that displaced the accustomed odors of spoiled meat, open drains, and pigs. Almost as unconsciously we were made aware of music coming from a half-open *zaguan*. We halted and peered with mild interest at the musicians (the same who weekly made night hideous in the Plaza), the admiring crowd of *peons*, and the two or three couples loitering through a waltz. As we turned away a childish voice called, "There is another *baile* up the street." We deliberated. The road was long and hot and dusty, but the days, too, were long. We would set out, at least. Past the Tree of the Washer-Women, under the shadow of the villa wall, up the hill of the white cross with its glimpse of the shimmering lake, past La Esmeralda Cantina, we went; and still no sound of the *baile*. We met groups of laughing *peons* all bound in the opposite direction. Perhaps we were too late.

Near at hand a stringed orchestra began to play some quaint folk melody of fascinating rhythm. As we skirted the high stone wall to find some means of ingress we heard two women talking. "Come up," said one, "it's easy." "No." "Oh, come on. I will help you." Then, catching sight of us, she gave the same hospitable invitation. We were not bashful. A scramble, a helping hand, a jump, and we landed in the ball-room. For the most part it was roofed with sky. Between the house and the corn-shack (raised out of reach of inquisitive *burros*), an awning was stretched. Beneath this some half-dozen *peons*, clad in *manta* cloth of every-day dinginess, played upon flute, violin, 'cello, and a harp of curious design. Uncouth instruments they were, but like their masters possessed of an innate charm. To the right was the bar, a plank graced with bottles of bad wine and fiery *tequila*. Already some of the men had succumbed to its seductions. The majority sat soberly enough, a phalanx of *serapes* and *sombreros*, along the further wall. The women crouched on the ground in the shade of some scrubby bushes. We too, sat down upon the refuse heap. *Que importa?*—it was all one. Other spectators, such as turkeys, chickens and children, wandered about at will over the unpolished, hard earth floor.

The violin and the flute began again, weaving a witchery of sound that set even Saxon blood a-tingle. But the men sat stolid, and the women chattered. Only one, a little unsteady with *tequila*, came up to the belle of the ball. But she would not dance, "not until the sun is lower." For fully five minutes he pleaded. She laughed at him. "Will you buy me shoes if I dance?" she asked. His answer was too low to be heard. "Oh, go dance with your grandmother," she exploded at last, and he went away discomfited by the jeers of her companions. One other besides ourselves felt sorry, a little girl who had crept up beside us. "*Que lastima*," she sighed "that *el Papaque* is passing."

We grew tired of waiting, for the slant sun bid fair to shine for hours yet beneath the useless awning. Suddenly a clatter of hoofs sounded in the street. "What is it?" we asked of the friendly belle. "The bride and the bridegroom go to the church. Afterwards they will come here. It will be no long time, and you must see the Dance of the Eggs."

We waited. For one or two numbers a solitary couple stood up and shuffled through a most extraordinary jig. The man, still in *sombrero* and *serape*, led with much intricate stamping and hopping about. The girl, holding up her skirts on either side, kept her eyes discreetly lowered to his feet. So the two passed and re-passed, with never a smile or a glance at each other, except when the bottle was handed about. Still dancing, the man passed this to the girl, she gave it back to him, and he in turn to the thoughtful by-stander.

At last a murmur of excitement swept over the chatting groups. We pressed forward with them, and caught just a glimpse of the bridal party as they trooped from the gateway into the house. The groom was indistinguishable, but the bride wore a tiny wisp of a white veil on one side of her head. "Now", said the little girl, "they will dance." The fiddlers were leaving, and the people followed, until the court-yard was almost empty. Presently they came back, in a triumphal scrimmage. The poor orchestra could hardly play, but there was no lack of sound as colored eggs were merrily smacked on dusky heads, amid flying confetti and hearty laughter.

Soon a ring was formed, and our swain of the refusal again essayed a partner. The girl, a modest-seeming little thing, drew back. But he, heated with *tequila* and excitement, dragged her forward. A friend, who stood out from all the others in face and bearing, interposed. Raillery and reasoning alike were futile; the man would not be thwarted. For a moment it looked like knives; then with a laugh the friend turned to find himself a partner, and the dance began. In abandon and sinuous motion it was a revelation. The bottle passed freely, and all the while the tallest man kept a keen eye on the other two. The dance grew wilder; the man threw out his arms toward the girl, and the girl, with handkerchief instead of fan in her waving hands, retreated gracefully before him. Suddenly the big friend left his partner and joined them. Round and round swept the trio, dominated by the friend's compelling eyes. Then the figure broke. The friend sought out his deserted partner and took off his *sombrero*. "Gracias, Señorita," he said gravely. The *baile* was practically over.

Some women came up to us smiling. "Would not the señoritas also like to have eggs broken on their hair?" The señoritas assuredly would, and pushing back our hats, we, too, were showered with egg-shells and confetti. "Now we will go," said the woman who had invited us in, or rather up. And by the same way that we came we descended to the winding street.

RUTH GAINES '01.

Two years ago the settlement residents and philanthropic workers of New York City had their attention called to a form of social work about to be thrown open to women. At that time a new phase

A Chapter in Reform of the city government, the Tenement House Department, had just been organized, and it had been decided by the commissioner to try the experiment of employing women as sanitary inspectors. The opportunity thus opened to women was peculiar, and the steps which led up the organization of this new department make up so typical a chapter of reform legislation that I am going briefly to trace them out.

Some years ago an agent of the Charity Organization Society—one of the largest and probably the most influential charitable society in New York—urged upon the society the need of reform in the tenement house conditions of the city. As a result the Tenement House Committee was organized, with Mr. de Forest, the president of the Charity Organization Society, as its chairman and Mr. Lawrence Veiller, the agent who had made the suggestion, as its secretary. Many prominent persons—physicians, lawyers and business men—were on the committee.

The conditions of tenement house life which this committee faced had been growing up in New York since the early decades of the century, when emigration in large numbers had begun. As the better class resident districts had been deserted by the well-to-do citizens who moved up-town, their dwellings had been turned into tenements, with one or two families on a floor, the large front and rear rooms being generally cut up by building in two or more dark interior bedrooms. Then, as the swarms of ignorant and poverty-stricken foreigners continued to rush in, tenement houses were built especially for their reception, buildings four or five stories high, with accommodations for from two to four families on a floor, only the outside rooms, two at the front and two at the rear, having windows to the outer air, while there were generally on each floor four to eight dark unventilated bedrooms. Sanitary accommodations were of the poorest, being generally in the form of vaults located in the yards; and in the yards, also, was often to be found the sole water supply, though there was sometimes a sink in the public hall on each floor. A number of efforts at reform had been made, and tenement house laws had been passed as a result of them; but no really effective stop had been put to the erection of ill-ventilated buildings; for the narrow air-shafts, two feet or so in width, which had been introduced to light the interior rooms, made conditions worse rather than better, so foul was the air they furnished. There were also grave sanitary abuses, and a serious evil was that of insufficient protection from fire by fire-escapes and fire-proof construction.

The first move of the Charity Organization Committee was to urge the passage, by the Board of Aldermen, of a set of ordinances to improve tenement conditions. Failing in this, they set themselves to develop public sentiment on the subject, with the aim of securing a state law. To this end they prepared a huge tenement house exhibition, the preparation of which occupied several months, showing the tenement conditions of New York and of many representative cities of Europe and America, by means of photographs, plans, models and charts showing the relation between overcrowding and disease, dependence, and death. On the evenings during which it was open to the public, addresses were made at the exhibition by physicians of note and by public men, calling attention to phases of the problem and suggesting remedies. The exhibition was given great publicity by the newspapers, and before it came to a close, President Roosevelt (then governor) had given his promise of support to the committee. This promise he soon fulfilled by the appointment of a state tenement house commission, with the chairman of the Charity Organization Committee as its chairman and the secretary of that committee as its secretary. As the result of the labors of

this commission, carried on through many months, two bills were presented to the New York Legislature at its next session and passed.

The first of these bills was a code of tenement house laws which gathered up and presented in consistent form all that was best in the existing laws and added new provisions of a far-reaching nature. As regards new buildings it forever put a stop to the construction of any save thoroughly well-lighted and ventilated tenements, for it required that every room and hall should open to the outer air, and precisely defined the size of courts and the depth of yards for buildings of different heights. As regards old buildings it required certain structural changes to make them conform to higher sanitary standards, and for all it laid down an important body of sanitary law.

The second bill was still more radical. It provided, by amendment of the city charter, for the creation of a new municipal department which should take over the duties of the Building Department and the Health Department so far as they related to tenement houses, and should have in its hands the enforcement of the whole body of tenement house law. The creation of this department was made necessary by the failure of the two departments I have mentioned to adequately enforce existing laws in the 80,000 or more tenement houses of the city. It seems obvious enough now that a special body was needed to cope with the innumerable problems arising in connection with this class of buildings, but five years ago the idea had never been seriously considered by an appreciable number of citizens.

With the election of Mayor Low by the fusion of all the respectable elements of the city against Tammany, and with his appointment of Mr. de Forest, chairman of the Tenement House Commission, as commissioner of the new department, immediately followed by the choice of Mr. Veiller as deputy commissioner, the public was assured that the enforcement of the new law and the organization of the new department would be in the hands of men peculiarly fitted for the task. It was by such commissioners that the policy of employing women inspectors was determined on; it was to aid in enforcing a law resulting from the movement I have sketched that the group of women of whom I was one were appointed.

Into the details of their work as sanitary inspectors I shall not attempt to go here. It is precisely the same work as that done by the men inspectors who had been appointed a few months before—the investigation of citizens' complaints of bad conditions in tenement houses, the making of systematic house to house inspections to discover defects in plumbing, bad repair and other violations of law, the making of reinspections to determine whether orders issued to owners had been complied with and violations of law removed.

It sounds a dull and uninspiring enough task, I have no doubt—as a matter of fact it is immensely varied. The types one comes in contact with would supply a Dickens with material for a lifetime's work; and the opportunities the work offers to observe the enforcement of a law at once new and old, radical and moderate, would make it a valuable supplement to college courses in sociology and popular government. Even the briefest outline of the activities leading up to the enactment of the Tenement House Law brings out the truth that the discovery of the proper remedy for an evil by some wise and virtuous individual or group of individuals is but the first step, after

which must follow a thousand moves, at once cautious and daring, until the necessary minimum of the public is educated to the point of insisting that the remedy be applied. A study of the work of the Tenement House Department will emphasize the truth that the application of a remedy by a legislature, which to so many good men and women seems the grand culmination of a reform movement, is itself hardly more than a first step in the endless struggle to secure decent conditions of life for a vast and fearfully powerful body of citizens.

No work could be more inappropriate for a college graduate than the work of sanitary inspection, if we think of her appropriate work as that which will bring into play all that she has learned during the four years of her college course; none could be more appropriate, if we think of her appropriate work as one which will supplement those four years, supplying the practical experience, the contact with life in a thousand varying forms which academic pursuits can never give. The opportunities for social work in a city like New York, in settlement and charitable associations, as probation officers and special investigators, are almost infinitely varied. Sanitary inspection is only one among many opportunities open to those who have chosen to lead the "experimental life" in a field of labor which offers exceptional rewards in interest and satisfaction.

MARY SAYLES '00.

To the MONTHLY board of 1904 the experimental days of the magazine must seem primitive and far away. Doubtless the photographs of the first editors, to the college to-day, have much the

The Early Days of the Monthly same interest as family daguerreotypes.

Yet ten years ago, when Miss Jordan appointed the first group of editors, we were neither old-fashioned nor quaint.

The first number of the MONTHLY was arranged amid much excitement. The entire board gathered in the small room of the "Gym," which we had appropriated for our Editorial Sanctum, and there every manuscript was read by each editor in turn and fell at last under the final judgment of the chief. Verse was hard to get hold of and we should have fared badly in that line had not Anna Branch responded generously to our requests.

At last the manuscript was ready and we hurried it to the printing-house in Florence. As there was no telephone, some of the editors went to Florence each afternoon, where perched on high stools in the dimly-lighted basement we corrected proofs with mingled feelings of joy, hope and trepidation.

The printers delivered the first magazines three hours later than they had promised them. Meanwhile a merry, impatient crowd had gathered beneath the editorial window. When the packages finally arrived, we tore off the wrappings, and while one editor, through the window delivered copies to the expectant girls below, a second editor checked off the names of the recipients and the remaining five editors hurried nervously through the pages, each to her own department, only to groan in misery over the typographical errors.

Before we had published many numbers we asked May Willard to be our business manager, and from the day she took charge of us, all details were systematized. The proof came to us at stated hours and was sent back by

messenger with equal regularity. Moreover, there was a day and an hour when the head of each department had to present her material. My department was one of the last to go to print, but nine o'clock of the thirteenth came all too soon. Many a night, between three and four o'clock, I have left my room-mate sleeping peacefully, while I tiptoed through the corridors, writing pad in hand, to the only room where a light would pass unreported, and there, seated on the edge of the bath tub, I despairingly worked out that inevitable copy.

No account of the beginnings of the MONTHLY would be adequate which failed to recognize Miss Jordan's constant helpfulness. She was determined that the MONTHLY should be born full grown. To her we went for advice and suggestion and from her we learned where good material was to be found. The lists of subjects for the theme courses took on a magazine flavor. Each month, the night after the magazine appeared, we were invited to her room, where she served us the daintiest of game suppers. There we talked over the last number, its good points as well as its defects. Did the fear of impending criticism add a little nervous excitement to that occasion? Perhaps. But surely we all felt the sympathy and friendly interest of our hostess. Doubtless before the year was over Miss Jordan felt that the MONTHLY could stand alone, for the board which we appointed to succeed us in May never had this social patronage. That Miss Jordan's practical interest in the magazine did not flag was made evident by the way in which she arranged new courses in verse and prose, to bring into being suitable material for a college periodical.

At the end of the first year, after equipping our editorial quarters and paying some incidental expenses, we were surprised to have proceeds of some twenty odd dollars apiece to add to the happy memories and the experience that the year had brought us.

Of the nine girls who served on the editorial staff that first year, six have married, two of the others are doing creditable literary work in New York City, and our business manager is handling books and magazines in the Carnegie library in Pittsburg.

FRANCES BANCROFT LONG '94.

On the afternoon and evening of March 26, the Smith College Club of New York presented three one-act plays at the Carnegie Lyceum. The plays and casts were as follows: "Nance Oldfield", arranged from Charles Reade: Anne Oldfield, Miss Cornelia Sherman Harter '98; Susan Oldfield, Miss Pauline Mark '95; Nathan Oldworthy, Mrs. Laura Crane Burgess '96; Alexander Oldworthy, Mrs. Anna Gilmour de Forest '89.

"Gringoire", translated from the French of Theodore de Banville by Maude Barrows Dutton '08; Louis XI, Miss Gertrude Dyar '97; Simon Fourniez, Miss Esther Andrews '02; Olivier, "le Diable", Miss Edith Wheeler Vanderbilt '02; Gringoire, Miss Edith von Leska Bruné '02, Dame Nichole Andry, Mrs. Ernesta Stevens Carleton '03; Loyse, Mrs. Irene Butler James '00.

"The Romancers", Act I, translated from the French of Edmond Rostand: Sylvette, Miss Grace Martine Kelley '97; Percinet, Miss Maida Pierce '02; Bergamin, Miss Janet Waring Roberts '99; Pasquinot, Miss Ethel James '99; Straforel, Mrs. Alice Lord Parsons '97.

To the Smith girls, and perhaps to most of the audience, "Gringoire" was unquestionably the best of the three plays in both interest and execution. Mr. Alfred Young trained the play, and with '97's famous Shylock as Louis XI, and Eda Brune's really wonderful interpretation of the part of Gringoire, it might almost have been an act from some Senior Dramatics. The club is especially indebted to Miss Dyar, who took the part of the King under great disadvantage, rehearsing with the cast but twice before the performance.

"Nance Oldfield" and "The Romancers" were trained by Mr. Robert Jenkins, and were on the whole delightfully given. Miss Harter's Nance Oldfield was given with the same grace and charm that made her Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing" the joy of '98.

The whole affair was very successful. It was given for the benefit of the Smith Students' Aid Society and the sum of \$750 was raised by the two performances after all the expenses which were heavy, amounting to \$650, were paid. That made it worth while. The club has demonstrated beyond question several interesting things: that it is possible to prepare a pleasing and profitable performance in a short time, eight weeks being given to the entire preparation of this one; that it is possible by careful manipulation of the sale of tickets to have a real June "college" audience, even in a big city like New York; that by careful choosing of plays and planning of costumes all adverse criticism from press or audience on the old question of girls' taking men's parts can be successfully avoided. The club also learned a lesson which may be of value to sister Smith clubs, that although it is proper Smith "tradition" to regard a dramatics committee as all-wise, all-powerful and all-sufficient, the alumnæ at large must forget it at such times, and feel an unrelenting responsibility for the sale of tickets and thus avoid having eight hundred tickets left as souvenirs of the occasion.

The dramatics committee consisted of Mrs. Elizabeth Newton Cushing '98, Margaret E. Coe '97, Rita Creighton Smith '99, Mrs. Bertha Bennett Denison '95, Mrs. Rachel Shevelson Deane '88, Mrs. Florence Lord King '95, Constance Charnley '01, Anne Marie Paul '94, Elizabeth King '96, Helen Winslowe Durkee '02.

The result most satisfactory to the club and because of its significance almost more important than the sum raised, was that commented upon at the annual luncheon by the president of the club, Miss Laura D. Gill: that in a city where the interests center so predominantly in Vassar and Bryn Mawr, there has been created toward our own Alma Mater a wider and stronger interest.

BERTHA JUNE RICHARDSON '01.

One hundred and seventy alumnæ and friends of Smith College gathered at the Hotel Manhattan in New York on Saturday, April 9, to greet President and Mrs. Seelye at the annual alumnæ luncheon held in that city. Several members of the college faculty were present who added greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion. Speeches followed the serving of the luncheon, at which Miss Laura D. Gill, Dean of Barnard College and President of the New York Smith College Club, presided. Professor Paul Hanus of Harvard University spoke on his special field of work under the subject of "The

Academic Position of Pedagogy." President Lefavour of Simmons College in Boston then presented his views on "The Relation of Academic Ideals to Business and Industrial Training." President Rush Rhees of Rochester University followed with the topic, "How Far Are the New Academic Tendencies to be Encouraged?" Following these interesting speeches came a rousing talk from President Seelye on "The Smith College Tendencies and Ideals", which carried his audience back to the most inspired moments of college days at Smith. It was a pity that all the alumnae of our Alma Mater could not have heard it. After a few closing remarks from Miss Gill relative to the work of the New York Alumnae this past year, the luncheon was brought to an end with the singing of "Fair Smith" by all those present.

LUCY STODDARD '97.

On the afternoon and evening of April 6 the Gloucester Smith College Club gave an entertainment at the home of one of its members, with most gratifying success. Under the name of "Olla Podrida" a variety of attractions was offered, including tea, the sale of college ices and home-made candies, Oriental fortune telling in appropriate surroundings, monologues, stunts and a one-act play. The affair, which was almost impromptu, received a liberal patronage resulting in the sum of \$100 which will be presented to the Students' Aid Association, in behalf of which the entertainment was given.

The Boston Association of Smith College Alumnae held its annual luncheon on Saturday, April 30, 1904, at one o'clock, at the Hotel Tuileries, Commonwealth Avenue, Boston. President Seelye was the guest of honor. Members of the college faculty, alumnae and under-graduates were among the guests.

Every alumna who applies for a Senior Dramatics ticket must notify Florence H. Snow, Hubbard House, definitely before June 1, if she does not intend to claim the ticket reserved for her until June 16 and 17.

Copies of the 1904 Class Book may be ordered from Helen C. Marble, Hubbard House. Price \$1.90.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'97. Edith Breckenridge,	.	.	.	March	29
'97. Laura J. Galacar,	.	.	.	"	29
'91. Rebecca Rice Barker,	.	.	.	April	15
'99. Ethel Moulton Webb,	.	.	.	"	18
'00. Sylvia Sage Hyde,	.	.	.	"	18
'03. Elaine Cowan,	.	.	.	"	20
'98. Josephine Scism,	.	.	.	"	20
'03. Alice M. Smith,	.	.	.	"	13-27
'01. Constance Charnley,	.	.	.	"	29

Contributions to this department are desired by the last of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Ellen T. Richardson, Hubbard House.

- '95. Augusta Madison was married, November 25, to Dr. William Franklin Keim. Both Dr. Keim and Dr. Madison-Keim are practicing medicine in Newark, New Jersey.
- '98. Mabel F. Brooks is teaching English and German in the High School at Thomaston, Connecticut.
- Della M. Finch is teaching German in the Stamford, Connecticut, High School. She spent last year abroad, studying in the University of Geneva and in the Göttingen University.
- Ethel M. Gower is abroad with Ada Comstock '97 and Ruth Phelps '99.
- Louise C. Hazen is teaching in the State Normal School in Castleton, Vermont.
- Elizabeth Hoy will spend the summer automobiling in England.
- Alice A. Todd is teaching short-hand in the Dedham High School.
- Edna B. Wadleigh will spend the summer in Europe.
- '00. Cornelia Brownell Gould has announced her engagement to Dr. F. T. Murphy of Boston.
- Mary S. Whitcomb was married, May 14, to Mr. Alden H. Clark. They sail for Europe, July 16.
- '01. Alice F. Buckworth has announced her engagement to Mr. Gardner Whitman Pearson of Lowell, Massachusetts.
- Alice Duryee sailed October 5, for China. Her address is Amoy, China.
- '02. Mrs. L. F. Gates (Josephine Lamson) is living at 2184 Kenmore Avenue, Chicago.
- ex-'02. Sue Skinner has announced her engagement to Mr. Robert Bates Raymond of East Weymouth, Massachusetts.

BIRTHS

- '96. Mrs. Dwight Morrow (Elizabeth Cutter), a daughter, Elizabeth, born March 17.
- '97. Mrs. H. R. Hulse (Frances B. Seymour), a daughter, Mary, born March 4.
- Mrs. William B. Lloyd (Lola Maverick), a daughter, Jessie Bross, born February 14.
- '98. Mrs. John Porter Marsh (Mary McWilliams), a son, John McWilliams, born in February.
- '01. Mrs. W. Percy Arnold (Ethel Cobb), a son, Malcolm Porter, born April 29.
- Mrs. Wellington Smith, Jr. (Ethel Lane), a daughter, Elizabeth Lane, born April 10.

ABOUT COLLEGE

Among the many changes wrought within the college during the past year, perhaps the most notable is that of the reconstruction of the music department.

The Music Department Formerly a school of music, it has been made over into a regular department of the college, conducted upon the same principles, having a carefully graded curriculum in theory and a thorough systematization of courses and lectures in all branches of music. Under the present management the department is in a position to demand serious, faithful work from its students and during the past year has received such work from a larger number of students than heretofore. The demand for piano-teaching this fall was so great as seriously to overcrowd the instructors, upon whom the work of reorganization fell most heavily, and by whom it was most successfully accomplished.

The courses in theory were made out with such elasticity as to meet the needs of advanced pupils wishing to specialize in any one of the musical forms and the various musical tendencies, whether strict or free, fugue forms or song forms, are so represented by the present instructors as to give a breadth and versatility to the department of the highest advantage to the student.

An improvement much appreciated by the college as a whole has been made in the choir. It has been trained with a care and regularity which has resulted in marked success. Again we offer our thanks to the department for the series of delightful concerts it has given to the whole student body during the winter. The opportunity freely offered to any student to leave off study and listen for an hour or so to good music, comes like an oasis to many in the midst of their routine work and the concerts have attracted full and appreciative audiences.

Among well-known artists Harold Bauer and David Bispham have given recitals, and the price of tickets was so low as to enable all students to attend. The Boston Symphony concert, though not directly under the auspices of the college, was arranged by the Academy management with the cordial indorsement and support from the music faculty.

Of course we do not pretend to say that we have as yet a perfect department. It is too soon to expect that. To an interested and observant student it seems as if the bookkeeping work of the department should be discharged by a secretary, and not rest upon the instructors. Also there is work enough for an additional piano instructor. The plan, already inaugurated, of replacing old pianos by new ones, meets one of the most crying needs of the Music Hall, and it is hoped will be pursued until all the badly worn pianos are exchanged. The Hall is in need of more stools also. The disadvantages, however, are comparatively few and slight.

Indeed the immense improvement in this department has been so successful and so deeply appreciated by the students as to encourage those who have accomplished it and to cheer them in any future effort.

ELLEN T. RICHARDSON.

Another year in the life of the association has come to an end. The specific work of the various committees will be described in the printed annual report of the cabinet. It is the function of this Annual Report of the report to point out briefly such features of the S. C. A. C. W. year's history as seem significant.

The new constitution adopted in 1902 has proved a large factor in the growth of the association. Voluntary membership instead of being a member by virtue of membership in the college, and the individual payment of dues, instead of payment through the class treasury, have served effectually in bringing the association before the college. We have now completed the second year in this new chapter of the association's history. During that time the realization of the true possibilities of association work has steadily developed. To interest a class, numbering about three hundred, in religious and philanthropic work at the very beginning of their college course; to hold their interest during the four years; to help in preparation for an active part in the bettering of the world; and to realize that the true end and aim of it all is the deepening of the Christian life—this is an ideal which opens out a tremendous field of work. In numerical results the association has grown year by year. The membership is now about two hundred larger than last year. The enrollment in Bible classes is slightly larger than in years past; statistics in other branches show a like increase. This indicates, certainly, a more general interest in the work. There has been at the same time an increasing number of active members, whose work has done much in developing the possibilities of the association.

The chief factor in this growth has been the general secretary. Her work in helping and advising the officers and committees has increased the effectiveness of every department. She has kept the association in touch with outside movements. She has brought an increasingly large number of students into close connection with the work. In these and in other ways she has increased the opportunities and the effectiveness of the association. The cabinet voices the feeling of the college when they try to express to her their appreciation of all that she has done, and their deep regret that she will be unable to accept the office for the following year.

The association has had another source of strength in the membership of many of the faculty. Their coöperation and advice have been important factors in the history of this year, as in other years, and their membership, which was made possible by a change in the constitution in April, 1903, has increased the opportunities for their coöperation.

We lay down our office with an increasing sense of the tremendous possibilities of the work, and its great importance as a student movement in helping to send out from college, graduates whose Christian life and ideals will be factors in the growth of that spirituality which the world needs. Toward this ideal each year must add its history, and the end of each year must be the beginning of larger effort and stronger faith, that ever more and more "the Christ-life may be deepened within ourselves and within the college."

Respectfully submitted,

MARY A. VAN KLEECK,

President, 1903-1904.

April, 1904.

On Monday evening, May 2, in Assembly Hall, Mr. Coerne gave a piano recital for the members of the faculty and the senior class, at which he played

and explained the musical setting which he has

Recital by Mr. Coerne composed for "Sakuntala". He was assisted by

Miss May Wright, Miss Mabel McKeighan and

Miss Marian Clapp, who sang the incidental songs. Mr. Coerne has succeeded in composing something distinctly in harmony with the spirit of the play, and has preserved a unity in his themes and songs, making a most complete production. He has not tried to imitate the original Indian melodies, but rather to produce the effect which that music would have upon a modern audience. The most prominent themes are those of the chief characters—Dushyanta the Rajah, Dushyanta the lover, Sakuntala, Sava Damana and the jester. There are also themes for certain scenes, such as "The Dawn of Love", "The Fever of Love", and "The Wedded Lovers". These themes represent the thought rather than the words of the characters. The short overture contains a combination of most of the prominent character themes.

One of the most charming features of the play is the number of songs. The music for these songs is most satisfactory, for Mr. Coerne has infused into it the mystery and beauty of the setting. Mr. Coerne explained thoroughly as he played, giving the cues for the different motives.

The program presented by Mr. David Bispham on April 19, was one of the greatest musical treats we have had this year. His best numbers were

Schubert's Haidenröslein, Amfortas's Lament from

The Bispham Concert Parsifal, Alberic's Curse from the Rheingold, the

Prologue from Pagliacci, "Who knows," music

by Max Heinrich, and the Pirate's Song by H. F. Gilbert, and his encores, "The Pretty Creature" and "Danny Deever". It was a well-balanced program, and held one's enthusiasm to the very end, while the accompanist, Mr. Harold O. Smith, did much, as a good accompanist always can, to add to the rendering of each number.

A lecture under the auspices of the Oriental Society was held in the Students' Building on the evening of May 8. The speaker was Professor Hopkins of Yale University, and the subject was

Lecture by Professor Hopkins "The Hindoo Drama". The drama, Pro-

fessor Hopkins said, implies development

along the lines of nature on the one hand, and of religion on the other. In reality religion developed the drama; there are only a few cases where the drama arose among savages, and then in connection with their mystic orgies. Dramatic fancies were mixed with religious mysteries. The song and dance strictly belonged to religious rites, and out of them grew the processions and dramatic presentations. The question as to whether this religious element is to be found in Sakuntala may be answered both negatively and affirmatively. In the development of the play the religious element is well-nigh lost, and yet it is only with this background that the play can be explained.

Recent study of the Hindoo drama has revealed three elements in Hindoo literature that contributed largely to the later Hindoo drama: The mystery play, the dialogue, and the puppet-shows.

The Hindoo dramas were very long, many having ten acts or even fourteen. There was an invocation at the beginning of every play. The plays were given with practically no staging; the imagination of the audience was called upon to supply the necessary equipments. The music was of the most primitive type.

In speaking of Sakuntala Mr. Hopkins said that the author had used consummate skill in the dramatic effects he gave to the bare outline of the story as it had come to him in tradition. Mr. Hopkins read a few selections from Sakuntala in Hindoo, rendering them in the common Hindoo meters originally used. The effect was very musical and pleasing. Sakuntala represents for us the best type of the Hindoo drama in its prime.

After the lecture a reception was held in the Oriental Society room.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its first concert in Northampton on Tuesday evening, April 26, in the Academy of Music and was received with the greatest enthusiasm. Mr. Wilhelm Gericke

Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted the orchestra and Miss Marguerite Hall assisted as soloist. The music faculty of the college strongly encouraged the manager of

the Academy to give this concert and held a sale of tickets one afternoon in College Hall. The faculty asked that the program be modern in character, and this request was carried out.

In the first number, the Prelude to Wagner's "Mastersingers", Mr. Gericke gained a marvellous effect of climax by making the strong opening chords forte instead of fortissimo. The Liszt Preludes were well played, and the wind effects were wonderful. The number received most enthusiastic applause. The enjoyment of the Tchaikowsky symphony, and indeed of several other selections, was heightened by the very satisfactory account of each, printed on the back of the program, and the last symphony could be readily followed in the text.

The social relation between the Boston Symphony and the college was closer because of the fact that Miss Hall was the guest of the Chapin House, as a friend of Miss Berenson, and was kind enough to add to the pleasing impression she had already made by singing to a few friends at the Chapin House on Wednesday evening.

The concert was a rare treat, not soon to be forgotten in this grateful college.

A dance was given by the Lawrence House on the evening of Wednesday, April 20.

On Friday evening, April 23, Professor Gale of Yale University lectured at the open meeting of the Mathematics Club on "The Rôle of Transportation in Modern Geometry". After the lecture a reception was held at the Students' Building.

On Sunday, April 24, Miss Katharine Coman spoke at Vespers. Miss Coman is at the head of the department of economics at Wellesley College and president of the General College Settlement Association.

The class of 1905 has elected the following preliminary committee for Senior Dramatics: Helen Clarke, chairman; Marion Willard Woodbury, Helen Rogers, Florence Eliza Lord and Emma Pauline Hirth.

A joint fellowship of \$400 is offered to graduates of Smith College for the year 1904-1905 by the College Settlements Association and the Smith College Alumnae Association. The further particulars will appear in the next issue.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS

S. C. A. C. W.

President, Clara Davidson 1905
 Vice-President, Ruth Johnson 1905
 Corresponding Secretary, Elizabeth Roberts 1906
 Recording Secretary, Clara Porter 1906
 Treasurer, Edna Perry 1907

MISSIONARY SOCIETY

President, Ella Burnham 1905
 Vice-President, Vardrine McBee 1906
 Treasurer, Charlotte Gardner 1906
 Secretary, Virginia Smith 1907
 Assistant Treasurer, Sara Smucker 1907

CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

President, Clara Davidson 1905
 Secretary, Ruth McCall 1906
 Treasurer, Eleanor Adler 1905

CALENDAR

- May 17, Violin Recital by Miss Holmes.
- 18. Dance: 20 Belmont Ave., White Lodge, Delta Sigma and 30 Green St.
- 21, Phi Kappa Psi Society.
- 25, Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Play.
- 28, Junior-Senior Entertainment.
- June 1, Music Program by the Students' Orchestra.
- 3, Presentation of Carmen Saeculare.
- 4, Alpha Society.
- 6, Tyler House Reception.
- 8, Examinations begin.
- 11, Phi Kappa Psi Society.
- 16, Rehearsal for Senior Dramatics.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

EDITORS:

MARY WILHELMINA HASTINGS,	
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	ELIZABETH HALE CREEVEY.

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No. 9.

A PLEA FOR THE AMERICAN IDEAL OF SCHOLARSHIP

Professor Münsterberg, a native of Germany, who has been for some years the occupant of the chair of Experimental Psychology at Harvard University, in his book entitled "American Traits" has offered to the American public an interesting and valuable criticism of American education, scholarship, and culture. Professor Münsterberg has had the opportunity of becoming familiar with one of the chief centers of higher education in the United States, and of coming into contact with the best scholarship and highest culture that this country affords, consequently his observations are well-founded and instructive.

The fact that he looks with the eyes of a foreigner undoubtedly helps him to see clearly and impartially the external condition of education and of scholarship. When, however, he seeks to explain and to discover the causes of this condition, it is not unreasonable to suppose that his foreign point of view may render it impossible for him to perceive the real issues in the question, for Professor Münsterberg is thoroughly imbued with German methods and ideals, and speaks, as he says in his preface, from the German point of view. This fact may interfere some-

what with his fully understanding the situation in the United States. For, in the last resort, the actual conditions in a country must be explained, if truly, by reference to its own ideals and standards; and it is difficult, if not impossible, for a man who firmly holds one set of ideals to realize the force and value of a different or opposing set.

Thus Professor Münsterberg, when he finds that scholarship in the United States is weak, infers that the national ideal must be defective. He says first, that it is materialistic; and second, that it is effeminized. In support of the first charge he claims that the American people do not include the attainment of the highest order of scholarship, namely, scientific or so called "pure scholarship," the "pursuit of truth for truth's sake", in their ideal; and that they fail to do so because they do not recognize the value of such scholarship—their standard of valuation being dollars and cents. Therefore they do not supply incentive by their appreciation or opportunity by their financial support for men to become scientific scholars, or for educational institutions to be sufficiently developed to produce them.

The grounds on which Professor Münsterberg bases his second charge are that the men of the country are entirely occupied by their politics and their business, while the patronage of arts and literature is left for the most part to the women, and, that the women, by their numbers as teachers, are getting control of education. Consequently, as the feminine mind is psychologically different in some qualities from the masculine, the standards of culture and of scholarship are becoming effeminized.

Professor Münsterberg has summed up the position of those who hold that the American ideal of scholarship is deficient. It must be frankly granted that he is correct in many of his observations. As compared with Germany, England, or France, this country has produced few really scientific scholars. Moreover, an examination of the higher educational institutions would seem to indicate that a system which could produce "pure scholarship" has not yet been fully developed. There has been and there is still a materialistic tendency growing out of causes to be found in the commercial and industrial development of the age and of the country, which finds a marked expression in the United States. The facts, also, as to the position of women in the fields of education and of culture must be admitted. But the admission that these external facts are

true does not necessitate the conclusion that the American ideal of scholarship is either too materialistic or too effeminized to comprehend the attainment of the very highest order of scholarship.

On the contrary, as I intend to show, the materialism and the effeminism are but minor and transitory characteristics of external conditions and not of the ideal. For, to the American who shares his nation's ideals, and who is familiar with its history, another explanation than that of a deficient ideal must suggest itself as accounting for the above facts. He must see, as Professor Münsterberg has failed to realize, that it is not the absence of a high ideal, but the gradual working out of an adequate and essentially national ideal, in conjunction with certain social and political conditions of the country, which has caused a temporary delay in the attainment of the highest scholarship.

In the first place, this American ideal of scholarship, to be a true and complete ideal, must comprehend, as Professor Münsterberg has said, the value and the attainment of scientific scholarship. "Even material welfare, industry, commerce and war, health and wealth, are from year to year increasingly dependent upon the quiet work of scholars and scientists,—work done without direct practical aim, done merely for the honor of truth." Moreover, "the real civilization of a nation is expressed not by its material achievements, but by the energies which are working in it toward the moral life, and the search for truth, and the creation of beauty." The ideal must aim to secure the conditions that will produce such scholarship. A proof that the American ideal does comprehend this aim is to be found in the fact that the question of how to render our higher educational institutions efficient is being agitated on every side to-day. The daily papers and the magazines are full of articles on the subject.

In the second place, however, this American ideal, to be an *American* ideal, must maintain the fundamental principles of the nation as a democracy. It should be needless to emphasize this point. If an ideal is to have a nationality, it can only derive its title from its embodiment of the essential principles of that nation.

There are therefore, behind any educational ideal of the American democracy, four chief principles that must be maintained. First, the masses of the people must be rendered fit for

good citizenship. From the time of the earliest settlements in Massachusetts it has been recognized that if the people are to share in the government, they must be educated to some knowledge of their duties. Second, the many must be benefited even if it has to be at the temporary expense of the exceptional few. This principle has been found to be back of the evolutionary progress of civilization. Third, equal educational opportunities must be given to all men to pass to higher educational planes. All men are not equally able, because of differences of circumstances and of abilities, to take advantage of these opportunities, but in a true democracy there should be nothing in the educational system itself which would force men into castes. Fourth, the American nation has accepted the responsibility, which rests on all the more enlightened countries, to strive to raise the lower elements among the people, whether native or foreign, to higher levels of civilization.

Finally, for the welfare of a democracy it is necessary to preserve a continuity of intelligence between the higher and the lower classes of the people. If there is a gap between the highly educated members of society and the masses of society the leaders become unable to lead, and progress is difficult.

There is not in the nature of these educational principles any element which would make their fulfillment inconsistent with the existence of the conditions necessary for the production of scientific scholarship. But there might be external and temporary elements that would render this result at issue with the carrying out of these democratic ideals. That such has been the case in the United States, a very brief examination of several social and political conditions ought to make sufficiently clear.

It is a fact of paramount importance, in this respect, that the United States is a very young country, and has had a comparatively short period in which to develop its educational institutions. Two other facts, however, must be regarded in connection with this: First, the total foreign immigration to this country since 1821 has been over 19,250,665; and, second, that, as a rule, ninety per cent of all children passing through the common schools drop out at some period in the grammar school grades. It is evident that to maintain even the first of the democratic principles, in the face of these two conditions, a most careful development of the lower school institutions was neces-

sitated. The effort to perfect an educational system that could with any efficiency assimilate and Americanize the children of 19,250,665 foreigners, and in any measure help to render ninety per cent of the school-attending children fit for the duties of citizenship by the grammar school age, must have temporarily limited the energy that the country had to give to the upward development of the higher educational institutions, which alone produce scientific scholars.

There is, also, still another reason why the American people, in order to preserve an underlying principle of their ideal, have found it necessary to develop their lower school system first. In the nature of the conditions that make possible real scholarship, there is an aristocratic tendency. A leisure class is needed who have been exceptionally able to take advantage of the highest educational methods and training. The existence of such a class is not inconsistent with the principles of a democracy, nor dangerous to them, provided that the institutions which are to produce the scholars are but the pinnacle of a pyramidal structure that shall be broad of base and solidly stable from the bottom upward. The results of an opposite sort of structure have been experienced in Germany. There the universities were efficient long before any public school system existed. In the gymnasia, which come between the lower schools and the universities, the system is such that, because of the high fees, only the few can attend, and of these only the exceptional few are pushed ahead. Consequently continuity is broken and there is a gap between the higher and the lower classes.

It may be argued that in a century and a half the United States ought to have had time and energy not only to organize a lower school system but also to render the higher educational institutions efficient. The answer to this objection involves a cause so obvious that it has brought with it the worst charge that can be made against the American ideal of scholarship. This cause has already been suggested in the mention of the social and political conditions of the country.

The United States, it has been said, is a comparatively young country. Since the early days of its history a great territorial expansion westward has been going on, reaching from the narrow limits of the thirteen original states to the Pacific and beyond. The resources of the country have been, and are still being, exploited. New social and political conditions have

required that new social and political experiments should be tried. A great commercial and industrial development has taken place. The United States has led the world with its industrial experiments and revolutions. But all these activities have necessarily drawn upon the surplus energy of the people. In addition to the specific conditions previously mentioned as requiring that the attention of the people should be at first centered on the lower school system, these general conditions have limited the amount of time, attention, and energy, that otherwise could be given to educational and cultural matters.

And it is this fact, more than any other, which has raised the cry of materialism against American ideals. It is not possible to refute this charge entirely. It is true that the public has not supported by appreciation, and consequently by pecuniary assistance, those who have failed to turn their scholarship to immediate money-making results. But, even while the charge is being made, no one, foreigner or native, should forget what the United States has offered to the world as the fruits of her scholarship devoted to practical ends. As Mr. James H. Baker has expressed it, "In America, men are solving problems the existence of which has only been dimly conceived by the masses of people in the Old World. Inspired by our advanced conceptions of government and society, and by the free, inventive, truth-seeking spirit characteristic of our people, the American scholar will make leading contributions to the world's literature of sociology, politics and science."

The admission that the public has not supported any "pursuit of truth for truth's sake" may seem to have yielded the point that the American people have no ideal that comprehends the highest order of scholarship, but this does not necessarily follow. Is it ever the people—that is, the masses—who voice and recognize the height of a nation's ideals? Is it not rather those whom Professor Giddings calls the "preëminent social class" who do this? It is a part of the function of the better educated and more cultured class to recognize and hold up its ideals to public view. Professor Münsterberg admits that this class appreciates the value of high scholarship in the United States. It is this "preëminent social class" that has seen—what the public as a whole has probably instinctively felt—that to attain the national ideal in the end, it has been necessary to make an adjustment to the material conditions of the country, even at the cost of a delay in the production of pure scholarship.

The process of adjustment is also the answer to the charge that American standards are in danger of being effeminized. Women have been held back and down for centuries. The men are now simply holding back in turn until the women come up with them. American ideals and methods are in no peril of becoming effeminized, for the men have the reins in their hands, and will drive on as soon as the women have caught up.

But this adjustment and compromise that has been made between the ideal and the external conditions is not in favor of the materialistic side. There is a progressive balance on the side of the fulfillment of the ideal. For the working out of this ideal along the lines on which it has begun tends to bring about both an increasing popular recognition of the value of scientific scholarship, and a greater possibility of its production. In other words, the "preëminent social class" tends to have a broader basis. Already the educational system has resulted in putting the average plane of learning on a higher level in the United States than in any other country. The masses are better educated and have more opportunities within their reach than anywhere else.

And not only is this the case, but the preservation of continuity, and the sacrifice of the few to the many, makes it possible for this average plane to become more and more universal. Moreover, the principle of avoiding caste formation, by giving to all who can use them, opportunities to rise to higher grades of scholarship, makes it increasingly possible for greater numbers to pass freely to higher and higher planes. Thus, the masses must tend to become more and more appreciative of the highest grade of scholarship, and greater numbers must become desirous of securing this scholarship for themselves.

It is thus, too, that the American ideal, which as has been said "is not a selfish and exclusive culture, but scholarship engaged in social service", will fulfill itself and will add the crown of pure scholarship to the other achievements of the American people.

SOPHIE KNOWLTON HISS.

THE TOWER OF THE SHADOW

They smote against the wall outside,
The little, wistful waves, and wept.
The bruised hands that were my guide—
The tower where the shadow slept—

Since far above, a shaft of light
Between the circling walls must break,
Where I should see the mountains white
That lay beyond the azure lake.

At last—a glowing of bright air—
And as I looked and tried to rise,
Oh, on the stair, most heavenly fair,
My Lady stood with waiting eyes.

My Lady stood and spake no word,
All motionless she waited there,
While through the open casement stirred
The breeze that lifted her sweet hair.

My hands went out to hold the spell,
My blood rushed through my head and beat,
I stumbled o'er my sword and fell
Before her pitying little feet.

The rosy hills were very fair,
The lake below was fair to see,
And all around me swept her hair
As she bent down close over me.

ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT.

SEA-ANEMONES

It was a little after five in summer. There was a crowd of clerks, men and girls, pouring out of the rear door of a large department store, and hurrying along past the five o'clock delivery wagons backed up to the curbing. They turned up toward Washington street, and at the corner, waiting a moment

for a carriage to pass, or a car, they collected like logs at a turn in the river, then poured forth again, and, going their different ways, were lost in the crowd.

Evans, who was a clerk in the men's furnishing department, was out a little late. He had stopped to mate up what was left of some fancy socks that had been pulled over on the bargain counter during the day. He turned into Washington Street quite alone, and at the corner found a small boy and as usual bought a Herald. Then, going to the edge of the sidewalk out of the current of the crowd, he opened the paper before him, leisurely running his eyes along the headlines, glancing up now and then as he watched for his car. He was under thirty, with blue eyes that were steady enough, but with a sensitive, uncertain mouth with corners that twitched a little, with lips that though closed were never still. He had a way of biting the inside of the lower one so that it gave his mouth at times an almost girlish pout.

"Hello, what's the news?" some one called. Evans looked up from his paper.

"Hello," he began unassuredly, "I am afraid—" then smiling suddenly, "You? Henry Havelock? I didn't know you at first. Where'd you drop from?"

"You didn't know I was in town?" Havelock laughed.

"O yes, I read the papers. I know all about your studio and your art and your success. I was only surprised," he stopped a moment, and one corner of his mouth twitched nervously, "that you should run across one like myself. And moreover," he went on, smiling now, but cynically, "have time to speak."

"Have time? By George, Evans, do you think I've forgotten the days when you used to lend me enough for my laundry bill? Have time? You've been on my mind ever since I've been in town. I was going to look you up."

"Yes, ferret me out. You wouldn't find my name in the papers. You've been to Paris, haven't you?"

"Yes, went there about a month after I left you, five years ago, wasn't it? Poor as ever, of course. I was there three years, and somehow—the Lord knows how—the public seemed to like a little the stuff I painted. That was all I needed. I had struck my vein of luck. The last two years I've been in New York working it. You see all I wanted was a start, and now I'm here for a little. Come round and see my quarters and have dinner with me some time. Will you?"

There was the spirit of success in every word Havelock spoke, in every gesture, in the assured way he stood, in the careless way he conversed, in his natural unconventionality, in his easy democracy, even in the excellent cut of his perfect clothes. But Evans ignored the invitation.

"I've read about you," he said. "I see the Boston people—the aristocracy have quite taken you up. I read about the 'Afternoons' in your studio, and the famous portraits you are painting."

"Oh, they've been rather nice to me. I'm not kicking at my luck." Then breaking off suddenly, "And you?"

"Oh, I!" Evans looked away across the street and his mouth twitched. But as usual he finished laughing. "I have been changed from the silk department to the men's furnishing department," he said dryly.

Havelock passed it over lightly. "Oh, well, anything to keep us from starving. Married?"

"No, Heavens, no. Whom would I marry?"

"Why, there was Agnes. Remember Agnes who waited on the table? Where is she, anyway? And how's Mrs. Ferry? Do you still put up there? By George! Remember those baked-bean suppers, and the brown-bread? It fairly makes me hungry. Do you still have raised doughnuts? Weren't they called that?"

"Yes, we still have them. I'm just where you left me—baked beans and all. And you—quail, I suppose, and humming birds' tongues. Well, I believe that's my car coming. 'Good-bye.'"

Havelock grasped his hand. "Look here, Evans," he said, "I'm the same old bird. Don't treat me like a peacock. Drop in on me and have a smoke. Here, quick, here's my card. Tell Mrs. Ferry I'm coming around for some raised doughnuts. Don't forget, Evans—any time—you'll find me in."

Evans swung on to the running-board of a moving car and seated himself carefully on the end of the rear seat. For a moment he watched Havelock as he moved along with the crowd, head up and alert. He saw him suddenly smile, raise his hand, and firmly, palm out, lift his hat. He inclined his head just enough, just at the right time, replaced his hat with just the right slow precision. Evans saw a girl passing on the inside, tall and pale and erect, smile ever so slightly, bow

almost imperceptibly. Something about the perfect form of the meeting struck Evans. There was such assurance, such wonderful good taste, such almost art in it. He sat for several moments looking steadily before him, biting the inside of his under lip. Then he drew a long breath, and opened his evening paper.

Evans was a slave to his paper. He was one of those men who know everything that is going on, but never take any part. Evans knew politics from start to finish, but never did more than vote. He knew all about the social events, the names of the debutantes, the gossip, the bits of scandal. He knew when the big men were away at the beach for pleasure or in New York for business. He knew what was going on in the world, but it was as if he were looking down from another planet, or out from a secluded cave, from which he felt the impossibility of ever crawling. He would have liked wealth, position, culture, but he had never once aspired to them. He hated his position as a clerk in a department store, but he had never tried to change it. He had but few friends, for he couldn't know those he preferred, and he wouldn't know those offered him. His intercourse with women had been only across the counter, when he sold them satins and silks to wear at the big functions he would read about in his paper later. He would watch them from his place behind the counter — he was just inside the big swinging plate-glass doors — as they left their carriages. He would watch them with the same interest that he watched Havelock lift his hat. He liked to see the ease with which they stepped from their carriages, the perfect curve of the arm that so neatly lifted their skirts behind, the slow grace with which the free hand pushed open the plate-glass doors, and then the dead, muffled rustle of their skirts as they passed. Evans could distinguish the aristocracy even without a word. He had only to lean back against the shelves with folded arms and watch them pass. But he had never tried to approach nearer.

Several weeks later Evans found himself wondering how to spend the last part of a hot afternoon in August. It was Saturday and the store had closed at noon. Generally when he had a little time to himself Evans boarded an open car for some beach near by, possibly hired a bathing suit, and took a dip, or had dinner at some big hotel. To-day it had seemed too warm for even that, and he had stayed at his boarding-house stretched

on the narrow bed in his room, amidst a confusion of newspapers. He got up about five, dressed himself carefully, and then, hesitating, suddenly thought of Havelock. After all, he would possibly be interested to learn about the success of another. He would enjoy, perhaps, hearing about Paris and seeing the famous portraits. He was more than tired of his small familiar room. He was deathly sick of baked beans and brown-bread. He took his hat and started for the studio.

The elevator left him at the top floor. The door that led into Havelock's room stood open and, a little cautiously, Evans entered the private hall-way. It turned abruptly into a large low room, with dark walls, dim tapestries and oriental rugs. Evans hesitated and stopped short in the doorway when he fully realized that Havelock was entertaining. There were at least fifteen people, mostly women, scattered about, and Evans caught the odor of Russian tea. The scene impressed him—the quiet murmur of low voices, the cool shaded room, the pictures reaching to the ceiling, the few excellent pieces of carved teak-wood, the odor of tea, and Havelock standing before a large portrait on an easel, talking in his careless assured way to an elderly woman who scrutinized the picture through gold lorgnettes. Evans turned to go quietly and unnoticed, when suddenly Havelock glanced up and saw him. He left the woman abruptly.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "Evans, as I'm alive!" Havelock grasped Evans first by the shoulder, then took his hand. "Glad to see you. Great! Come in."

"No, no, not now," Evans expostulated. "I'll come some time when you're alone. I didn't know about — this."

"Oh, you've got to stay," Havelock went on genially. "You see we're hard up for men. Nothing, anyway, but a little exhibition. Come in and meet the people."

Evans was finally impressed with Havelock's sincere lack of anything snobbish. Before he could object he found himself drawn from out of his cave and in the very midst of the things he had looked at from afar. He wondered how he would be able to speak a language he had only carefully studied, how it would be to practice customs and manners that he had but observed.

"I just caught Evans at the door as he was leaving,"—Havelock was speaking to a woman in black who presided at the low

tea-table—"but I told him—" He broke off suddenly. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Leland, Mr. Evans," he threw in carelessly, "I told him he must stay for a cup of tea."

Mrs. Leland looked up smiling. "Don't tell me," she said, "you prefer it iced, for that is being served by Mrs. Rice in the other room." Havelock moved away. "If you stayed only for a cup of tea," Mrs. Leland went on, "I see I must make it quite to your taste."

"Oh, the tea," Evans said, speaking for the first time, "was only a device, and so I think I will take it as it is served *here*." He was surprised, even himself, at the ease with which he spoke.

Mrs. Leland smiled again. "Oh, thank you," she said with perfect good taste, not passing by nor ignoring, but graciously receiving his very apparent tribute. She turned to a tall, slight girl standing at her left. "Mr. Evans," she said, "I want you to meet Miss Foster."

The girl stood a little in the shadow. She held a cup of tea nicely in her white-gloved hand. "How do you do?" she said, and raised a thin wafer to her lips. "And what do you think of the portrait?" she asked.

"Do you know," Evans replied, "I haven't seen it as yet. I'm having my tea first." He took the cup and saucer from Mrs. Leland and moved over toward Miss Foster. He inwardly flattered himself at the ease with which he did this. He had not observed for nothing. There was a certain sophisticated air even in the slow nonchalant way he stirred the tea with the absurdly small spoon, and in the precise manner that he laid it in the saucer.

The girl raised the wafer again to her lips. "Have you been here before?" she said. "And isn't it attractive? It has such an air of coolness to it."

"Yes," Evans agreed, "and I should imagine in winter such an air of warmth."

"I suppose," replied the girl, in her low, cultured voice, that's the secret—the art in it—I mean that it suits all seasons." She spoke in a slow, fearless way. It wasn't that she talked much or cleverly, but so surely and so correctly. Evans appreciated every point, the cool simplicity of her loose white gown, the neat severity of the small hat, the studied absence of a single jewel. He liked the paleness of her eyes, the slight suggestion of color in her cheeks, the whiteness of her forehead with the

indistinct tracings of light blue veins on the delicate temples. Oh, he could pick her from afar as one of the true elect. He could hardly realize that he was talking personally and socially to such an one. When we—some of us—for the first time look down in the Roman Forum, it is hard for us to believe that we are actually viewing the very spot we have read so much about. It was so with Evans. For a moment he almost wondered if he were indeed awake.

He placed his empty cup on the table. "May I take yours?" he offered.

"If you will," she said, and smiled ever so slightly. Just that he took her cup meant much to Evans. It was, somehow, this friendly intercourse with a woman—so tremendously different from measuring off silk for her. "Thank you," the girl went on as he returned to her. "Have you seen these sketches?" She picked up a book from a table near by. "Mr. Havelock did them in Paris. They're really very clever."

"No, I haven't," replied Evans. Will you sit here and look at them with me?"

They moved to a low seat in a dim corner and sat down side by side. The book was large and they laid it open before them, one cover resting in the girl's lap, the other on Evans' knees. They sat there together perhaps fifteen minutes. They were completely alone. The people and the buzz of voices seemed to hide them away. The drowsy heat of the late summer afternoon seemed to cast about them a heavy shroud.

Suddenly the girl started to rise. "Oh, I am so sorry," she said, "I had forgotten. You haven't seen the portrait."

"Oh, the portrait!" Evans replied, and there was a world of meaning in the way he spoke.

The girl was quite silent for a full half-minute, then she sighed wearily. "Let's look the book through again, then," she said quite low, and laughed a little brokenly.

Evans went back to his shabby room as in a dream. He hardly knew what had happened. He felt a new, terrible disgust at the sight of the tossed, untidy bed, the cheap, shiny furniture, the brass-trimmed chiffonier, the commode, with its abundance of gray-white crockery. He hated as never before the smell of onions that came up from the kitchen. It was hard to crawl back again into the cave, when all worth having was being left behind. Evans sat a long while by the open window

biting the inside of his under lip in his dogged way, looking straight ahead with his steady gaze. But he did not hear the usual summer-evening confusion, the music of a wandering hurdy-gurdy, the children playing in the streets below, the pounding out of college songs on a new piano next door. He was thinking of the tall, slight girl. He was seeing her through the heavy lace curtains in her rich home, seeing her in some low-lighted drawing-room with its heavy hangings and soft deep carpets. A harsh bell near by struck the hour of eleven. Evans started. The hour for her would be struck by the deep, full strokes of a carved clock in the hall. It seemed, as it never had before, wonderfully sweet to Evans—the land without the cave.

Evelyn Foster had left the studio, wondering, and smiling vaguely. A carriage was not waiting for her at the door. She had walked swiftly down Boylston Street and taken, at Park Square, the Subway. She had changed twice; had at last gotten off at the corner of a narrow, squalid street; walked two blocks, past two empty lots that were used for depositing rubbish, and finally had arrived at the door of a four-storied mud-colored frame house. She had climbed three flights of stairs, and at last had wearily flung open a door that led into a combination of kitchen and dining-room, where her family were gathered for supper. There were ten of them, and they all looked up as Evelyn entered. She stood a moment with her white-gloved hand still on the door, then sank into a straight-backed chair by her side.

"Sausages!" she said, "how can you eat them?" and she rose and went into a small back room.

She returned a little later dressed in a loose muslin wrapper. The family, the ten of them—they were all ages from eight to twenty—were just leaving the table. They went away, most of them, out-of-doors for the evening. Evelyn stood silently by the window.

"Ain't you goin' to eat anything?" her father asked.

"No, I couldn't. I've had something anyway—a cup of tea."

"Where you been, Evelyn?" her mother called from the dusk. "That dress is just grand on you. I guess you're glad it didn't suit Miss—whoever it was. And you gettin' it dirt cheap. Goodness, but I couldn't tell you from one of the real swells." Evelyn smiled her faint aristocratic smile. "I guess,"

the older woman went on, "you could catch any one of them rigged up the way you was when you came in." Evelyn frowned and turned away.

The bell on the wall rang twice, sharply. Evelyn moved to the speaking tube. "It is for me," she explained, "I know the ring. Hello," she called. "You, Sally, isn't it? Yes, I am here. Come up. I'm wild to see you. Come up." She stepped into the hall and stood waiting at the top of the long flight of stairs. A moment, and Sarah—a plain, shabby little thing in black—hastened up to her. Evelyn caught her excitedly by both hands and pressed her to the wall.

"O, Sally," she said, "I'm so glad you've come. What do you think? Something wonderful has happened to me."

"What is it *now*?" Sally panted open-eyed.

"I've—I've been to a very select tea in Mr. Havelock's studio. I've been talking to them all, the art critics, the Boston blue-bloods, and—I've met—Oh, Sally, sit down." It seemed scarcely possible that this was the girl of the afternoon. She had been, a few hours before, such a pronounced type of reserve, calm, serenity. She pulled Sally down on the top stair. "Do you understand, Sally? I've been to the real thing!"

"Do you mean the studio," the girl asked, "where Annie Monahan works, dusts, and keeps things straight?"

"Yes, yes. I went, of course, to see Annie and help her a little after the people had gone, so she could get out early with me. I went unnoticed right into the little back room where she was washing some tea-cups as I have done before, and when she saw me—I had on, you know, that white French-embroidered linen that I showed you, the one Miss Crittenden refused to take because the sleeves were a little too short—well, when Annie saw me she said, 'Evelyn, go to the exhibition,' and—well—I went!"

"You went? You dared?" gasped Sally.

"I knew I was looking well. I haven't worked in the dress-making department in one of the best houses in town not to know when a woman looks well. I'm just Miss Crittenden's figure and the dress fitted perfectly. I wore my white hat—you know the one I copied from a French model, and—well—Sally—there wasn't a flaw. I knew it, so *that* gave me assurance. I just sailed in and stood perfectly still and composed before a large picture of an old woman selling flowers. I just stood

there alone among all the people and pretty soon Mr. Havelock came up to me. 'Well, do you like it?' he said. I wasn't a bit scared. I waited a moment and then told him I did, immensely. 'Did you do it in Paris?' I asked, and then I was safe. He said he knew he ought to know my name, but it had, somehow, left him, and I laughed good-naturedly, as they do, and told him. And, my dear, he then presented me to Mrs. Leland and some others, too, and I never was more perfectly at ease. Oh, I haven't been about when the rich women come for their fittings for nothing. And when I was sent to their big houses to put them into their ball-gowns I haven't kept my eyes closed. I know all their little ways. You don't have to talk much, just be silent, and composed, that's all. You don't have to be clever, just at ease, and very good-looking, and low voiced, and always—*always* serene. I was afraid I might meet some of our customers, but I didn't. Everything was perfect. There wasn't a slip. Oh," she said breaking off suddenly, "you don't know how I hate it here. It doesn't seem that I can endure the barrier that keeps me from the people with whom I am so much more at home."

Sally pressed her hand. They sat a moment in silence looking down the narrow stairway, listening to the peevish cry of a baby in the tenement below. "Yes," Sally said, "I see that you were born on the wrong side of the fence."

"I won't care so much," Evelyn spoke as if to herself, "just so I don't fall in love with some one on the other side."

"But you don't want to fall in love with any one on *this* side?"

"No, you're right, Sally, I couldn't bear that. Oh, Sally, there was a man there this afternoon—now don't think I'm silly—it wasn't that he said anything. They don't—cultured people. It somehow all lay in something hidden. We looked at a sketch-book together—that was all."

"That was all, Evelyn?"

"Yes, but we—you wouldn't understand—but we looked it through twice."

Sally again was silent and then, "You're terribly queer, Evelyn," she said.

Evelyn rose. She had heard the long ring of the cheap alarm-clock in the kitchen. "Who would have thought it—eleven o'clock," she said, "and time for father to start for the

store. Did you know he had got a steady job there now as one of the night-watchmen? I must hurry and pack his lunch."

At the same hour Monday morning Evans and Evelyn Foster entered the same department store through different doors, and just as Evans was folding the long linen covers that protected the glass cases in the men's furnishing department, Evelyn, three flights up, in the work-room of the dress-making department was tying on her black work-apron.

It was a hot, sultry day, a day when the stores are empty and devoid of people, when the clerks gather in groups behind the counters and wearily wait for the gong to strike the noon or the evening hour. But in the dress-making department they were all busy. They were rushing on a wedding order that must be completed that night.

"Girls, I'm sorry on such a hot day, but you'll some of you have to stay overtime, I'm afraid—an hour or so," said the woman at the head of the department. "We've got to finish the order. Of course, we all can't work on the same two gowns. There are just the two to finish. But Miss Foster, could you remain?"

Evelyn nodded. "Yes, I'll stay," she said, and drew a long breath. She was a fast worker, one of the trimmers. She was valuable in her originality of piecing together lace, of creating designs out of braid by the yard. She rose and took a drink of water, dashed a little in her face, and went back to her work. She was very tired and very warm when she left at about half-past eight. She could hardly bear the thought of the squalid street, the mud-colored tenement house and the hot kitchen at the top. And she was something more than just tired. She was a little unhappy, for she had thought all day of the wonderful fifteen minutes on the Saturday before. The land beyond the wall had seemed tremendously alluring. But she had seen no gate through which to pass.

She entered a restaurant and sat down alone at one of the tables. It was almost nine o'clock, but there were yet people scattered here and there, and Evelyn was too tired to go immediately home. She wearily laid her gloves down near the wall and then tucked a stray strand of hair beneath her hat.

"A bottle of ginger ale and a club-sandwich," she ordered, and raised a glass of water to her lips.

Suddenly she felt that some one was standing opposite her.

She glanced up, and saw Evans. She did not start nor blush, but set the glass down quite composedly, and smiled.

"Good evening," he said, "would it be quite too rude of me to sit here?"

"I wish you would," Evelyn began, a little confused, "because you can't know quite how alone I feel—and it's so queer being here in such a place," she finished, triumphantly. Evans sat down opposite her. "You must think it strange," she recommenced, turning her glass around slowly and not looking up, "that I am here. I hardly know what poor mother would say, but I've been on such a search all the afternoon, and no carriage, and nothing to eat, and we live so far out. So you see I threw all conventionality to the winds, and came in here."

Evans liked a great deal sitting opposite her in this easy, natural way. "I'm glad you did, or I might have quite lost you forever," he laughed. He liked, somehow, finding her a little weary, a little crumpled, not quite so immaculate and unapproachable. He liked the slight confusion of her explanation. That an explanation to him was necessary at all, somehow contained a subtle compliment that he appreciated. It made him feel more the master of himself on the unfamiliar ground.

"What do you think I've ordered," she laughed, "such plebian food—ginger ale, and a club sandwich!"

"That suits me perfectly. I'll be ordering the same, if I may," he laughed back. The good manners of this did not escape Evelyn. She loved, just then, more than ever, the culture and ease of those beyond the dividing wall.

They talked longer than either supposed—genially, gaily, later a little seriously, and finally subtly, so that each sentence seemed to mean more than it actually expressed, and each thought the other knew not of the barrier between. Neither knew that the other would later that night sit a long time thinking bitterly of the impassable wall. They remained long after they had finished the ginger ale, Evelyn with her hands clasped on the table, Evans looking straight at her with his steady eyes, and his mouth set in its peculiar way. They were again so alone, so protected by the glare of light and change of people. Suddenly they heard a clock strike. They counted it off silently together.

"Eleven!" Evelyn started.

Evans did not move, but continued looking straight at her.

His mouth twitched a little before he spoke. "I was thinking of you," he said, in a suppressed voice, "at just this hour—at eleven—Saturday, after I met you. I had been thinking of you all the evening. I remember the clock striking the hour."

Evelyn let her gaze be drawn by his steady eyes, and then seemed, somehow, to snatch it away suddenly. "Were you?" she said, and, as if against her will, her gaze returned to him. She passed the back of her hand a little dazedly across her eyes, and then looking away—quite far away—she began to speak to him. "And I was thinking of you. I remember the clock, at just eleven, seemed somehow to—wake me up."

His eyes did not leave her face. He wondered a little at himself, that he dared silently to scrutinize her so. His close gaze took in everything, the sweep of the long downcast lashes, the pale, transparent cheeks, a little moist just beneath the eyes, like a warm child's, the strand of hair loose on her temple.

She reached and took her gloves, swept her glance by him as if she could not trust her gaze with him, and pushed back her chair. "Come, let us go," she said, very low, and something in the fact that she said just that meant to Evans that she felt too much to trust herself with saying more, or staying longer.

They went out into the street silently. They had but a little time before been wonderfully gay, talkative, unconventional; but now, in some way, they seemed subdued, as if something had been really said or done.

"I will call a carriage for you," Evans announced quietly.

"Thank you," she replied in the same low voice.

"And take you home—if you will allow me," he went on.

It seemed to Evelyn that she must not let him discover now her identity. She would prefer to ride silently away in the dark and never see him again, rather than that he should come unexpectedly and unpreparedly against the wall that she believed divided them. "Pardon me," she began, "but—I would rather—I think I will go alone," she finished. She knew that he would believe, as he did, that she said this with the same reason that she had said, "Come, let us go."

He helped her carefully into the carriage, and took her hand formally. "Good night. What address shall I give the driver?"

Evelyn had not thought of this difficulty. "Oh, I—what address?" She floundered a little, but found her course in a

minute. "I've surely time—and I must do it. This girls' club work! But I must—it's only just eleven," she went on to herself, as if considering the question, and then, "I've an errand I must do before I go home," she announced, and gave the street and number of the mud-colored house.

Evans watched the carriage out of sight, then turned and walked thoughtfully away. It might usually have struck him as strange that such a girl should sit for two hours in a middle-class restaurant with a man she knew but slightly, and should then drive off alone at eleven o'clock, although on mission work—it might usually have struck him as strange, but it did not tonight. He was so impressed with her good taste and perfect manners, so sure of the circle from which she came, that he was blind now to any impropriety in her. He felt now, terribly, the weight of his position in life, and as plainly as ever the impossibility of ever rising. He walked back the entire way to his stuffy boarding-house, ever seeing Evelyn Foster in the atmosphere of culture and wealth, which, while it held her from him, cast about her a tint of rose-color. She was to him like a sea-anemone—wonderful, beautiful in its pool of crystal water—but grasp it, bring it out into the air and it becomes nothing but a wet, slimy mass of common seaweed. Evans could see Evelyn Foster only in the rich surroundings of a wealthy home, and she was to him mysteriously beautiful.

Evelyn found Sally waiting for her on the small downstairs piazza. She dismissed the carriage, and then turned and clasped Sally close. "Oh, Sally," she said, "I—listen—the worst has happened. I've found him. But he is, as I feared, on the other side of the wall."

The following week Evans took his old stand behind the silk-counter to fill the place of one of the regular clerks who was away, ill. He watched the swinging door fearfully, lest at any time she, about whom he thought so much, might enter and discover him. He wondered if he did not almost wish she would. For he felt a little like a hunted convict, and ready, he believed, to give himself up. He had let her go that night without keeping with him a trace of her, except a distinct memory of her distinguished, finely-cut features, her perfect grace. He had tried to satisfy himself with but the memory; he had tried to let her ride quietly away without pursuing, but somehow the realization that she still lived and breathed, that she still

smiled, spoke, was irresistible. Evans determined that morning, as he stood watching the plate-glass doors swing to and fro, that he would go in the evening to Havelock's studio. He would find out her full name and the address of her home. He did not think of the consequences, of the outcome. He thought only of her, who stood so entirely before him that she hid all behind and beyond.

"Have you more of this? We want three more yards in the dress-making department." There stood before him a tall, slight girl, wearing a black work-apron with scissors tied at the side, and, protecting the sleeves of her white waist, pieces of brown paper held on by rubber bands.

He took the sample from her hand. "More of this?" he repeated.

At the sound of his voice, Evelyn looked up, surprised. Immediately their eyes met, and at the same instant they recognized each other.

"You?" Evelyn sank down on the revolving stool. She laughed confusedly, for the first time with him losing her poise. Evans, seeing her suddenly as she was, with all the mysterious atmosphere he had cast about her swept away, felt, somehow, that his image of her in its terrible fall had broken into quite irreparable bits. And Evelyn, at last plainly seeing Evans beside her on the same side of the impassable wall, realized that, after all, the great charm for her had lain in the alluring land in which she thought he moved.

Evans laughed shortly, and measured off the silk. "Three yards?" he asked.

"Yes, three. Charge to the dress-making department. Thank you," she replied, and moved away.

After she had gone, Evans stood a moment quite still, watching her till she was out of sight, then turned and slipped the roll of silk carefully back onto its shelf.

Evelyn rang for the elevator and waited. Both were smiling a little curiously. For, after all, they had been to one another but sea-anemones.

OLIVE CHAPIN HIGGINS.

LOVE IN AMBUSH

Martine, the time of wandering has come,
Lay by your long seam, catch your ruffles high.
Some lovers hide from least moonshine, but some
Endure a third fond lover—sun in sky!

Martine, the street is loud with afternoon,
The beggar and the bargainer, and feel!
The walks hum out the blood-hot undertune
Of every light or lagging sole and heel.

Martine, come quickly through the blazing street,
Come quickly even past the wind-stroked lawns.
White lilac by the old eaves may be sweet,
And flaming quince may flaunt its flow'rs and thorns.

But there's a meadow by a river side,
And there are mountains, and a dappled sky,
And faint new green of elms, far-off, and wide
With meadow majesty; and farther, lie

The pleasant-distanced village spires, pricked white
Between their clouded, stirring, amber-green;
And there, a fairy orchard; there, the flight
Of love-loud, red-winged blackbirds. Come, Martine!

Come out, across the creaking, endless bridge
Where strange, smooth, river waters' bands and bars
Swim pale below, across the windy ridge,
Done bare of grass, hot brown with branded scars.

Come down the little road; come down, Martine.
There lies your kingdom, as I told it you.
Ah, could you guess that line of slender green
Where, in the pines, the maples quiver through?

Martine, come early through the fern-vexed grass,
Come slowly through the little meadow-wind.
Here you may queen it, while the cloud-shapes pass—
May kiss and knight all violets you find.

Here we will sit. Forget the long, white seam,
Forget the dust and passion of the street.
For once in Paradise all men must dream.
This Paradise of ours is very sweet!

Martine, I ask it, have you jealousy
 That I had loved this world ere ever you?
 I cannot offer love flung first and free;
 I cannot call your eyes the utmost blue.

Martine, what matters it? Bend down the grass,
 See there, the blackbird's gay, adroit escape—
 And yonder in the river's bubbled glass,
 The wavering willow's sunny golden shape.

Martine, beloved, you forgive it me,
 Your handclasp is forgiveness. Ah, but lean
 That I may search your eyes. Yes, laugh! I see
 My first beloved is your own, Martine!

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS.

THE VIRGIN OF ST. BRIENC

"Au dehors souffle un vent glacé"—Cécile sang as she clambered up the little spiral path to the hilltop. The midsummer sky, and the wheat fields dappled with scarlet poppies, gave her the lie direct, but she went on blissfully unconscious of the fact. On top of the hill stood the Virgin of St. Brienc. Not even the nuns in the convent could tell you exactly how long the Virgin has stood there, but she is of marble, which is perennially young. Perhaps her youth was what made her appeal to Cécile, for she was very young, too—about twenty, perhaps—broad-shouldered and strong, with skin through which the color seemed to glow from depths beneath, and blue eyes that met you fearlessly. The strange part about the virgin is that she appeals not only to the young or old but to people of all ages and stations. The wives of the fishers confide in her when a new little baby is going to be born in one of the red-roofed houses on the crooked, cobble-stoned streets, and the good sisters, in their white habits and starched flaring head-dresses, leave tending St. Brienc's well in the convent at the foot and tell her their rosaries, and incidentally their trials and disappointments, and the strangers from over the sea sit at her feet with the fields of wheat and poppies around them and tell her more things than some of them would like to admit. The wives of the fishers call her "Marie mère," which to them is the most beautiful word in the world, and the good sisters call her "la sante Vierge," which to them conveys far more distinction; the

strangers call her nothing at all, but through their thoughts floats something about "Thou, too, wast a stranger in a strange land." The Virgin listens to them all and keeps their secrets. Cécile will tell you that, if you climb at night to the hilltop and count the stars, you will hear her croon to the baby in her arms. Once she bent down and touched the head of one who sat at her feet, and the hand was not of marble, but warm and soft and moist to the touch. This was not the only time the Virgin has laid aside her marble coldness. There was the night of the great storm, when she was seen holding the child high in the air and the light which streamed from their heads guided more than one vessel through the rocks in safety. Then, too, there was the night—but you will hear about that later.

"Cécile does not come—I wonder what keeps her. She has stayed away from us a deal of late—Jacques Lefèvre!"

"Tais-toi! Jacques Lefèvre has no more to do with it than you or I. It's the little one with the hurt back."

*"Dépouille toute la nature,
Au seuil d' un hivers trop presse."*

Cécile, a trifle breathless but undaunted, finished up the verse. I could not come any earlier because of François. He is worse and my aunt has been sent for by her brother at Brest."

"You are very good to the child," said one of the girls. "I should be afraid to be left alone with him. Sometimes when I have passed the house I have heard him groan, and —"

A shade passed over Cécile's face. "No, I am not good to him," she said. "At night, when he cries, I go out on the doorstep. Why should I stay? It does him no good to have me in the room. I send Nanette away, too."

"And who sits with you on the doorstep? The other night, when I was going past with mère Gabelle to get new yarn at the shop she said to me, 'The bells will be ringing soon for Cécile and Jacques Lefèvre.'"

Cécile took up the holiday vest she was mending. "You are foolish, Elise," she said contemptuously. "Jaques is no more in love with me than he is with you. It is true he dances with me at the fêtes, but he is not ready for a wife yet."

The brows of the other flickered and her eyes grew narrow. "You seem very sure"—she began, and then stopped.

"Well," put in another quickly, "from what I have seen of Jacques I should doubt whether he ever will find a wife. He is too self-satisfied. He cares nothing for the society of women."

"Is that so!" broke in Elise. "I happen to know that he has had more love affairs than any other man on the coast, and I wish the woman that gets him joy of her bargain. He believes that he loves, can think of ten pretty names a minute, and then — brut!"

"Elise is thinking of the time about three years ago when she set her cap for him. It was very ridiculous. He tired of it in a few days."

This was whispered in a low tone, but it was just such whispers Elise was expecting, and her eyes flashed. Before she could speak, however, the homeliest girl in the group, one whose crooked nose could not pervert an expression of supreme good humor, leaned forward and pointed to the Virgin.

"Look you!" she said, "the Virgin's hill is no place for quarrels. See! she is looking very sad."

It must be confessed that the Virgin was gazing at the horizon with the usual far-away expression, and the conversation drifted into other channels.

Cécile went home before the rest. She had finished her mending, and there was supper to get for her father and the children.

Cécile's mother had died ten years ago, when François was born. Cécile had been at her aunt's at the time—the same aunt who had since come to live with them, but had lately been called away to help her brother in the little shop at Brest. She was a good woman, this tante Toinette, kind of heart, sharp of tongue, injudicious in the extreme, but devoted body and soul to her eldest niece. Her one idea for the happiness of Cécile was to see her speedily married to the likeliest young man on the coast. The likeliest young man on the coast was a variable. Sometimes it was Pierre Lescant, a wiry, dark, little man with an overweening sense of his own importance. Sometimes it was clumsy and blundering Jean Gabelle, who never knew when he was in the way. Cécile never even took the trouble to argue with her aunt. She simply went her way and put herself to no pains whatever to captivate the young men of the village. Whenever the aunt's soul had been particularly tried by her behavior she would say, "I do not know what will become of you. You are made of stone!" and Cécile would wonder and perhaps come to the conclusion that she was.

"Good day, Cécile, may I walk along with you?" Jacques

Lefèvre was standing on the road at the foot of the hill as Cécile came down the path.

"Good day, aren't you home early from the fishing?"

"Early? well yes, it is early." Jacques was obviously embarrassed, and still more obvious was it that he had something on his mind.

Cécile looked at him curiously, and into her mind popped the words of mère Gabelle, "The bells will be ringing soon for Cécile and Jacques Lefèvre." She liked Jacques, but she was suddenly conscious of a tremendous unresponsiveness.

"How is François?" he began.

"François is worse," said Cécile simply. "One of the good sisters and Nanette are staying with him. I could not stay there any longer."

"It is wrong, all wrong," he burst out, "for you to have so much to endure. Oh, Cécile, will you let me tell you what I have wanted to say for so long? I can't bear to have you living always in the shadow of pain and sickness; you will have no life of your own. I want to take you away. I want you to marry me. The others will take care of François. It is making you sad. You are not the gay Cécile of two years ago. Come, sit here on the wall with me." There was a note of mingled command and pleading in his voice, and where were the pretty speeches of which Elise had spoken? He started to draw Cécile towards him, but she pushed him back. Just then the sound of laughter and chattering came down the hillside, and with it the group of village girls headed by Elise. They stopped and whispered to each other, and Elise threw a saucy nod over her shoulder at the two and passed on up the road. Cécile watched her back disappear behind the curve of the convent wall, and the feeling of unresponsiveness grew.

"Elise is very pretty," she said.

Jacques bit his lip. "Are you going to answer me? You must answer me. You and I have always been friends ever since we were children, and now I want more."

"You must not ask me for more," said Cécile, and her voice shook. "I believe in you, Jacques, but I could never marry you. Come, I must go home and get supper for father and the children. We will walk home together as if nothing had happened." They walked on up the road, past the convent and into the town. At Cécile's doorstep they parted without a word.

The next day the news was all over St. Brienc that Jacques Lefèvre had asked Cécile to marry him, and she had refused.

The house seemed very dark as Cécile stepped inside. She went on tiptoe into the front room. In an alcove stood a trundle-bed in which lay François. A white nun was kneeling before the yellow and blue pottery virgin on the table in the corner. When Cécile stumbled on the sill she got up quickly and put her finger on her lips. Cécile stumbled out again. Something clutched at her heart, and there was a fullness in her throat. The nun followed her.

"I have something to tell you," she said. "You must know that the child is very ill?"

"I know," said Cécile. "Is he going—"

"Yes," said the good sister. "We all must bear these things, mon enfant. Birth and death are in the hands of the women."

For the next few weeks Cécile could remember nothing but her own uselessness. The white nuns ruled the house, and Cécile tried in a dull way to be of use to her father and Nanette. They felt that a change had taken place in her, although they could not have analyzed it and put it into words. The sight of the bare physical reality of death had set the blood stirring in the marble statue; Cécile was a woman.

François was buried the day that the young men of the village sailed away for the winter fishing. Cécile kept her eyes on the ground, lest the sight of a sail on the horizon should provoke her thoughts to wander. Her religion was not one to allow emptiness, but the world seemed strangely blank. Only mothers can love like a mother, but, since her Aunt Toinette had gone, almost a mother's love had sprung up in her heart for François. She gave the money her father had given her from time to time to the priest for masses, and she clung to Nanette in a way that had never seemed possible before. Often they went hand in hand to the Virgin's hilltop, and sometimes when they looked out to sea Cécile would imagine that she saw a certain sail. She was not in the least sentimental or morbid, but, in those days after the shock, the knowledge that she cared for Jacques was growing up within her. She laughed and chatted with the other girls of the village, and was one of the foremost in helping Elise get ready to go to Guérande, to live with her married sister.

When Jacques came back from the fishing he stayed in St.

Brienc only a few days. His mother said that he had gone to work in the salt fields at Guérande, and every time she was called upon to give this piece of information a black look would travel in the direction of the house where Cécile lived.

One cloudy evening, when Cécile and Nanette were sitting on the doorstep, Mme. Lefèvre stopped on her way down the street. "Good evening, it looks a little stormy," she began. "Have you heard the news?"

"No, madame, we have little news of late."

"My son writes to you from time to time, does he not? I thought he might have told you the news even before his mother. Its the way with you young people."

"Is Jacques to be married, madame, or what can be the great news?" said Cécile.

"So Elise Lescant has written. I am expecting a letter from him any day, but he is so clumsy with his pen, poor boy! The good sisters used to say there's not a smarter child in the school, but his interest all lies in when he will be allowed to go to sea with his father. Well, I must go. Elise thought you might be interested to know, so I stopped to tell you."

Mme. Lafèvre walked on, her stiff white coif rustling as she went. Cécile sat very still. Mme. Lefèvre did not say that the only letter she had received said that Jacques might arrive in St. Brienc any time that day.

"Nanette, it is time for you to go to bed," said Cécile abruptly.

"But, ma sœur, remonstrated Nanette, "the father has not yet come in. It is very early."

"The father may not be home until late, there is a meeting. Men from Paris have come to talk about why the ministere are turning out the good sisters from the convents.

"You forget that I had my sixteenth fête last week. You cannot send me to bed when it is yet light."

"That is true," said Cécile, "but I must leave you. I have a message that I must give to sœur St. Michèle at the convent."

"But you will be caught in the rain. Look! How heavily the clouds are coming up. There is going to be a great storm."

"I shall be back before then. It is only to the convent. There!—kiss me! That is right. Close the window if it rains before I come. You will not be afraid. Eh bien!" And Cécile was off down the crooked street. It was the same route that

she had followed with Jacques that day a little over a year ago. At the convent she stopped. The door was opened by a nun with pink-veined cheeks.

"Are the soldiers coming to drive us out? Speak, child! You are all out of breath. What is the matter?"

"No, it is not that. You must lend me some money. Oh, *ma sœur*, I cannot borrow of any one in the town. They would ask me questions. I must take a railway journey to-night. You must not ask me where. Lend me a twenty-franc note!"

"I don't think there is so much in the convent. What way are you going? The station is a long way, and the storm—"

"*Ma sœur*, I beg you."

The nun went out of the room, and when she came back she slipped a note into Cécile's hands. "The mother superior sends it to you. I do not know what your need is, *ma mignon*, but I know it is great. If you could only tell *sœur St. Michèle*—" but Cécile was out of the convent and down the road.

The sky was perfectly black now, and gusts of wind swept her along. The rain burst, and she hardly noticed it. There was only one idea in her mind. Somehow she must get to Guérande and speak to Jacques Lefèvre. He must not marry Elise, for she would make him very miserable.

She tried to go across the fields to the station, and lost her way. The sweep of the wind seemed to have words in it, and from time to time she would stop and listen. She was very tired and soaked to the skin. Once she stumbled against a rock, and when she scrambled to her feet there seemed to be a dim, steady light in the distance. The storm was no less violent. There seemed to be a figure standing in the light. Could it be? Yes, it was the Virgin holding the child high above her head. Cécile drew nearer. Once within that circle of light the storm had ceased, and the sound of the wind had changed to a low crooning. She sank down and laid her head on the marble pedestal. It seemed soft as a cushion, and there in the lull of the storm she went to sleep.

Outside voices were calling, not voices of the wind only, but of men. There was one voice in particular among them. If Cécile had heard it she would have realized that the object of her journey had come to her, but she slept on. The circle of light had faded into the gray of early morning when the owner of the voice, after many detours, reached the hilltop.

"La voici !" he shouted.

Cécile sat up and rubbed her eyes. She was very stiff. Jacques strode toward her, and started to help her up.

"We have been searching for you all night," he said. "How do you come to be here?"

"That is for me to ask you," said Cécile. "You are in Guérande at the salt fields, and, oh Jacques," as the thoughts of the night before swept over her, "you must not marry Elise, she will make you unhappy all your life."

"What do you care about my unhappiness?" said Jacques, almost roughly. "You have told me once. But do not let us speak of that! Your father is below. I will take you to him. Can you walk?"

Cécile stood up. "Where is Elise?"

"How should I know?"

"If you are going to marry her you must know!"

"I marry Elise! Impossible! I have not even seen her for weeks."

"But the letter—your mother—"

"I don't understand. I have never been going to marry Elise."

"I am glad it is not true."

"Glad, Cécile, do you mean—"

"Your mother is a very wise woman. She understands hearts, but she has made me suffer."

"Are you going to answer my question now?"

"You may ask it," said Cécile.

And the Virgin, who always sympathizes with her people, held the baby close in her arms as Cécile and Jacques walked down the hillside.

CANDACE THURBER.

SKETCHES

IF

If your name were Phyllida,
And you called me Joan,
We would have a wild-wood hut,
Mossed and overgrown.

Lovingly and sisterly
We would laugh and live,
Taking what the dawn of day
And the dusk might give.

We would have a garden green
By the small brook's edge.
You could tend the red rose-tree—
I weed out the sedge!

Up against our damp green walls
Ivy vine should reach,
And a purple lilac tree,
And a pink-bloomed peach.

All the turtle-doves should come
Cooing to our hand ;
All the wild bees poise and hum
In our blossom-land.

When the starshine pierced the boughs,
And the thrush fell still,
We would loiter hand in hand
Up the dewy hill.

Fairy men and fairy maids
Dancing far away,
Fire-fly lantern, herald moth—
All the court of Fey.

No elf-urchin should disturb ;
We should never meet
One least, silly, timid snake
Slipping past our feet.

We would come to sleep at last,
Lying side by side,
With a star and thin new moon
Through the window wide.

Hand in hand, and dream in dream.
Till the yellow dawn,
Till the thrush sang up again
Past the hoary lawn.

We would dream of nights and days
Even as our own,
If your name were Phyllida,
And you called me Joan!

Sister Betty has one chief fault. She is a girl. All the rest of her shortcomings may be put under this main head. In the first place it is because she is a girl,

Remedied Retaliations that her influence over her father is so extraordinary, I guess, whereas, in the second, nothing could be more feminine than her view of horses. She considers them in no way beasts of burden, but pleasant rocking chairs to convey pretty ladies through the parks on shady days. It may seem a peculiar combination of characteristics to mention together, the fact that Betty can manipulate father so easily around her little finger, and that to her the horse is a noble beast, never by any chance to be ridden out of a walk, yet it was just this combination which caused all the trouble.

Betty came floating in to breakfast late one morning as usual. She kissed the top of father's bald head, which almost made him upset his coffee cup with his newspaper, but which distinctly gave him pleasure. Then she sat down, all pink silk, lace, and severity. She looked across the table at me sternly.

"Jim," she said, "the black was covered with foam when you got in this morning. You'll ride that horse to death yet."

"I suppose you'd like to let him out to kids at twenty-five cents an hour to walk half a block," I replied.

She ignored this completely.

"I looked out of the window on the drive-way and saw you come back," she remarked, paying no attention to her chop, but adjusting her elbow sleeves to a more becoming angle, "and

I've never seen such a sight as the dear old black. He might just have come out of the wash-tub, for he looked as if he were covered with soap-suds. I think it's wicked."

"Dear sister," I said, and yet, as I recall it my tone was not affectionate, "it is only with an effort that I find it possible to believe that you were wide enough awake when I returned to have any idea that I was doing so, much less to be able to judge of the condition of a sparrow, and far less of a horse."

"James," said my father, lowering his paper and gazing at me with the electric sparks in his eyes which sometimes appear when he observes me under certain displeasing circumstances, "pray don't consider that your going to college in the fall gives you the privilege of addressing your sister in any such way."

"He'll kill that black yet, father," said Betty. "This isn't the first time I've spoken of it."

For some reason I lacked that morning the peculiar, polite finesse of manner useful in dealing with one's family. Betty was too provokingly the elder sister in all that pink stuff, and father always does side with her, anyway. So I turned in my chair a little and laughed, contemplating them both with an easy air of ridicule, I must confess, as I slowly said,

"Would to heaven it were the last time you'd speak of it."

My father brought his hand down on the table with an air which he wears sometimes in the court room, when he says to a prisoner, "You are charged with selling liquor without a license. Ten dollars fine or thirty days' imprisonment." His tone was just as calm, as judicial and impersonal. "Under the circumstances you will not ride the black for the present," he said.

"Oh, father!" began Betty.

"It will be better so, my dear," said father.

Then I walked from that room without another look at either of them, and straight up to my den. I'm no child, and they had better stop acting as if I was. It made me mad, and besides, the black trots faster than any other horse in the country can gallop. I sat contemplating the wall-paper until my mind got all a blank. But after a while an idea came into it. It was when I heard Betty imparting over the phone the information that she'd be in that evening.

"Yes, Dalton," she said, and the idea bloomed in my brain! Not that Dalton isn't an all-right fellow. He is that, and a whole sight nicer than some of the men that hang around the

house. Now he's often done some of my algebra for me, while he's been waiting for Betty. I've seen him play ball, too. He never takes a base-ball field for a bowling alley, and don't you forget it. He is all right, but it had to be he, because Betty likes him better than any of the others, I think, and the idea was founded on the basic principle, as my Latin teacher says, of making Betty wish I had the black to ride, to give me something to do out of the house.

That night I went out on the fire-escape. It's one of father's theories that we must have fire-escapes, so there are two, one on each side of the house, and they don't really disfigure it as much as you'd think, because they are all covered with vines and give something the effect of balconies. The one I was on opens from the window on the landing of the stairs. It was pitch dark in the hall. In New Jersey we don't light many lights in the summer, that is to say, we don't welcome mosquitoes, even if they should come. I raised the screen, and then sat down on the fire-escape and waited. It was cool there, and not unpleasant. I had with me a heavy sofa cushion with a long silk ruffle, but I was not sitting on it, I had another purpose for it. I merely sat and thought. Father had gone off to play whist somewhere, and Betty was upstairs where she'd been putting the last touches to a fluffy toilette for about an hour. She and Dalton usually sit out on the porch, where there's a light with a red shade on it, which casts a gloomy radiance, admired by Betty.

By and by I heard a step on the front porch. Now my voice is very like hers, and I thought I could risk one word, so as the step came nearer the door I said in as high a soprano as I could manage, "Dalton." Of course he walked right in.

"Betty," he called softly.

I reached my arm in the window, dragged the sofa cushion along the hard wood of the landing, where it made the silken swish which in romances indicates the approach of a lady, and then slid it down the stairs. It bumped down several, and then stopped heavily. The effect was better than I had hoped for. The darkness lent an indefinably pleasant horror. Dalton rushed forward.

"Betty," he cried anxiously, "are you hurt?"

No answer. "Betty—dear—" then "Ah, my dearest," and he leaned over to pick up—the sofa cushion. After a speaking silence he addressed the stair-case.

"Miss Betty," he said, and his tone would have made you forget it was a New Jersey summer, "pardon me, I—your joke alarmed me. I spoke hastily."

Just here I permitted myself one small giggle in a treble key.

"But I meant it," he said very bluntly.

Needless to say, to this I made no answer. I was afraid my voice would assume its natural base quality. But I gave one more little silly laugh which never would have deceived him if he hadn't been very angry. The darkness, too, was decidedly misleading.

"Good night," he called, and went out on the porch. Here he waited a moment. I think he thought she'd call him back, and goodness knows she would have if she hadn't probably at that time been peacefully pinning a white fizzy thing on the back of her collar. He strode on out of the yard, and I went down the fire-escape, ran around back of the house, across the alley to the stable. I went into the black's stall and sat down on his trough and held his head against my knees. He rubbed up against me and executed a fancy waltz step all his own. He does it when he's glad to see me and anxious to get out on the road. I was feeling pretty mean by this time, and I believe I might have gone in and told Betty what I'd done if the black hadn't reminded me that there'd be no ride for me the next morning.

"Don't you care," I said to him, but I did myself. After awhile I went down the alley to the street and came around the corner towards the house, as if I'd been out ever since dinner. There on the porch, trying her eyes under the sad red light, was my sister Betty, devoting herself to literature. Now this is an unusual pursuit for her in the evening.

"Hello," I said, as stiffly as I could, making an effort to act as if I didn't know we were almost quits already.

"Hello, Jim," she answered, but not as if she found me much more interesting than her book, in which she was not just absorbed.

"Nothing doing to-night?" I said agreeably, with a manner which seemed to say I was above bearing malice for the unpleasantness of the morning.

"No," she said. I blinked an interested eye at her book. It was one of James'.

"I find him heavy myself," I said, and went up-stairs to the

den. Here I found I couldn't enjoy the "Rider and Driver"; it seemed personal and the affirmative statements took on a negative meaning when I remembered I was not to ride in the morning. So I spent an entertaining evening with Conan Doyle instead.

The next day Betty didn't come to breakfast at all. She sent down word to father that she had a headache. She is not used to having engagements with her broken, I guess. Besides, that was a poor light for reading. Father was all solicitude, and I was very sympathetic. He thought she ought to have a doctor. I agreed, and added that she doubtless needed a tonic. Then I went out and fed the black some sugar, but it was not pleasant to tell the coachman I wasn't going to ride. So I started on in to do my college algebra. I was tutoring up on it during the summer, for my exams in the fall.

As I went by Betty's door it was open, and I could see the family doctor standing by the bed, writing out a prescription for a tonic. He is an old-fashioned allopath, and I guess Betty won't enjoy it. He was recommending plenty of fresh air and exercise, too. She did look a little pale, because her eyes seemed so red, I guess. Well, up-stairs I got to thinking about that. I hate to have any girl cry, and I began to be afraid Betty had been doing so. She does it rather easily, and I suppose it didn't seem quite like Dalton not to show up at all. Then I started to do algebra, and it reminded me that Dalton once spent thirty minutes trying to explain the Binomial Theorem to me. It didn't seem quite right to have him thinking that Betty threw a sofa cushion down stairs to make him believe she'd slipped, and then wouldn't speak to him. Yet I didn't seem to care to go and tell him about it, much less explain to my sister Betty. It occurred to me that in a few days he might relent and telephone her, which would be worse for me than if they had a speedy explanation at once. This was what ought to be done, only I wasn't going to do it. I concluded that the way would be to have them explain to each other. So I went down to the corner drug store, well out of Betty's hearing, and called up Dalton and told him that Betty had a headache, and so had asked me to say she had an explanation she was anxious to make to him at eight that evening.

Then, realizing that the poem told the truth about the "tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive", I went

back to the house and made my sister a call, regretted her illness, and told her that Dalton had phoned and that I had taken the message, as I knew she was suffering with a headache and would not care to go to the telephone. And that Dalton wanted very much to call at eight to correct any misunderstanding about the date which he said he'd had last evening.

"He can't come," said Betty acidly. "He broke one engagement."

"Better let him," I said, rather anxious that she should after my recent conversation with him.

"Why?" she asked.

"Betty," I answered, seized with a sudden inspiration, "he is in love with you."

"The idea!" she said, looking better. "What makes you think so?"

"Something he said to me once," I replied, and hastily rose to go, refusing to say anything further. Of course he thought he was saying it to her the evening before, but I didn't mention that.

"It would be only right to give him an opportunity to tell me why he didn't come," remarked Betty. I said that I was very sorry, but I had to go to algebra at once.

That night I literally fled from the house at seven o'clock. I spent the evening with Shed Markham, and I did not return till very late, when I entered circumspectly by the fire-escape. The next morning I had decided to cut out breakfast when I heard that we were to have cakes, and I changed my plans. I felt that the reckoning was surely coming anyway, so why miss the cakes? Yet I entered the room with some trepidation. Strange to say, Betty was already down. To my surprise she beamed on me. I cast an anxious glance at father. His newspaper indicated serenity, it was held quietly, showing no signs of agitation. I felt easier.

"Father," said Betty, "I believe you'd better change your mind about Jim and the black. I'm sure if we ask, he won't ride too hard."

"I surely won't," I hastily added.

"Please," said Betty. I gasped and seemed unable to say anything myself.

"Very well," father answered, "only be careful, Jim," and he rose to go down town.

"We don't really need the black here," said Betty. "Perhaps Jim can take him to college in the fall, if he promises not to overwork him." I could hardly believe my ears. I felt that the cakes might be affecting my hearing in some strange way.

"Perhaps it can be arranged," said father, and went out.

"Didn't you tell him?" I cried excitedly.

"No, I didn't," she answered smiling. "You are an awfully bad boy, Jim, but I guess it was some my fault you did it. You were right, though, about what Dalton thinks of me. I'm very happy—and, Jim, I'm sure you can take the black in September."

Then a queer thing happened. I rose and went around the table, and though I wasn't going away or anything like that, I kissed my sister Betty.

LUCIE SMITH LONDON.

BEFORE THE BATTLE

It is begun! and the end we know not,
 Whatever we think we know,
 Though others may reap what they sow not,
 And we never reap what we sow.

It is begun! and the end we fear not,
 Whatever cause is for fear;
 Ours not the fault if the dark clouds clear not,
 Ours is the praise if they clear.

It is begun! and our cause shall die not,
 Whoe'er for its sake may die;
 All, to-night, on the field shall lie not,
 Though there our bravest may lie.

MILDRED WALDRON BENNETT.

IN THE VALLEY

Grant me to hear
 Thy voice o'er the hill
 When the deep night is near;
 To listen awhile till
 I conquer the fear
 Of the strange land, and learn to be still.

Grant me to know
The touch of Thy hand
In the darkness, and so
To be brave, and to stand
Till the call comes to go
From the Valley—alone through the land.
MARY ABBY VAN KLEECK.

During my college course it has been to me a vital question how to attach my name to such articles of apparel as I deemed sufficiently valiant and heart-whole
The Owner—Her Mark to enter the lists against the college laundry.

There is an element of possibility and chance entering into even this humble phase of our routine life—the mathematical could shape a very pretty problem in the theory of limits, should they deal with the variables, (a) Payson's Indelible Ink, (b) Modus operandi of the college laundry.

Laundry day comes to all of us. According to several chapel attendance cards, which have come to my casual notice, this particular aspect of cleanliness bears the palm completely away from godliness. It is a discouraging thing to find one's name too faintly writ upon one's belongings to stand the laundry test once more. If one is in a great, great hurry, a hurry implying a present sense of duty to at least three courses, one is frequently minded to list and consign said faintly marked articles to the laundry quite regardless. A right philosophic spirit this—it reminds one of the Spartan mother, whose son was to return "with his shield or on it"—for as sure as fish day recurs and the continual dropping of the laundry packages is heard again in the corridor, behold your decimated returns! What to you is the knowledge that your departed handkerchiefs and collars have reached Nirvana? Unattached, unconscious impersonality may be a joy to them, but it is a strain upon your altruism.

The men of science and the writers of Manuals of Directions for Lovers treat of a medium called sympathetic ink. It has some points of resemblance to Payson's Indelible—they both disappear. I grant you that Payson's goes in a slower, more Cheshire-like fashion, but on the other hand, once gone, it is hardly to be entreated to return. And the college laundry, unlike the ardent swain, seems loth to woo its reappearance by

heat, cold, chemical, or the like. Truly, there clings little sympathy about the manifestations of Payson's Indelible.

Now it is a matter of weariness of the flesh to operate your Payson's. It implies, (a) a clean pen (and my room-mate is passing careless about keeping a clean one), and (b) a hot iron (and this in turn implies alcohol on the premises or within range of your credit).

Once on a time I had seven articles to mark, and about seven minutes to devote to the proceeding. A clean pen was fortunately within hail, but the small and useful flatiron had fled its lair beneath the radiator, and my neat and omniscient room-mate had gone to chapel. Systematic search finally disclosed the iron on a window-seat two corridors and five rooms away. (The borrower had also gone to chapel.) However, all was not lost (I make an exception in favor of my temper) and I set to work. Now even with a clean pen it is no easy matter to write on linen, and while you struggle with sputtery loop letters and i-dots that literally are "liquid orbs", your iron gets overheated and scorches the inscriptions into such sturdy prominence that your retiring nature is distinctly shocked. There is the great gulf between your ideal of a modest signature and this bold reality, that obtains between—say, a book-plate and a breakfast food advertisement on a fence.

You may be ashamed of the staring name, you are certain it "isn't art", but all the same you are conscious of a suspicion that it is "clever". "What college laundry," you say elatedly, "can hope to efface that writing? Perish the pyramids, and stars in their courses, but while the cloth beneath endures, that legible, impossible inscription shall remain."

Little you know the college laundry! Give it time, and a very short time suffices, and your brave identification is as it had not been, and behold your roommate on her knees ironing her sign and insignia into that self-same apparel.

I really don't feel competent to point the moral. There are many morals derivable, and I purpose but to suggest, and leave to whoso chooses to select her own. Payson's symbolizes either the vanity of human wishes or the evanescence of literary fame. The college laundry may be comparable to the grave. Surely, it is a great equalizer. I am diffident about putting forward any more speculations of this ilk, for, after all, the things that

really count in this day and generation are of a nature more practical than sentimental.

Looking for the commercial phase, then, of this question, the real importance is not so far to seek. It is evident to the commercial that two great classes of people have labored with all the zeal of old Sisyphus, and with equal profit. The one class is the pathetic copers with the ink-removing laundry. They labor without ceasing to inscribe a name that shall be indelible; but the waves of the college laundry swash up, and it is as if they had written on the sand.

Another class, and this is nearly as large, I think, is composed of the patient mothers and older sisters who have to deal with ink-spattered aprons after school at night. For the world is in the habit of educating the wicked little boy in proximity to the freshly ironed apron of the innocent little girl. We all know that ordinary school ink—pale, watery, inadequate fluid that it is—is power of darkness when it attaches to the garments of the primary school.

"Why not," says she, who is eager to draw the commercial moral, "why not try rolling both of these stones down hill? Can we not use Payson's to fill the educational ink wells, and school ink to mark our clothes? Further, can we not triumphantly patent the obliterating and bleaching factor in the college suds, christen it a fair and fancy name, and sell it in the market as a boon to ink-distracted mothers at a remunerative rate? A little advertising, and a little waiting, and a little folding of circulars to mail, and a fortune ready made to the enterprising."

Were I not about to leave college, I would personally seek to strike a bargain for this suggestion with the laundry, asking in exchange, exemption from annihilation of my few remaining inscribed articles of apparel. But they are so few and far between that I deem it better that they "slip awa'" these next few weeks, as their sisters before them, while I, in token of exceptional grace, magnanimously deposit my scheme, like a glowing coal of fire, on the damp and base head of the college laundry.

AGNES LOUISE DEAN.

THE PLAY

The poet says "The world's a stage". Perhaps.
 But those who really play a part are few ;
 The most that throng the boards and make them creak
 Are little better than the scenery.
 They never act their roles ; but seem to think
 That life's a tableau rather than a play.
 One stands with drawn sword—but he never strikes ;
 The upraised chisel never cuts the stone ;
 The poet's pen is poised but never falls ;
 The alms of charity are never given.
 But now and then some loud-praised star appears
 To take a part. How pitifully small !
 For one can only play the tragic roles,
 And one is useless save in comedy,
 And one can only play the ingenue,
 And one the saint, and one the heavy villain.
 And if the Playwright, the Great Manager,
 Chance to recast them for another part
 They join the mob, yet think themselves still stars.
 Hamlet goes talking like a five-years child,
 Iago with a priest's words on his lips,
 And Portia giggles in her speech at court.
 What grievous errors and what grave mistakes !
 Yet now and then, some noble man must come
 Upon the stage, but his support is poor,
 And so, unnoticed by the rest, he passes.
 He passes. Then comes that reward of greatness—
 The other actors, from the box of properties,
 Pull out his mask and use it for a while,
 Make small ones like it, and thereby win fame.

ABBY SHUTE MERCHANT.

OPTIMISM

From the heart of the dawn came a thought
 To me, from the art of the dawn
 A thought :
 Sin and grief are the work
 Of men, but truth of the Lord
 Is taught.

In the heat of noon came a thought
To me, in the heat of the noon,
A thought:

Sin reigns,
And truth is dying, and God
Cares not.

Through the quiet of dusk came a thought
To me, through the quiet of dusk,
A thought:

Sin tries, and grief
But chastens. Behold what God
Hath wrought!
BERTHA LOUISE THRESHER.

EDITORIAL

The end of a term, like the end of a book, is an excellent place for moralizing. It is the time when we stop and look back over the way we have come and meditate upon its comparative success or failure, and if such salutary reflections do not of themselves occur to us, it is also a time when they are intruded upon our unwilling consciousness.

Unwilling or not, we cannot but consider that the year we have so long thought of in the future has come to an end, the courses it offered have been completed, and the opportunities for work or play have past—in short, that history has been made. A feeling of surprise is rather prevalent that the year which dragged interminably through the winter months should have slipped away so suddenly, without leaving the mark upon ourselves or upon the college that we certainly expected. We are always vaguely bewildered at the suddenness of the end, and a little aggrieved ; we cannot quite tell what has become of it all.

There is a general recollection of good times, and a great deal of hurrying hither and thither, with intervals of concentrated work upon papers and note books, but beneath the pleasantness of the memories stirs an inevitable comparison of what the year really means, and what we earnestly meant it to stand for. We all make in one way or another the common confession that we have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and have done those things which we see now we ought not to have done, and we urge in general extenuation the universal frailty of the human will, and in particular the prevailing lack of anything like adequate time for our purposes.

We sum it all up in that—the lack of time—and phrase the inditement in various ways. We may say that we are over-organized, and that girls are allowed to belong to too many department clubs, that there is too much social life and too con-

spicuous an emphasis upon dramatics and athletics, but it all means the same thing—that there is too much going on. It is unfortunately the criticism of our college life—and as members of the college we may deny, defend or deplore it, according to our disposition and experience—but there is a general recognition of that fact, and an irresponsible expression of the opinion that something should be done about it, though just what that something is we are not at all sure, and would probably resent its first official appearance as an infringement of our rights.

The remedy for this difficulty, like the difficulty itself, is in ourselves. The whole trouble seems to be that the majority of us hesitates to withdraw from any activity, however superfluous we may privately dub it!—not so much from dislike of criticism as from a haunting feeling that by so withdrawing we may miss some possible good. The fear of being out of things is strong upon us, and often we do not recognize until too late that there are always enough things to go round, and always enough people to get them properly done. It is at the end of the year that we see these things clearly, and understand that in our enthusiasm for broad interests we have become diffuse, and that our efforts to express in so many different lines have taken appreciably from the central force.

Next year, then, let us concentrate a little more. We may not intend to be grinds or prigs at all, but we do purpose to accomplish well a few definite things; we plan to withdraw ourselves from the great army of the overhurried and overtaxed, and on the other hand the procrastinators, and keep a little supply of grateful leisure in which to draw breath and enjoy whole-heartedly the society of our friends or the solitude of nature, so that at the end of another spring term we shall have learned to depend more upon ourselves and less upon the group, and have obtained a better balance between our own life and our ideals.

EDITOR'S TABLE

IN THE GARDEN

"Bah! how very tiresome!" exclaimed the Editor, as he pushed aside his pile of manuscripts and started up from his arm-chair. "It is impossible to work in this hot room, with the insects beating their wings noisily against the window-panes. The shower has cleared. Perhaps I can find that which I am so earnestly seeking, in the garden.

The Editor left his sultry study for the rain-awakened fragrance of the out-door world. He strolled between the hedges of green, past masses of bloom and color, whose glowing tints the summer storm had deepened. He drew in long, luxurious breaths, full of the odor of dripping blossoms and wet earth. "Yes, perhaps I shall discover it here," he nodded. "Among the flowers it is easy to see what is true beauty and what false imitation. They shall teach me the secret of choice and of genuine distinction."

The Editor knelt down by a bed of pansies, and letting the warm, rich soil sift through his fingers, he took his first lesson from the flowers.

"Do you want one of us?" timidly pleaded the pansies, as they held up their soft, velvety faces to his gaze. "We are just little poems you know, not very long or lasting; and we lose our beauty if we are handled much, or picked to pieces. But our colors are pretty, don't you think so? and perhaps you will like us if you take one or two."

"Oho! don't look at those low things," called the tulips, in loud, angry voices from over the way. "Come and admire us in our gorgeous gowns of yellow and red. You can find us everywhere, us the clever flirtation stories, us at whom everybody gazes. O! how we love to have people stare and say, 'See the giddy things!'"

"You need not scream so," answered the Editor, stooping to the pansy-bed. "I do not like you, bold and glaring that you are; and I shall leave you to the weeds." Then he picked a purple blossom, and one with a glint of yellow on its white petals, and passed on to where a bed of dark earth was dotted by thick green shoots.

"Why! what is this?" cried the Editor in astonishment.

"Dig, dig deep down," came the muffled answer from the ground. He hastened to toss away the soil, and there, with its roots stretching in all directions, lay a large, white bulb. "I am the essay," it continued. "I believe you know me better as the Heavy. Many people don't care for me at all, for they find it too much trouble to pluck up my roots. But if you take me home and plant me, I promise you that many fragrant buds will spring up, not only for these few summer days, but returning in greater number year after year."

"Oh yes, I know you, but your kind is rare," the Editor replied, as he carefully extracted it from the ground; and then he hastened on to where a beautiful bush was calling for his admiration. It swayed and bent in the wind and kept crying, "Am I not wonderful! wonderful! Look at me! Am I not wonderful!"

"Truly, your blossom is lovely," he replied, "but what ugly leaves you have!" Then he looked closer, and tore a tendril away, and behold! it was a common vine that had twined itself about a rose-bush.

"I thought you would come and help me," whispered the rose that crowned the bush in solitary beauty. "I heard you wishing for me all the afternoon. 'For one brilliant ode', you sighed, and I hung here and waited for you."

"You have many thorns," he replied as he plucked her, "but what subtleness of odor and what wealth of crimson petals! No wonder so few blossom in a summer!"

"Come here and pick us, pick us!" the wind swept a host of shrill voices to the Editor, and there lay a rippling and tossing bed of bright nasturtiums. "We are the gay adventurers of the garden," they cried. "Ho! Ho! We're a company of heroes and villains and passionate lovers!" "I've tomahawked an Indian!" called one, and "I've poisoned a king!" nodded another, "And I've broken half-a-hundred hearts!" blustered a third. The Editor shook his head with a laugh, and left them

strutting and bowing in their gold and scarlet doublet and hose.

The big crysanthemums—crude beauties, all—called to him as he passed. The fire-weed flaunted her tassels in his face, the dandelion-juice stained the ground at his feet. But he hastened on to a distant part of the garden, where a hoe had never sunk into the ground. He plucked the anemones—little character studies—and the blush-rose that whispered of courtships. Then he stood before a field where the daisies danced to the edge of the horizon.

"Come and play with us," they begged. "We are the children-stories," they laughed. "Come and pick us for a May-queen wreath!" But he could not stay. He plucked a few from the edge of the field and hurried on deep and deeper into the woods. There at last he came to the end of his search, where he knelt down at a ring of coarse green leaves. From out its depths came the faint ringing of airy chimes and fairy voices, singing, "Many, many pass us by, and dream not that we are here, hidden away. Happy is he who finds us, the flowers of inspiration!" The Editor parted the leaves, and see—pure and snowy underneath nodded the lilies-of-the-valley!

"I have sought for you long," he cried in ecstasy. "You are what I have most desired," and they nodded back and murmured, "We are what most of you long for and would find. For the blossom of genius is delicate, and yet survives year after year, pouring into hearts its fragrance and purity."

The Editor bent down and plucked the one full-blown. When he walked home in the twilight stillness his hands were full with the treasures of the garden; but the lily was more beautiful than all the rest.

"Candida", Northampton, May 27. "Very interesting!" "I'm crazy *about* that!" "Well done!" These were a few of the characteristic comments in circulation as the curtain was rung down on this play a few weeks ago. Simplicity of costume and scenery in non-Shakespearian drama is always a pleasant change, as well as careful attention given to minor parts. Hot-tempered Prossy, the "frank" and Lexy with his innocent "De-ah me-ah", were both delightful. The part of the Rev. Morrell was taken with enough ability to win cordial dislike as a "prig"; and the difficult presentation of the poet was well carried through. If at times his voice jarred too

much on our auditory nerves, if we felt like saying soothingly, "There, there, you are very young. You will outgrow this soon", if Candida herself did not quite come up to our expectations, it was only at times, otherwise the play carried our interest enthusiastically along.

POEM

Alone :—be not a coward, speak it plain,
Thou art alone ; deny it and the pain
And restless longing of thy soul shall tear
The mask away, and leave the truth more bare.

Thou art alone
And through the tall salt grasses
The east wind as it passes
Maketh moan ;
The dull, gray rack o'erhead
Drags inland from the sea,
And sullen waves beat restlessly
Upon the drifting sand.

Courage : thou art alone ;
But in the wind there is a rhythm
And in the sea
A pulse that beats mysteriously
With life, a greater life than thine
In storm-cloud, wind and sea, throbs the Divine.

And thou on this lone shore
Hearing the breakers o'er and o'er
Chant to the wind-swept land
Swayed by this mighty pulse shall be,
Till conscious of thine own divinity.

—*The Vassar Miscellany.*

NIGHT IN THE CATTLE COUNTRY

Give me a night on the open plains,
Under the open sky,
Where the milky-way is a glowing trail,
And the moon swings slowly by.
As I make my bed on the naked earth
I hear the wailing bark
Of the gaunt coyote in the distant hills,
As he calls to his mate in the dark.

—*The Yale Literary Magazine.*

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

The first three articles in this department were contributed by the Boston Association.

IN FAIRY LAND

In fairy land, in fairy land
The skies are always blue ;
The maidens always lovely,
The heroes ever true.
Glints fair sunlight
On armor bright,
And skies are always blue.

In fairy land, in fairy land
The flowers bloom alway ;
The woods are all enchanted,
The people all are gay.
In magic ring
They dance and sing,
While flowers bloom alway.

In fairy land, in fairy land
Your wishes all come true ;
The world is full of wonders,
And everything is new.
There's only play
The whole bright day,
Your wishes all come true :
The flowers bloom and bloom alway,
And skies are ever blue.

MARGUERITE FELLOWS '01.

A few days more and the twenty-fifth class will be leaving Smith College. Although these girls now sever their bodily connection with the college, they can look forward to the opportunity which they will have in the future by reason of their graduation to keep a still vital connection with their Alma Mater. Perhaps it is a good time for each alumna to remind herself that she too has a duty to the college, no matter when she graduated, a duty from which, even if she wishes it, she can never be free.

"What is this duty which I shall owe, and how can I perform it?" the coming graduate may ask. Owe generally implies money. It has been demonstrated that no student pays the cost of her tuition. Even if she should return in tuition fees all the money actually expended, the debt would not be paid, since money cannot pay for the growth of character, the friendships formed, the widened outlook—all the good things which come from four years in college.

Since, then, we have received what cannot be paid for in money, we ought to repay this debt in some other way. That is, we must keep alive a loyal interest in the welfare of our Alma Mater. "But I am loyal," says one. Yes, but how do you show it? By an occasional visit to the college, or attendance at a luncheon where old acquaintance can be renewed? This is all very well and desirable, but you do these things because you get something out of them, not because you hope thereby to benefit your college.

You will all hear the President say that the *alumnæ* are the best advertisement of the college. The larger and stronger that body, the greater the strength of the college. The *Alumnæ Association* is the medium whereby we express that strength. It should number in its enrollment every graduate of Smith. The interest of the individual expressed in her own personal way is well and good, but can never take the place of organized endeavor. In these days of organization we all have to admit that. Do not show your selfish interest when asked to join the Association by saying "What shall I get out of it?" Ask rather, "What can I put into it?" Few of us have much surplus time or opportunity to do great things, but we can all give our name to our college by joining its *Alumnæ Association*.

In the last week of college life, when so many last charges are given, to remember them all and to estimate their relative worth is practically impossible. That neither the present class nor their elder sisters may lose sight of the duty just pointed out, let us summarize the items which go to make it up.

1. To join the Smith College *Alumnæ Association*. This means to give your name and \$1.00 a year (or \$30.00 for a life membership) to the treasurer, Miss S. Alice Brown, 66 Marlboro St., Boston. The Association meets once a year on Tuesday afternoon of Commencement week.

2. To join a local branch of Smith College *Alumnæ*. The largest branches are in Boston, New York and Chicago. Smaller ones are elsewhere all over the country. These local associations have no organic connection with the general one, but are important in their working relation to the general. The number of meetings during the year and the fees vary.

3. To join the Association of Collegiate *Alumnæ*. To belong to the first two is the way to help directly Smith College. To join the third is to help the cause of education in the United States, and indirectly Smith. Miss Gill '81, Dean of Barnard College is general secretary, and Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke '83 is secretary-treasurer, to whom the fee of \$1.00 should be sent. That the two important offices are held by Smith women shows that Smith is an important factor in A. C. A. work. Let us encourage them by increasing the Smith membership of the A. C. A.

This great body of Associate *Alumnæ* is made up of women graduates of certain accredited colleges. It meets annually at varying centers to conduct business, discuss educational matters and to guide the concerted efforts of its

membership. Local branches also exist in various cities and states, the connection with the general association being such, that to join a branch makes one a member of the general body. It is therefore better to join the local branch if there is one in your vicinity.

Nor are we wholly without personal returns when we join these organizations, for there are certain advantages which accrue to us incidentally if we care to avail ourselves of them. First of all it is an easy way of learning what is going on in our college world. We are no longer cut off from college life and interests. But the greatest advantage, and one not always appreciated, is the chance it affords to widen our college acquaintance. Most students keep up some sort of individual or class connection, but belonging to the larger associations gives us the means of knowing those before and after us in college years. When one has very recently left college, to know some of the "ancients" is to get a feeling of being in the midst of things, and to get glimpses of what college life was in earlier days. If on the other hand, one is an "ancient," to know a recent graduate is to get an insight into present day college life and to renew ones youth. Let each member of 1904 go forth with the distinct purpose of doing and getting all these good things, and thereby at least keeping up the interest on her inevitable debt to her college.

NINA E. BROWNE '82.

It has been the purpose of the Boston Association of Smith College Alumnæ during this past season to help materially the Students' Aid Society. Its need is a practical and an urgent one, which in

The Boston Association the early fall seemed to demand special attention.

The percentage of membership in this society of the alumnæ in and about Boston was comparatively small. Hence, a systematic canvas has been made; the territory has been divided into districts and a certain alumna has visited the alumnæ of that section, who were not already members, presenting the needs of this society. Circulars stating the aim and need of the society have been sent to friends and benefactors of the college. The result will not be tabulated until after this is in print, but it is safe to say that many new members have been added. Whenever the purpose of the society is presented the alumnæ see its practical value and are ready to help as they are able.

During the winter two or three teas have been given by different members in different localities, to raise money for this fund; a charge of twenty-five cents for each individual has been the fee, and the occasions have been pleasant ones.

A garden party was given on June 3 at the home of Mrs. T. W. Tuttle, Summer Street, Dorchester, for the benefit of the Society, under the energetic management of Miss Ethel Hutchinson of the class of 1903, a granddaughter of Mrs. Tuttle. The sale proved most successful. Alumnæ in and about Dorchester contributed cake and candy, as well as fruit for the punch which was free to all. Many alumnæ and friends of the family attended, making the afternoon most pleasant socially and gratifying financially, the proceeds amounting to over fifty dollars.

KATHERINE HAVEN UPTON '92.

Among the libraries in Washington there is one which is probably little known, and consequently seldom visited by strangers. Nevertheless it is one of the most valuable of its kind in the Georgetown University Library world.

The Riggs Memorial Library of Georgetown University, dating back to the beginning of the nineteenth century, is the particular pride of Father Shandelle, the librarian. It now occupies the southern part of the third floor of the main building, where the books are arranged in well-lighted alcoves which rise in four tiers around the sides of a huge square room. The different tiers are reached by winding stair-cases. The views from the windows on two sides of the room add much to the charm of a visit to the library. On the south side the windows look out upon the Potomac with its many turns and picturesque spots, including glimpses of Arlington and the old city of Alexandria, while the view to the east takes in old Georgetown and Washington.

When once initiated into the treasures of this library one feels that an unlimited amount of time could be spent among the books. In a show-case, as one enters, are the more remarkable manuscripts and the oldest books, to be looked at but not handled. Among these is a monastic prayer-book written on vellum, with miniatures the size of the page, a decorated border to every page and initial letters in colors and gold. This is attributed to the thirteenth century. There is also an Epistolarium written on vellum in very large text, the headings of the epistles and some of the initials in brilliant gold, the other initials exquisitely done in colors with much delicate tracing proceeding from them. This is assigned to the fourteenth century. There are many others of later dates, one in French and one in Siamese, the latter written on both sides of heavy paper and folded, the length of the sheet when opened being about six feet. There is also a small book of extracts from the Koran, written in Arabic, found on the body of a Tripolitan sailor at the time of Decatur's assault. It is impossible to describe all the beautiful hand-work of these manuscripts, they should be seen to be appreciated.

The valuable books dating back to the earliest printed ones are very numerous and exceedingly interesting. One of the oldest of these, bearing the date 1478, is Summa S. Thomae, first part of second book, complete in itself. There is no title-page, and the initial letter is curiously painted. Another particularly interesting book is the Commentary of Paul de Castro on the first part of the Pandects of Justinian, 1483. Attached to the wooden cover is the original chain and staple with which the book was secured to its desk in some court of law as a book of general reference. There are other books with parchment covers fastened together with loops and buttons.

One alcove is devoted to Bibles and it contains copies of the Scriptures, or of portions of them, in many languages, one of the most valuable of which is the Rheims edition, 1582. A New Testament in fifteen different languages, bearing the date 1599, is also worthy of mention. There are many volumes of ecclesiastical history, of theology, of Catholic sermons and of other religious works dear to the hearts of the Jesuit Fathers.

In direct contrast to all these religious books is a curious volume, dated 1809, entitled "The Repository of Arts, Literature, Commerce, Manufac-

tures, Fashions and Politics". In it there are full-page illustrations in colors, showing the fashions of that period and samples of the goods worn pasted on the pages. Some of the muslins would make pretty gowns for the present time and the silks would delight the most fastidious of our modern young women.

The shelves contain volumes of English, French, Spanish and Italian literature, and of modern Latin essayists and poets. The collection of works on antiquities and the fine arts is deserving of special mention, embracing as it does some rare and costly works. There are other interesting and valuable collections of books, which must be passed over for want of time to give them attention. To visit the library is to learn its treasures.

FRANCES WILSON HAWES.

Last year the Missionary Society of Smith College, wishing to come in close touch with the alumnae on the Mission Field wrote to each one expressing the sympathy of the College in their

The Alumnae on the Mission Field work and asking for more definite information about it. Several letters

and reports have been received in response which will be of interest to the graduates as well as to the undergraduates of the College. Fifteen alumnae are now or have been on the foreign field, representing six countries. Of these, seven are in Japan. Clara Converse '88 and Clara Loomis '00 are both teaching in Yokohama. Clara Loomis was in this country last autumn, and told most interesting stories of the Japanese girls in the school of which she is principal. Mary Ward '97, Mrs. M. D. Dunning, went to join her husband in the Doshisha School in Kyoto, Japan, in 1901. In her letter dated April 1903, Mrs. Dunning says: "We have a pleasant home of our own right across the street from the Doshisha building. Mr. Dunning is having a few classes now, of course in English. I play the baby organ in one of the Sunday schools and attend a Japanese class. We have had a singing class on Sunday afternoons with the Y. M. C. A. boys at the Doshisha, and I have made calls on the Japanese with one of the older missionaries, but for real work at present, I have nothing to show. I am practically in the Kindergarten trying to breathe in the Japanese air and cultivate my ear so that in a year or two I will have some genuine work."

Annie Foster 1900, sailed for Japan August 26, 1902, and has been working in Yamaguchi. She writes that she has practically spent most of her time in studying the language, though she has taught for two periods a day. "All of the girls learn English," she says. "They begin by studying First, Second and Third Readers, and in the fourth year have U. S. History, then English History, then General History, and the last year some selections from something more classical. We have a school of forty girls, and as our building is small it is all we can accommodate. In the boarding department there are twelve girls and three teachers. I have had quite a variety of subjects to teach at different times, but at present my work is gymnastics, vocal music, U. S. History and General History. We have two Sunday schools in our Church, successively, as the church is small. I have an English Bible Class there for our three teachers and some of our older girls."

Belle Richardson '94, Mrs. Cameron Johnson, went to Kobe, Japan in 1898. She and Mr. Johnson are independent missionaries there. In a very real sense they may be said to be missionaries to the missionaries, for they keep open house and have entertained hundreds of missionaries. In addition they have Bible classes, Sunday-school work and meetings for the people of their locality. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson will visit America this coming year.

Charlotte De Forest 1901, sailed for Japan this autumn. She has spent this year with her parents in Sendai, studying the language, entering into the social life of the city, visiting in the homes and assisting her mother in the work of the mission. Next year she will teach in Colby College.

Mary Bryant Daniels '82, went to Japan in 1889, and has been in Osaka ever since. "My work, of course," she writes, "varies with changing conditions here and my growth in ability to use Japanese and to understand the people. At present the three branches of my work are a chapel in the lower part of the city among the poorer class of the people, a boys' club in my own home and work in our girls' school." Miss Daniels' letters of this year have been full of interest, telling of the great exhibition held in Osaka last summer, of her school work this spring, and of new forms of work which she has undertaken in the place of the "Chapel," of which a Japanese preacher is now in charge.

Three alumnae are in Turkey. Adelaide Dwight 1900, went last year to the mission in which her parents worked for many years, and is now teaching in the school at Osara. Caroline Hamilton '85 is at Aintat, Turkey, and Charlotte Willard '83, is at Marsoran. Miss Willard writes, "My work is in the girls' school, but the work is so truly all over that it might almost be said that each of the sixteen adult members of the station has a share in each department. In the girls' school there are one hundred and fifty pupils, Americans and Greeks. The work in a well organized missionary school is much more like that in the schools in the United States than is commonly supposed."

In addition to the girls' school in the mission, there is the Anatolia College, the Hospital, the Theological Seminary, large carpenter shops, and two orphanages.

In India, Smith is represented by Dr. Rose Fairbanks '95, Mary Fairbanks '99, and Florence Anderson Gilbert '98. Dr. Fairbanks has had charge of the hospital at Jhansi and at present is left to do all the work there alone, her associate physician being home on a furlough. She was joined this year by her sister Mary who is now studying the language in preparation for the missionary work later. Florence Anderson Gilbert has just returned to America after being in India a year and a half. Her husband was sent out under the International Committee of Y. M. C. A. to do work in the colleges of India.

Unfortunately no account of the work of Mrs. W. A. Adams, A. L. Carter '88, has been obtained. She is at the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut, Syria.

An interesting letter concerning the work in the Girls' College at Barranquilla, South America was received from Esther Buxton '97. She taught in the school for two years, having to return to America on account of her health. The simplicity of the school life, the intense desire of the girls to

learn, the long hours and the hardships endured by both pupil and teacher made one realize the needs of these people, still, as Miss Buxton writes, in such ignorance and poverty.

In China, we have this year our first Smith graduate, Alice Duryee 1901, who is stationed at Amoy, China, where our College missionary, Dr. Angie Myers is working. Miss Duryee's letters are full of the interesting experiences and the novelty of this new life of the needs of the people, and of the opportunities for work.

The Missionary Society has kept a record of all the letters concerning the missionary activities of the alumnae and will be glad to share their letters with others who would equally enjoy them.

ALICE JACKSON, '98.

A statement should have been made in the May number of the MONTHLY that the articles entitled "Western Massachusetts Association of Alumnae and Non-graduates", "The Zoological Station in Naples", and "Research Work in Spain" were contributed by the Western Massachusetts Association of Alumnae and Non-graduates. The editor greatly regrets that this omission occurred.

A joint fellowship of \$400 is offered to graduates of Smith College for the year 1904-1905 by the College Settlements Association and the Smith College Alumnae Association. The object of this fellow-

Fellowship in Sociology ship is to open to a well-qualified person the opportunities afforded by Settlement life for investigation of social conditions. No requirements are made beyond residence in a settlement during the academic year and the pursuit of some clearly defined line of work, scientific or practical, under the general guidance of a special committee. The choice of residence should depend on opportunities for the work to be undertaken, and need not be limited to the houses belonging to the College Settlements Association. The time may, with the approval of the committee in charge, be divided between different settlements.

Applications should be sent before July 7, to Mrs. Helen Rand Thayer, Portsmouth, N. H. These should include all data that might be of use to the committee. Applicants should give age and some account of previous education and state the future work to which they are looking forward. They should also describe as specifically as possible what topic or line of work they have in mind for their fellowship year. Applications should be accompanied by credentials bearing on character, on ability, practical and scholarly, and on health.

All alumnae and undergraduates who are in St. Louis on June 30 are cordially invited to meet the Smith College Club of St. Louis between three and six o'clock in the afternoon, at 4900 Berlin Avenue.

ALMA BAUMGARTEN '98.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'00.	Marguerite Gray,	.	.	.	May	3
'00.	Bertha Wendell Groesbeck,	.	.	.	"	3
'00.	Elizabeth V. Whitney,	.	.	.	"	3
'03.	Susan Leland Hill,	.	.	.	"	6
'02.	Sara F. Richards,	.	.	.	"	7
'03.	Bertha P. Trull,	.	.	.	"	11-14
'03.	Mary E. Bates,	.	.	.	"	11
'03.	Elizabeth C. Stiles,	.	.	.	"	11-16
'03.	Gertrude R. Beecher,	.	.	.	"	11-20
'03.	Susan Pratt Kennedy,	.	.	.	"	11-23
'94.	Alice Atwood Coit,	.	.	.	"	13-16
'03.	Emily F. Drew,	.	.	.	"	16
'00.	Katharine H. Lyman,	.	.	.	"	16
'98.	Louise Coleman Hazen,	.	.	.	"	21-23
'00.	Mabel Milham,	.	.	.	"	23
'99.	Elizabeth Warner,	.	.	.	"	23
'03.	Margaret Williams Thacher,	.	.	.	"	24-30
'03.	Marion Evans,	.	.	.	"	25
'01.	Alice L. Batchelder,	.	.	.	"	26-28
'03.	Bessie N. Brockway,	.	.	.	"	27-30
'03.	Helen Fairbanks Hill,	.	.	.	"	27-30
'90.	Rose S. Hardwick,	.	.	.	"	27-30
'96.	Florence Van Duzer Smith,	.	.	.	"	27-30
'95.	Mabel H. Cummings,	.	.	.	"	27-30
'03.	D. A. Hastings,	.	.	.	"	28

Contributions to this department are desired by the last of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Ellen T. Richardson, Hubbard House.

- '88. Fannie Hardy Eckstorm has brought out a new book, "The Penobscot Man", published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Mrs. Eckstorm is the author of several scientific papers and two other books, "The Woodpeckers" and "The Bird Book". While at college she organized the Smith College Audubon Society together with Miss Florence Merriam, and in this work they were very kindly assisted by Mr. John Burroughs. In writing "The Penobscot Man", Mrs. Eckstorm has had the aid and approval of several of the best-known guides and rivermen of the Maine woods.
- '93. Edith L. Taft was married, April 20, to Rev. E. F. Chauncey of New York.
- '96. Isabel Adams was married, April 27, to Mr. Frank S. Deland.
- '97. Grace Ethelwyn Browne graduates this year from the New England Conservatory of Music.

- '97. Helen Boss announced last Easter her engagement to Dr. Frederic Russell Cummings of Concord, New Hampshire.
- '98. Maud Breckenridge has been studying music and French in New York this winter.
- Ethel Craighead has been teaching economics, civil government and English in the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. She will teach there again next winter.
- Frances D. Dailey is teaching English and Latin in the High School at Council Bluffs.
- Alice Duncan was married, June 2, to Mr. MacGregor Jenkins of Boston.
- Mary Fowler is spending this year in Europe.
- Jessie L. Hyde has been teaching in the High School in Palmer, Massachusetts.
- Elizabeth Johnson is teaching in the High School at Thomaston, Maine.
- Helen T. Lewis spent three months in Mexico last winter, and had a most interesting trip among the Indians.
- Cora Martin is assistant post-mistress at Chicopee Falls.
- Mary Pickett is studying in Paris. She will return home this summer, and will teach next year in Lake Forest, Illinois.
- Florence Reed was married, May 19, to Mr. Albert Newell Cryan of New York.
- Charlotte White Roberts is at San Juan, Porto Rico, her husband being private secretary to the secretary at that place.
- '00. Ruth Albright was married, April 21, to Mr. Evan Hollister. Their address will be 762 Ferry Street, Buffalo.
- Alfa Curtis Barber announces her engagement to Mr. Arthur B. Calkins of New London.
- Alma Hoegh was married, May 11, to Mr. Frederick M. Ayres.
- Mary Belle Holt receives the degree of M. D. from Tufts' College on June 15, 1904.
- Mary S. Malone will travel in Germany and Switzerland this summer, and visit friends in England in September.
- Mary Esther Walton has announced her engagement to Mr. R. H. Wilkinson of Niles, Ohio.
- May S. Whitcomb was married, May 14, to Mr. Alden Clark of New York.
- '01. Ethel P. Stetson was married, February 23, in Bangor, Maine, to Mr. Norman Williams Bingham, Jr., of Boston.

BIRTHS

- '93. Mrs. J. K. Blake (Helen L. Putnam), a daughter, born in April.
- Mrs. J. Leonard Merrick (Mary C. Fay), a son, born in April.
- '96. Mrs. Frank W. Pine (Mabel E. Durand), a son, James Cone, born May 18.

- '98. Mrs. Charles Louis Fincke (Mattie Brown), a daughter, Margaret Epes, born April 12.

Mrs. Roberts (Charlotte H. White), a son, George White, born in December at San Juan, Porto Rico.

- '02. Mrs. Henry Davis Bushnell (Edith Taber Johnson) Edith Johnson, born May 16.

Mrs. Edward C. Hayes (Grace T. Osborne), a daughter, born February 26.

- '03. Mrs. R. F. Bliss (Lucia M. Bailey), a daughter, Ella Belle, born May 28.

DEATHS

- '93. Martha E. Phelps died February 28.

- '96. Lella Lincoln Foster died May 13, of typhoid fever, at Converse College, Spartanburg, South Carolina.

- '01. Mrs. Walter Dyer (Ethelind Thorpe Childs) died March 10, in Brooklyn, New York.

- '02. Mrs. Henry Davis Bushnell (Edith Taber Johnson) died May 17, at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

ABOUT COLLEGE

On the evening of May sixth the senior class felt that it was at last a "grown-up," as it entered the Students' Building and was cordially made welcome to the annual reception given by the **Alumnæ-Senior Reception** alumnæ members of the faculty to meet the alumnæ trustees. Miss Cushing and Miss Hubbard received, and after a few minutes of conversation the class seated themselves in the front of the hall.

Miss Cushing introduced the speakers, of whom the first was Miss Caverno who spoke on the Smith College Alumnæ Association. Miss Caverno urged the seniors very strongly to join the Association. She opened her plea by saying that she had one year described at length to the seniors the privileges of the Association and that later a member of the class, as a young alumna, had come to her and said: "Why didn't you tell us of our duty toward the Association, and how much there is to do, instead of emphasizing the privileges? I think the girls would join much more quickly if they felt the need there is for them." So now she always tells of what one can give, and not what one can get, and at the end of her speech every senior felt consoled at the thought of so much to do for her Alma Mater even after she has gone out from it.

Miss Cook then explained the purpose and scope of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, speaking of the social benefit derived by a member in entering a new college for post graduate work.

Miss Cutler spoke of the Student's Aid Society, which is of very practical help in lending money to undergraduates. She said that last year seventeen hundred dollars was raised, six hundred from the plays given by the New York branch and that this year they are anxious to have two thousand, which would about cover the present demands.

The president of the senior class then introduced Mary Van Kleeck, who said that having counted how many times a day she went through a door she had decided that these ordinarily unnoticed conveniences are an important factor in our daily life, and represent a pressing need of the college in two places. First, there is need of a second entrance to the Students' Building on the north side, as in the original plan. Second, the north door of College Hall, which is in constant use since the changing of Assembly Hall, should be made wider, as in winter only one side of it can be opened, making an opening just wide enough for one person to pass through. This causes great delay in emptying the hall after chapel and also between recitations.

Emma Dill made the suggestion that the trustees begin gradually to buy up Green Street, since the necessity for more campus room is obvious.

Alice M. Wright spoke of the danger of the present ignorance of the use of fire-escapes in the campus houses, and suggested that a fire drill be organized, also that every girl should know where the gas meter is and how to turn it off to prevent explosions in case of fire.

Miss Cushing then introduced the alumnae trustees. Mrs. Robert T. Hill spoke of the tendency to follow the line of "least resistance" which causes so many girls to teach on leaving college, whether they have any special talent for it or not and without trying to find something more suited to their individual ability. She said, "Don't rush into teaching. If you do teach, don't teach along the line of least resistance, but choose the subjects you are best fitted for, and carrying it further, don't let the people under you learn the easiest thing in the easiest way."

Mrs. Helen Rand Thayer '84, spoke of the responsibility of Smith alumnae, that more enthusiasm is needed, and yet more, that as the years go on we should not let other interests crowd out our feeling of loyalty and of duty toward the college; for, as she said, "We can never repay our Alma Mater except by lifelong interest and devotion."

In connection with the 250th anniversary of Northampton, Macmillan has published in the "Pocket Classic" series a volume of selected sermons by Jonathan Edwards, edited by Professor Gardiner. The

Faculty Notes volume contains some of Edwards' most famous sermons, including a number relating to local history, and one hitherto unpublished.

The American Journal of Science for 1904 contains two articles by Professor Emerson, one in the May number on "In Stegomus Longipes, a New Reptile from the Triassic Sandstone of the Connecticut Valley," and one in the April number entitled "A Note on a Calcite Prehnite Cement Rock in the Tuff of the Holyoke Range."

The Bulletin of the Geological Society of America has an article on "The Plumose Diabase and Palagonite in the Holyoke Map Sheet," and the Geologist for 1904, "Notes on Some North Greenland Rocks and Minerals."

The American Anthropologist, January to March, contains an article by Professor Wilder on "The Restoration of Dried Tissues, with Especial Reference to Human Remains." The article is 17 pages in length, with two plates, and gives an account of experiments in restoring dried tissues to their original form. Especially good results were obtained in the restoration of the head of a woman mummy of the prehistoric cliff-dwellers of South Utah.

The American Naturalist for February has an article on "The Early Development of *Desmognathus Fusca*." This article, of 9 pages with 5 text figures, completes the history of this important salamander. Professor Wilder's previous investigations were published in 1899. The stages given here are those of the early cleavages.

The department of Zoölogy has recently received two gifts, one from Miss Helen Perkins '94, of books; Lenhossek, "Der feinere Bau des Nervensystems," Hertwig, "Die Zelle und die Gerwebe,"; the other from Miss Meta Safford '03, of two human skulls, the one transected, the other disarticulated, a fine preparation of a human temporal bone showing the auditory ossicles, entire skeleton of an infant and a case of histological preparations.

On May 5, at East Orange, New Jersey, Professor Wood spoke on "The Logic of Missions" at the annual meeting of the American McCall Society; and on May 18, at Fitchburg, at the annual meeting of the State Congregational Association, on the "Spiritual Gain in Modern Sunday School Methods." Early in September Professor Wood will read a paper before the Quaker Hill Conference at Quaker Hill, New York.

In the *Botanical Gazette* for April are described some of the new pieces of apparatus invented by Professor Ganong for the exact study of the phenomena of plant physiology. Other pieces are to be described in later numbers. Professor Ganong addressed on May 6, at Barnard College, the Smith College Alumnae Association on "Science in College for Women."

On May 14 Professor Mensel attended the annual meeting of the New England Modern Language Association. He led the discussion upon the subject, "Is it advisable to add Oral Examinations in the Modern Languages to the Written ones now given for College Entrance?"

Professor Emerick gave a talk upon "Trusts" March 27, before the Men's Club of the Congregational church at Williamsburg.

Miss Hanscom has an article on "The Oxford Summer Meeting from an American Point of View," in the spring number of the *Ladies' College Magazine*, published at Cheltenham, England.

At Worcester, April 23, Miss Cutler spoke on the "Work of the Students' Aid Society" before the Smith College Club. President Seelye was the guest of honor at this meeting and Miss Calkins of Wellesley one of the speakers.

English 11, Miss Scott's course in Scottish Vernacular Literature, was the subject of some correspondence and comment in the *Scotsman* and the *Evening Dispatch* of Edinburgh April 21 and 22. The work at Smith College was mentioned in connection with a proposition to commemorate the 400th anniversary of the birth of John Knox in 1905, by founding a chair of the Scottish Language and Literature in one of the Scottish universities.

Professor Story gave an address on the "Leitmotiven of Wagner," with illustrations from his operas, at the 32nd meeting of his analysis class at The Elms, Springfield. At the service of song, Sunday evening, June 5, in connection with the 250th anniversary celebration, Professor Story took charge of the program, directing the choral and orchestral numbers. After twenty-three years of service, Professor Story has resigned his position as organist and choirmaster at the Edwards church.

On May 5, the Fourth church choir of Hartford under the direction of Professor Sleeper, gave Haydn's *Creation*. The chorus numbered 80, and was accompanied by a small orchestra, the piano and organ. For the offertory the orchestra played a spring song composed by Professor Sleeper.

On April 11 Professor Mills gave a song recital before the Travel club of Pittsfield.

The firm of Breitkopf and Haertel, New York, recently published in sheet form a song entitled "Good-night, my Dearest," by Professor Coerne, opus 48, No. 1. It is written for soprano or tenor, and first appeared in a volume of songs by the younger American composers.

Miss Boyd writes from Gournia that the work of this year is successful. She is finding houses and pottery older than those of the Mycenaean period.

OLIVE RUMSEY.

CHARACTERS IN THE PROLOGUE

CAST

Maidens in the Royal Gardens—Margaret Foster Nichols, Marguerite Souther, Alice Berry Wright, Annie May Wright.

Hermits—Ruth Lewis Crossett, Harriet Rosetta Butler, Mary Alice Waite, Lilian Ida Ehrich, Ethel Augusta Hazen, Florence May Peters.

Attendants—Margaret Ellsworth Gilman, Grace Potter Reynolds.

Holy Women—Candace Thurber, Marion Stella Works, Anne McClallan Chapin, Helen Sears Childs, Allana Butler Small, Helen Cilley.

The members of the committee are : Brooke van Dyke, chairman ; Natalie Stanton, Edna Cushing, Mabel Merwyn Barkley, Elsie Katherine Levy, Florence Homer Snow and Elizabeth Irma Telling.

The Young Woman's Conference planned by the American Committee of the Y. W. C. A., which has been held so many years at Northfield, will be held for the third time at Silver Bay, Lake

The Silver Bay Conference George, this summer from June 24 to July 5.

This Conference has proved of the greatest value to the College Christian Association each year and has become indispensable to that of Smith, not only on account of the inspiration and deepening of the spiritual life that comes to the individual girl who goes there, but also because of the new ideas, suggestions and plans that are received both from the leaders of the conference and from girls of other colleges.

The program this year will be a strong one, including among its speakers Mr. Robert E. Speer, Mr. John R. Mott, President Mary E. Woolley, Rev. Timothy Stone of Baltimore, Rev. Howard A. Johnson and others equally helpful. There will be Bible classes and a missionary institute each day, also the student, boarding school and alumnae conferences. There will also be for the first time a faculty conference. The Field Day and the College Day will again give the opportunity to show college enthusiasm.

It is hoped most earnestly that many of the alumnae and students will go, that the delegation may be even larger than that of last year, and thus be a greater help and inspiration to Christian Association work.

All who can go are asked to send their names as soon as possible to Josephine England, Washburn House.

If spontaneity of laughter and enthusiasm on the part of an audience can be taken as proof of the success of a play, then there can be no doubt as to the complete success of "Captain Jinks of

The Alpha-Phi Kappa Psi Play the Horse Marines," presented in the Students' Building on Wednesday evening, May 25, by the Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies. The choice of the play was an exceptionally happy one—throughout humorous and amusing, without once degenerating into mere farce, and at the same time having a touch of reality and pathos that gave an opportunity for some variety of action on the part of the leading characters. The committee deserves great credit for the detailed finish of the production, all the minor characters being particularly well taken.

Katherine Noyes, as Aurelia, looked her part charmingly. Her acting showed an excellent conception of the rôle and was well done, particularly in the last two acts after she had begun to lose herself in the part. The slight monotony of her voice seemed to be the weak point.

Captain Jinks, taken by Marian Rumsey, was on the whole satisfactory, though many opportunities for variety in action were lost. He was perhaps more natural and attractive as the rollicking good fellow than as the serious lover.

The character of Pete, so wonderfully captivating in itself, reached its fullest possibilities in the excellent interpretation given to it by Lucie London. If in places her acting was somewhat too exaggerated and too noisy, it nevertheless invariably received the spontaneous applause of the audience.

Papa Belliarti easily won our hearts. Some of his lines were made wonderfully sweet and sympathetic, but in his rage and anger he was perhaps a trifle too reserved for his foreign character.

The costume committee was peculiarly fortunate in procuring many genuine costumes of the period, which gave a charm of real quaintness to the setting. The interest of the audience never flagged for an instant, a fact which seems to demonstrate once more the wisdom of keeping the choice of our college plays within the ability of our amateur actors.

The cast was as follows:

Captain Robert Carrollton Jinks.....	Marian Rumsey
Charles La Martine.....	Mildred McCluney
Augustus Bleeker von Vorkenburg.....	Ruth Blodgett
Professor Belliarti.....	Winifred Rand
Herald Reporter.....	Anna Wilson
Tribune Reporter.....	Alice Evans
Times Reporter.....	Edith Kidder
Sun Reporter.....	Bertha Page
Clipper Representative.....	Katherine de la Vergne
A Newsboy.....	Lucie London
An Official Detective.....	Clara Newcomb
A Sailor.....	Mary Peck
A Policeman.....	Helen Baine
A Telegraph Boy.....	Cassandra Kinsman
Madame Trentoni (Aurelia Johnson).....	Katherine Cole Noyes
Mrs. Greenborough.....	Candace Thurber
Mrs. Jinks.....	Ella Burnham
Mrs. Stonington.....	Helen Abbott
Miss Merriam.....	Belle Lupton
1st Ballet Lady (Miss Pettitoes).....	Constance Abbot
2d Ballet Lady.....	Elsie Elliott
3d Ballet Lady.....	Alice Faulkner
4th Ballet Lady (Fräulein Hochspitz).....	Florence Mann
5th Ballet Lady.....	Beatrice Springer
6th Ballet Lady (Mrs. Maggitt).....	Fannie Davis
Mary (Madame Trentoni's Maid).....	Ruth Coney
Mrs. Maggitt's Child.....	Elinor Purves

Wednesday, May 11, was the date set for the Junior Promenade. The concert in the afternoon was greatly enjoyed, for the clubs were in good condition and the day was perfect. In the evening

The Junior Promenade the Students' Building was gay with lights and music, while lines of Japanese lanterns, stretching out among the trees, outlined the canvas walks laid in a triangle at one side of the building. The '05 yellow was displayed in a semi-conventional design of sunflowers in the ball room and the decorations in the smaller rooms were equally original and attractive. The juniors wish to express their grateful appreciation of the work of the sophomore committee. Great credit is due to the junior committees also for their substantial share in making the promenade what it was—a most enjoyable affair.

The patronesses were Mrs. Seelye, Mrs. Tallant, Miss Pinkerton, Mlle. Vincens, Miss Hubbard, Miss Cutler, Mrs. Lee, Miss Eastman, Miss Carter, and Mrs. Clark.

The idea of holding a cotillion for five hundred people in the hall of our Students' Building was certainly a conception of Napoleonic daring as well as grandeur and the juniors are to be

The Junior-Senior Entertainment congratulated that they could carry it through to the well-known Napoleonic success. The cotillion opened with a grand march. This was followed by the figures, in which only half the number present took part at one time in order that crowding might be avoided. The regular order of dances was followed between the figures of the cotillion. The favoring was so arranged that every senior was presented with a purple banner, a pink or green paper rosette and a bunch of violets. The violet figure was particularly attractive. Two wires were extended across the hall. In front of each stood a row of seniors. The juniors then marched before them and at a given signal threw their violets on long purple ribbons over the wire, so that each senior caught a bunch and danced with the junior holding the end of the ribbon. Supper was served early in the evening by freshmen so that the juniors should be free to entertain their guests during the inevitable wait. The music was particularly good. The entertainment showed careful planning and the junior committee deserve great praise for the skill with which they marshalled the rather unweildy number.

The presentation of Horace's "Carmen Saeculare" on the evening of June 8, by the members of the first class, under the direction of the Latin and music faculty, marks a departure in our college entertainments.

Carmen Saeculare It is not often that the college has seen a more careful, dignified and impressive dramatic endeavor.

"Carmen Saeculare" was written by Horace at the command of Cæsar Augustus, to be sung as a part of the celebration of the Ludi Saeculares in 17 B. C. These games were a revival of the earlier Ludi Terenti, which were instituted in worship of Dis and Proserpina, and which were made a national festival in 249 B. C. According to the decree of the Sibylline Books, the

games were held every century, thus making the celebration by Augustus the fifth recorded one. He changed the period to elapse before the return of the season to 110 years and held it in honor, no longer of the gods of the lower world, but of Apollo and Diana. The festival lasted three days and three nights, beginning with sacrifices to the fates and ending with the offering of consecrated cakes to Apollo and Diana by Augustus and Agrippa before the temple on the Palatine, and the singing of Horace's hymn by a chorus of twenty-seven youths and twenty-seven maidens.

The scene has never before been presented in America, and great credit is due those in charge that it was so successful. The stage settings were pleasing in their simplicity, for the whole wall space was covered with laurel, while large paintings of Apollo Belvidere and Diana of the Hind were on either side of the centre. The costuming was unusually good and the color grouping extremely successful, especially in the sacrificial scene, where the rich colors of the robes made a very artistic bit of composition. The more subdued coloring of the sacrificial scene contrasted with and brought out to advantage the lighter, more delicate hues of the scene of the hymn.

The speaking parts were all well taken and the distinct enunciation was particularly commendable. The prologue was the sixth ode of the fourth book of Horace, addressed to the youths and maidens about to take part in the celebration. The text of the prayers was taken from parts of a marble column describing the games which was dug up from the Campus Martius.

The most striking success of the evening was the music. With the exception of an air played during the sacrificial scene, it was composed entirely by Mr. Henry D. Sleeper who also trained the chorus. The rhythm, scale and instrumentation were all, so far as was practicable, modelled after the Roman, and the choir expressed, to a wonderful extent, the solemn, dignified simplicity of the whole. The scale used was the natural, untempered one of classic times. The chief use of the wooden wind instruments was to sustain the melody and for the interludes. It is to be regretted that the orchestra left so much to be desired. The melody, which was largely variations of the opening theme, was sung in unison and to a great extent antiphonally. The chorus showed its careful training, and rendered the hymn very artistically, though it showed an occasional weakness in attack.

The key note of dignified simplicity was struck in the rendering of the prologue, and was maintained throughout the sacrificial scene, the singing of the hymn and the recessional of the chorus and musicians.

On Tuesday evening, May 17, a recital of Chamber music was given in Assembly Hall by Miss Rebecca Wilder Holmes, violin, Mr. E. B. Story, piano, and Mr. F. E. Regal of Springfield, violoncello. The program consisted of a sonata in D minor, op. 21, for piano and violin, by Gade, and a trio for piano, violin and violoncello by Tschaikowsky.

For the first number Miss Holmes used a "Nicholas amati" (date 1660), and for the trio a "Petrus Guarnerius" (date 1721).

The audience, though rather small, was enthusiastic and showed its appreciation of the fine work that was done, and of the opportunity to hear standard works presented in such an artistic and pleasing manner.

On the evening of Saturday, May 7, the Wallace House gave a Cobweb Party in the Students' Building.

Wednesday evening, May 18, a dance was given in the Students' Building by the following houses : 20 Belmont Avenue, White Lodge, Delta Sigma and 30 Green Street.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS

PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

President, Rebekah Purves 1905
Vice-President, Katherine Wagenhals 1905
Secretary, Elizabeth Moulton 1905
Treasurer, Marietta Hyde 1905

SOCIÉTÉ FRANCAISE

President, Elizabeth Creevey 1905
Vice-President, Emma Tyler 1905
Secretary, Janet Mason 1906
Treasurer, Hortense Mayer 1907

GREEK CLUB

Chairman of the Executive Committee, Bertha Mansfield 1905
Secretary and Treasurer, Elizabeth Coe 1905

PHYSICS CLUB

President, Eleanor Brown 1905
Vice-President, Marion Frank 1905
Secretary, Jessie Barclay 1906
Treasurer, Mary Chapin 1906

BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY

President, Alice Evans 1905
Vice-President, Florence Lord 1905
Secretary, Margaret Davis 1906
Treasurer, Emma Loomis 1906

COLLOQUIUM

Secretary, Katherine Wing 1905
Treasurer, Alice Curtis 1905

MATHEMATICS CLUB.

Vice-President, Susan Rambo 1905
Secretary, Grace Brown 1905
Treasurer, Bertha Stanburg 1905

G. AND F. A.

President, Elsie Damon 1906
Vice-President, Alice Evans 1905
Secretary, Margaret Coe 1907
Treasurer, Ruth Cowing 1907

PROGRAM FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK

Dress Rehearsal of Senior Play,	Thursday, June 16,	7.30 P. M.
Musical Program,	Friday, June 17,	4.00 P. M.
Senior Dramatics,	“ “	7.30 P. M.
Senior Dramatics,	Saturday, June 18,	7.30 P. M.
Alumnæ Prayer Meeting,	Sunday, June 19,	9.30 A. M.
Baccalaureate Sermon,	“ “	4.00 P. M.
Ivy Exercises,	Monday, June 20,	10.00 A. M.
Meeting of College Settlements		
Association,	“ “	11.00 A. M.
Art Reception,	“ “	4.00-6.00 P. M.
Glee Club Promenade,	“ “	7.00 P. M.
Reception,	“ “	8.00-10.00 P. M.
Commencement Exercises,	Tuesday, June 23,	10.00 A. M.
Alumnæ Collation,	“ “	12.00 M.
Alumnæ Meeting,	“ “	3.00 P. M.

Orator, Henry van Dyke.

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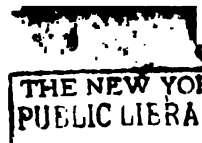
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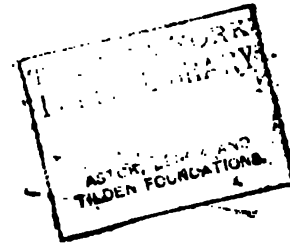
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